

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

## ORTHODOX CHRISTIANITY VERSUS SPIRITUALISM.

An Address Delivered Before the Spiritual Society of Troy, N. Y., by Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

Being a Review of a Sermon on "Spiritualism," by Rev. Charles Townsend, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Lansingburg, N. Y.

On one occasion I listened to a sermon against Spiritualism by a Presbyterian clergyman. As you may not all know the circumstances under which it was preached, I will narrate them. This clergyman, with several members of his church, attended a public meeting at which Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham was the speaker. He expressed himself much interested, and at its conclusion, said to a leading Spiritualist present: "I want to see more of this Spiritualism. I am convinced that it is something worth investigating. If there be truth in it, I want to know it. I am not afraid of the truth wherever I may find it." In consequence of this, a few weeks later, when Mrs. May E. Duffey was in Troy, he was given an opportunity to attend one of her seances. Again we are told he was so pleased and interested that he solicited admission to a second seance, and his name was entered accordingly. But his church, becoming alarmed at these unorthodox doings of their pastor, sent a committee to advise him that his investigations of Spiritualism had best stop then and there. The clergyman took the committee to task for and discover the truth could he jeopardize his salary; and so, in order to keep himself right before his congregation, he was advertised to preach a sermon against Spiritualism. His text was from Luke xvi., 30, 31: "And he said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent."

"And he said unto him. If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." I have before me a synopsis of this sermon, embracing its main features, and in almost every instance giving its very language:

"We know what we are and what we have been; but that does not satisfy. We long to know more. We want to know about the future. We feel sometimes that we are walking very near another life—that just beyond the mists there are the forms of those we love, and that their voices may sometimes be heard. The man must be brutish indeed, who does not long for another life, and who does not wish that it might break its bounds, and flood this. It would be strange if there should not be, from time to time, seeming rifts in the cloud, so that we are able to look beyond. Human instinct being stronger than reason, the mind has been permitted to flow out in superstition. Superstition sanctions improper objects of worship, and improper methods of worship. It inspires fear and it leads to idolatry. Victims to this superstition, men yield to the natural but guilty desire to discover the secrets of the future. They impose their own conditions upon God, and tell him how and where they will look for his answer; in signs and seasons, in the flight of birds, in dreams and in visions. Out of these human tendencies had grown a vocabulary of words, magic, demonology, demons, necromancy, familiar spirits, astrology, divination, etc.

"Two months ago the speaker had begun a critical study of this broad class of subjects, covering the whole ground from the remote past up to the present, and seeking information wherever it could be found—in books and in every way. It is impossible to name a kingdom of antiquity without reference to

occult study. Greece, Rome, Persia, Chaldea, Egypt, all produced their wonder-workers and diviners. To Chaldea belongs the distinction of being the mother country of the dark arts. No step could be taken in political or social life without consulting the diviners. The Hebrew people were in close contact with the subtle minds of the dark sciences, and its influence followed them through out their whole history. The laws of Moses forbade divination, and condemned familiar spirits, wizards and consultants of the dead. The Bible warrants no trust in the dark arts, nor does it sanction any fear of them."

The speaker referred to Saul's visit to the "Witch" of Endor; and he called his listener's attention to the fact that the pretended spirit of Samuel was not seen by Saul, but only described by the woman, who might easily have practiced on his credulity. Either this woman was a juggler, or else she was a passive instrument in God's hand. Similar returns by God's own power are recounted elsewhere in Scripture. He continued, "Only illusive results are produced by the dark arts, and there is no evidence in the Bible of supernatural results worked by magic. Occasionally audible voices have been heard as an evidence of divine guidance; but necromancy is under the ban of the church and of common sense."

The speaker then marched in procession the magicians of Egypt, the priests, astrologers and soothsayers of Chaldea, the fire-worshippers of Persia, the augurs and vestal virgins of Greece and Rome, characterizing them as the cheats of humanity, who while they had practiced deception, had yet made the most beautiful with romance. Having disposed of the superstitions of the past, he now came to their legitimate descendant, modern Spiritualism.

In the name of this modern delusion ignorant and shameless men and women cut the sears of time, healing, causing them to bleed anew. They opened their meetings with the profanation of a prayer, and desecrated the most sacred feelings of humanity, their only motive being for financial pay. The idea of spiritual intercourse is something which allures noble minds. But spiritual intercourse to-day only exists from the same causes that existed in the days of the magicians and necromancers—human curiosity, supplemented by a yearning for our loved ones. These feelings are so strong that there is both temptation and opportunity for unscrupulous people to profit by it. It is strange that we shall imagine that unseen powers are around us, guiding and protecting? They are the creatures of fancy, not of reality; but real to us, tending to calm our restlessness and bring us quiet. Some are not satisfied with imaginary images. They must see a seer spirit. But Christ in the words of the text has utterly denied the possibility of returning spirits. This gives a solemn impressiveness to this life which seems to make it the whole of existence. It is right that it should be so. Death does end all for this world; if it were otherwise, men would not give the attention they should to their worldly affairs. They would be speculating and inquiring about the future, and forget the present. Moreover, if spirits returned, we would lose our regard for the Spirit-world and have an undue familiarity with the solemnities of heaven. We should spend our time in truer curiosity, and gossip would take the place of religion. Christ would no longer satisfy, and men would seek the shades of departed friends, and their voices would cheer and comfort. Christ will never let them usurp his place."

The speaker then directed attention to the characters of Spiritualists: "How many poor are fed and clothed by the devotees of dark circles? Where are the charities of those who strain their ears to catch the sound of ventriloquism? He believes in the supposed presence of spirits, with warblers, fronts, and engage in the most trivial gossip and silliest conversation. Through Spiritualism faith is sneered at, love becomes mere animism, churches are derided as ruled over by ignorant and dogmatic teachers; the Bible is regarded as a mere handbook of rules too strict to be obeyed; and Christ is forgotten. Ventriloquism passes for the sound of a death-silenced voice, and the brush of a feather for the touch of a vanished hand."

"By the love of God we are introduced into a higher condition of life, and are led up to the sun-bathed mountain-tops. We live by the spirit of Christ; there is no ghost-life there. It is so high that the clutch of error cannot touch it. A spirit guides us, but it is the spirit of the Lord. To be spiritually minded is life and peace. The error of the nineteenth century degenerates humanity; Christianity ennobles it. The one disturbs the other brings peace. The latter is bread; the former a stone. In Christianity the believer finds stripes; in Christianity the aching heart finds balm. The latter is light unto darkness; the former darkness unto light. Learn to champion the truth. Fight all forms of error, not even excepting one. Only one voice can penetrate through the veil—the voice of Jesus; only one form is visible—the form of Jesus."

A member from the rural districts once thus expressed himself in regard to an educational bill before the legislature: "Mr. Speaker, I ain't no great opinion of education. I never seen no need of it. I never went to school but two nights in my life, and one night the teacher didn't come, and the other we hadn't no candles." Our reverend investigator of Spiritualism and other forms of "superstition," has confessedly received a

like amount of "addiction" on the subjects he attempts to elucidate, and, judging from results, he must have been his own teacher, and the candles absent on both occasions, at least very little light indeed seems to have flooded his mind.

I do not stand here to-night as the champion of magic, astrology, or occultism in any form. I know very little about them, or know that these subjects have claimed and are still claiming the attention of earnest and honest philosophers, who have found in them sufficient to absorb the thought of a life time. But here is a clergyman who learns all that is worth knowing about them, and discovers their utter illu-siveness, in the short space of two months!

Some of us have given the best portion of our lives to the careful study and analysis of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism; some of us have devoted many years to our investigations, constantly discovering new facts, and coming to a better understanding of old ones. But the Rev. Mr. Townsend has found time to sandwich in between his pious duties, an investigation of Spiritualism so thorough as to justify him in denouncing it in unsparring terms. I have already told you of the opportunities he has had for such investigation. There was even a charge of fraud on Mrs. L. of the same name. After not at this first seance, when his name was already entered for a second, if the story which we have been told be authentic, came the great convincing argument against Spiritualism—an argument which has proved persuasive in many cases—the argument of position and of dollars and cents.

Was taken up into a mountain—so the story goes—and all the kingdoms of the earth shown to him, while the arch tempter said: "All this power will I give thee and the glory of them, if thou therefore wilt worship me." Satan came to our clergyman, if rumor may be credited, in the shape of a delegation of church members, and offered him two alternatives. On the one hand his position as the pastor of a popular church, his social position retained, and his salary undiminished; and the only price which he was required to pay for all these temporal blessings was to yield his right of private judgment, and become an intellectual slave and moral coward. On the other hand, his position in church and society lost, and his religious convictions possibly unsettled; and the only recompense in their stead an unfinished self-respect, and the privilege of being a free man in the truest sense of the word.

Christ did not hesitate when the temptation came to him; neither apparently did our preacher. Jesus said: "Get thee behind me, Satan." The Rev. Mr. Townsend, who professes to be a follower of the divine leader, fell upon his knees and exclaimed: "Take all I take my birthright of free thought and action; take my self-respect and the respect of free men; take the liberty of private judgment; and the only price which I may retain my little kingdom." My friends, he holds his little kingdom, himself a nominal king and an actual slave; but what else has he worth preserving?

Remembering the openly expressed satisfaction of this clergyman at the first seance which he attended, with the fact that at the second seance two seats were mysteriously declared vacant at almost the last hour, together with the further fact, that the clergyman preceding this last circle was a stranger, he reminded of the little girl's lecture to her dog: "Carlo, don't we feed you all you can eat? Don't we give you a nice comfortable kennel and warm blankets to lie down upon? You ought to be ashamed of yourself running out in the tall grass, chasing birds, and actually getting yourself all wet wading in the water." Come here and let me chain you to-day, and when you chain the rest of the world, shall be muzzled." Reverend sir, I do not use this in its offensive or even its comparative sense, but only as an illustration of the methods of the church in the nineteenth century, of holding the shepherd to her bosom as compared with those of the fourteenth. The former take all that makes life valuable; the latter take life itself; but, perhaps, that was preferable since it transferred the victim to the life beyond where we trust there is religious liberty.

This sermon is merely a bundle of unsustained statements, tied together with poetic sentiments. The sentimental part is mainly Spiritualism, and true; the statements are mostly false. Let us take the opening of the sermon. If he was endeavoring to prove Spiritualism, could he have begun his address more beautifully or appropriately? We need only add, when he speaks of the universal longing for another life, and that it may break its bounds and flood this—a longing common to all ages and all people—that the instinct which urges this longing is of itself God's answer to man. Man cannot conceive of that which is not, and a God who would implant this strong, unconquerable feeling in the human heart, only to deny it, would indeed be a monster, deserving of damnation in the hell which he was supposed to have created, instead of adoration and glory in heaven. The God which I adore has created no longing of the human heart which he has not also made it possible to satisfy.

Where does our clergyman get his evidence of immortality? There is not a single proof in history, sacred or profane, which rests not on a spiritual manifestation. In the Old Testament there is no reference whatever

made to a future life, except as we are told of spirits appearing and conversing with men and women. Of the Bible proofs of Spiritualism, distinct and unqualified as though written in the interests of the modern phenomena, I will not now take time to speak in detail. If the Rev. Mr. Townsend will loan me his Bible, I will return it to him with innumerable markings, over which he can spend more than two months' study to advantage. He tries to discount the story of the Woman of Endor, but in so doing he is taking unwarrantable liberties with the text, in which is recorded a genuine spiritual manifestation, involving a prophecy which was fulfilled to the letter. He cannot talk of revelation and inspiration without talking Spiritualism; he cannot deny the modern manifestations without denying the positive promise of Jesus:

"These signs shall follow them that believe," the signs being precisely those manifested by the mediums of to-day, Mark xvi., 17, 18.

"That believe" what? In the evidence of the return of spirits. See the 14th verse of the same chapter: He "upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he had risen." Where in that day would have stood our clergyman? Unquestionably with the unbelievers. When he refuses to give credence to the phenomena of Spiritualism, he not only discredits himself and reliable witnesses of his own times, but disbelieves Paul: 1 Cor. xii.: 4-11, 28-31, and many other like passages through the Epistles. If he dreams, the visions, the clear-sightedness through which mortals have from time to time caught glimpses of the glories of the immortal life, are all illusions, is heaven itself an illusion and immortality a myth, for the hope of the future rests all our knowledge of the latter.

Has the promise which Jesus made held good? Certainly not, in the Protestant churches. They will tell you that "the age of miracles is past," though the promise contains no limit as to time. Where is the believer in orthodox Christianity who can heal the sick by the laying on of hands? who can cast out devils? who can speak with new tongues? Where is the clergyman who in reference to his Sunday sermon dares follow the Scripture injunction: "Take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak but the Holy Spirit?" These signs follow only them that believe in spiritualism—those who are found in the ranks of Spiritualists.

I have not time to-night to defend Spiritualism against the charge of jugglery, or to prove to you that it has no connection with magic. Prof. Ballachin, conjurer at the Court of Berlin, under the instructions of the Emperor William, investigated the phenomena of mediumship as manifested through Slade, and reported them as entirely beyond the realm of legerdemain. This judgment ought certainly to be satisfactory to those amateur prestidigitators, who profess themselves so thoroughly competent to equal the most remarkable spiritualistic phenomena.

With more particularity than I have been able to repeat, Mr. Townsend assures us that the Bible gives no countenance whatever to magic, authorizes no belief in it, and justifies no fear of it. Let us look at the record of the lives of Moses and Aaron. Each possessed a wonderful rod, a magician's wand, which turned to a serpent, or blossomed as a tree, at will. Aaron had but to stretch forth his magic wand, and the waters of Egypt were turned to blood; vermin of all sorts crept up to plague the people; hail and fire fell from heaven; locusts devoured every herb of the land; and thick darkness encompassed the Egyptians for three days. Moses compelled the waters of the Red Sea to part and rise up as a wall on either hand, permitting the children of Israel to pass over on dry ground, and at his will the sea rushed back to its natural level, and overwhelmed the pursuing Egyptians. When the Israelites were perishing with thirst in the wilderness, once at Horeb, and once in the desert of Zin, Moses struck the rock with his wand, and the water flowed out abundantly. Joshua performed even a greater wonder for he commanded the sun and moon to stand still in the Valley of Ajalon, and they obeyed him. Thus if we are to believe the sacred record, these magicians exercised power not only over animate and inanimate nature, but over the elements and even the solar system, and yet we are told that the bible gives no sanction to a belief in magic!

I pass on. The next statement that challenges our attention is the one that Christ, in the words of the text, utterly denied the possibility of the return of spirits. If this be so, who and what were the persons standing with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, and recognized by his disciples as Moses and Elias? Were they merely illusions, or "ignorant and shameless men," practicing on the credulity of a pitiful humanity "for financial pay"? Does St. Matthew lie when he says that at the time of the crucifixion "the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many"? Or were these "shameless men, cutting the sears of time's healing, and causing them to bleed anew?"

If Jesus, in putting the words into Abraham's mouth: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," meant there-

by to declare that the doorway between the mortal and the spirit-life was henceforth and forever closed, what becomes of Christianity itself?

"Then why were Christ's patience and pain? and why were his sorrowing life and his death on the cross? and why did he rise from the dead, if there is no gain, but only a loss?" "Though one rose from the dead they would not be persuaded." Christ himself has spoken, thus giving a prophetic contradiction to the fundamental dogma of the great delusion of Christianity. Oh, my preacher! your text proves too much. When you shut the door of return in the face of spirits you shut it against a resurrected Christ. If you open the door wide enough to let in Christianity, it is plenty wide enough for Spiritualism to pass through also.

If we must accept the clergyman's interpretation of his text, what becomes of the angels who walked with men, of the spirits who inspired them, and even of the risen Redeemer who returned from the farther side of the dark river of death, to testify to a continued existence on that mysterious shore?

The resurrection itself was intended to serve not only as a proof of immortality but of spirit return. Rev. Dr. Munger, late of North Adams and now of Hartford, a Presbyterian clergyman, but a man of profound thought and broadly liberal views, in his "New Theology," says in regard to the life, death and resurrection of Christ: "Christ lived as a man, and died as a man, and was resurrected in his right as a man. Theology partially implies that he was resurrected in his right as a God, but to be of a particle of use to humanity, he must have been resurrected as a man." The theologians of that day, like those of this, had grown material in their beliefs. They had only a vague, uncertain hope of a future life; some of them doubted it altogether. So the existence and return of spirits must needs be demonstrated. Christ's public execution had made his death a matter of certainty. There was no opportunity for trick or fraud. But in spite of this, when he makes his return in spirit form, appearing, as do the spirit presences of to-day, in the midst of the seance when the doors are closed, and vanishing as mysteriously, there are some who are still not satisfied. Thomas was convinced when he had thrust his fingers in the nail-holes. The present generation of theologians—harder still in their unbelief—continue to doubt when the voices of their loved and lost whisper in their ears, giving their names and bearing messages of affection, and when angel fingers gently touch weary brows. Our clergyman tells us that we mistake the brush of a feather for the touch of a vanished hand. Feathers have not palms and fingers which clasp and press; and he who would charge that an attempt is made to palm off the brush of a feather for a spirit touch, should first secure the feather as a trophy, and produce it as a proof.

A great conflict is before us, the conflict between materialism and spirituality. The age is a materialistic one. Faith is on the decline. Theology has not the hold upon humanity that it has had in past generations. The old landmarks have disappeared; the old evidences no longer satisfy; the old beliefs are fast disappearing. As it is said in this general uprising,—"this revolution in the intellectual world, science has stepped in, and with its teachings of evolution and the survival of the fittest—with its microscopic searches after atom and protoplasm—has seemed to reduce everything to a material basis; the highest and holiest emotions of the soul would seem to depend upon the convolutions of the brain; life itself to be but a manifestation of the potency of matter. How futile have been the efforts of the churches against the insweeping tide of materialistic sciences. The clergymen have, we confess, labored valiantly, Mrs. Partingtons all, with their theological brooms, endeavoring to sweep back the mighty incoming flood. But this great tidal wave of materialistic thought was mighty and forceful enough to sweep all old religions and theories before it, and establish a new order of things; and this is what was certain of accomplishment, had not the windows of heaven itself opened, and a voice from the spirit spheres commanded that the ocean of scientific thought should keep within its bounds.

Was it an accident that just as the world was awakening with wonder at the then strange doctrine of evolution, and not yet fully cognizant of all that that word implied, the mysterious rays were heard at Hydesville? No; it was ordained of heaven. They came as a response and an interpretation to science. They said to her, Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. During the years that have passed—less than half a century—materialism and Spiritualism have each grown and waxed strong, and they now stand in the arena, facing each other, ready to grapple in a contest which must prove moral to one or the other. It is no longer a question of churches or denominations. Humanity is asking the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" Greeds and the minor divisions of sects are lost sight of, and the question of annihilation at death or of unending life is the all-important one. Materialism answers boldly, "No!" Agnosticism shuts its eyes and shakes its head mournfully and says, "I do not, I can not know." But Spiritualism gives a confident affirmative sustained by positive proof.

Spiritualism, abandoned by a church faithless to its mission and to the teachings of eighteen hundred years, stands alone to-day (Continued on Eighth Page.)



## Description of a Spirit Home.

I herewith submit the following narrative which, if in your discretion you deem of interest to your readers, you are at liberty to publish. It is one of many life of character that I have received by impression from one Henry Dillman, claiming to be in spirit life, and acting as my present guide. I have the utmost confidence in his claims.

J. L. REED.

Question: Can you describe your spirit home to me in such a manner that I may take it down in writing?

Answer: If I should attempt to describe my home you would smile, for such is the nature and character of my present abode. My time is mostly occupied on the field of duty, but in the time of respite from labor I wend my way to my home, which I will describe as being located a distance of eighty miles, "more or less," from your own habitation. In giving distance from your locality to a spirit's home, supposedly in heaven, it is like measuring air with a sieve; and so we may say eighty miles, simply to get the idea in your mind that it is at a distance from your own locality, though, however, it cannot be measured in this way; neither can it be measured by the common rule for measuring distances from one locality to another on earth. It is no more comprehensible to your understanding than it would be if I should ask you to give me the distance from your mental functions to those of Henry Clay or Daniel Webster's; so in regard to the actual distance from your physical residence to my spirit home, there is no such thing as a measurable distance. I told it is "so many miles" more or less; for it being a spiritual substitute for distance, you must regard it as you would if one should say that it is eighty miles from his physical residence to the ultimate limit of his mentality, which would be as comprehensible to you as when I tell you it is eighty miles, more or less, to my spirit home. In giving you the number of miles, it is only to satisfy a curiosity, but entirely foreign to the facts.

Now in describing my spirit home I am obliged to use terms in some instances as foreign to actual facts as is the foregoing illustration; for much that is distinct to a disembodied spirit, when presented substantially in a spiritual light an embodied spirit would find wholly to get a correct idea of. So I address you in terms you can understand, giving you the shadow while I retain the substance. I would gladly present to you my home as it is to me, but it is impossible. I therefore give you facts concerning it as near the reality as is possible by analogy.

My spirit home is to me located near the bend in the river Endering. The river is skirted by suitable habitations for such as admire the scenery afforded by a water view. The banks of the Endering slope gradually for some distance to the water's edge. There are numerous most beautiful rivulets trickling their way down the decline, and which empty into the river. The abundant verdure is of a nature to inspire one to activity and veneration. The Endering furnishes a most delightful water-way for navigation. Such enchanting pastime as it affords in sailing through the blue and crimson waters, is indescribable. It inspires one to holy conduct, and draws from the soul that sublime reverence which is stimulated by the beauties of celestial scenery. My present habitation is composed of varying kinds of material. The main part, or what we call the Gossamer, is of virtue material, so intrinsically overlapped by selfish material that you could not distinguish which predominates. The niches in the walls and ceilings are caused by unperfected virtues in life. The constant swinging motion of the picture hangings in room eight, is caused by habits of dissipation. These habits were formed in early manhood, but do not specially allude to intoxication, but include habits of a loose and undignified nature. Each room in this part of my home is an emblematic representation of the vicissitudes in life, and portray the character of the occupant at stated periods of his earthly career. Each act in life furnishes a portion of the material that goes to make up the spiritual temple, which is correctly termed "That house not made with hands," etc. In visiting the dwelling places of spirits, I there get a perfect history of their lives in the body; not, however, each special act in life, but the general tendencies of his or her character from the beginning of their independent action to the end of his or her earthly career.

My present habitation is not an exception to this rule, nor will it so appear until I have fully atoned for the mispent time of an opportune life. Thus I find in my home the effects of ill-directed efforts, intermingled with the glory of virtuous deeds; and as I go from room to room I plainly see the effects that time has wrought and the improvements made. Each day I seek to replace with kindness some of the uncouth substance of which it is composed; so in advancing from the Gossamer to the more perfectly constructed portion of the habitation I come to the corridor of the intellectual man. This being subjected to the former by the ties of affinity, I pass, as it were, almost imperceptibly from one to the other, through a vine-clad archedway, through which the sun-gleamed inspiration of holiness finds its way in streams of joyous rapture, and imparts that life-giving vitality that ennobles every pulsating sense of the spiritual being. I pause here to drink in the invigorating melody of the atmospheric shower. I am seated beneath the vine-clad arches surrounded by the ever swaying verdure of the scene, and listening to the vibratory chorus of nature's holy zephyr chanting the echoes of love, and dreaming of sacred bliss to come. Here I live years in as many hours; contemplative aspirations flow from soul to soul with unceasing activity, and are made strong to do battle for justice. I rise and enter the intellectual chamber. Here I stand in the open doorway of the sublime essence of every good thought and act of my life.

With admiration the motives that prompted the deeds here portrayed. I scan each emblem as though it were a life history in itself, commenting on the character of every motive it portrays, drinking in the fragrant delights of the reflected character of each act, pointing to the difference in the effulgent rays, drawing inspiration to be applied to future efforts, raising the standard of my spiritual being to its grandest possibilities, until I lose sight of self in adoring the beautiful finish of an unselfish life. I reluctantly pass from this scene of sublime results to the more airy nature of the social department. Here I find portraits of incidents blending, in the most artistic manner, with acts of friendly greeting, the character of which is not less striking than that of the preceding chapter. They do not draw from the soul depths of the observer as much as the figures just passed. They tend to impart lessons in social reform, and blend the

desires for social purity. The dark shading of my faults is emblematic of unholiness in life, and teach the inconsistencies of an ungovernable propensity.

The beautiful boundary of life's social purity, is an emblem of fraternal affection. It demonstrates that though one have the power, it is not wise to go beyond the bounds of strict charity. I here take a retrospective view of the social side of life's journey. I wisely appropriate the virtues portrayed, and resolve that my future shall be marked with the character of the lessons here inculcated. I proceed to the outer dome of past scenes, feeling wiser and better for having drawn from the fountain in the sanctuary of the social department of my present home. I here stand in the presence of gushing fountains, bubbling springs, sublime and bewitching fragrances of delicate plant life, viewing the ever rolling, undulating formation in a thousand forms of the clouded canopy. I listen to the rippling trickle of the silvery spray, of the unceasing flow of the beautiful fountains, with a sense of gravity, born of melody in the hearts of our nature. I trace it with delight to the sensibilities of the soul, soothing the disturbed nature therein, the melody of reflection of my relation to the melody of the rippling accents of the trickling fountain. The boulders remind me of those apparently insurmountable objects I was called upon to overcome in life, so quietly, yet apparently, so firmly seated as to defy every effort to remove from my nature; and, as I approach them, their size diminishes into mere insignificance and by a slight effort I am able to overturn them. So I draw another lesson from what would at first seem to possess no objective interest. The fragrance and delicacy of the surrounding plants and flowers teach me that all through the journey of life are strewn the fragrance and delights of manifold comforts which I may enjoy, and are calculated to inspire in me due reverence for the common virtues I may practice in every day life. The combination of scenes displayed from the outer dome of the spiritual domicile affords a retrospective view of social incidents in the pathway of life.

## The Modern Spiritualist.

While writing on the development of mediumship we have had in view many letters of inquiry which reach us from time to time. It has been said that the number of circles held in private families has diminished; that those to which an inquirer can gain access are fewer than in past years; that those where an investigator meets with the most elementary phenomena, such as raps and tilts, are hardly to be found. This is partly true. There never was a time when access to private circles was open to all who might desire it. The pains and care that have succeeded in developing mediumship in private circles are not lightly wasted, or, at least, risked by the introduction of what may be unbecomingly and unbecomingly elements. But beyond this is, we believe, substantially true that the purely phenomenal side of Spiritualism is not so much in evidence as it used to be ten or fifteen years ago. This is in accordance with what might be expected from the ebb and flow in the manifestations of spirit-power which have been hitherto observed. A temporary cessation may be only, as it has been before, the precursor of a period of greater activity. There have been many such times, and this, and men have let them pass without fixing the results which might have been added to the store of human knowledge. It is not yet too late to do what we can to make the best of the present opportunity, though it is too early yet to estimate what we have already done.

Less than it ought to be, it is at least more than has been done before. Very few persons of average education and knowledge are now ignorant that the present generation has demonstrated the existence of a force which exact science has hitherto refused to recognize. Most of us are aware that this force is governed by an intelligence which, in some cases, can be differentiated from that of any individual person, or from the collective knowledge of those persons present when this intelligence manifested itself. The claim which we Spiritualists of to-day make, that the survival after death of certain beings who once lived on this earth has been proved, receives a wider recognition and a calmer attention than it ever did. For it is equally removed from the wholesale negation of the materialistic man of science, and from the unreasoning credulity of the old-time Spiritualist, who was not content without importing angels and archangels, and the spirits of the mighty dead to account for the simplest phenomena.

It is idle to refuse to admit that the modern Spiritualist has learned much of that moderation in hypothesis, that care in observation, and that precision in recording facts, which honorably distinguishes him, from the methods of modern science, while he has refused to sanction the conclusions to which the application of some of those methods have driven some inquirers. He admits readily the part that incarnate spirits—whether of the medium, of the circle, or even of himself—may play in the production of phenomena or the transmission of information hitherto referred en bloc to the operation of disembodied or unembodied spirits. His objection to recognize this theory, which he is by no means disposed to reject as a *vera causa* of some facts, begins only when it is strained and pressed to explain and account for all. He does not believe that Spiritualism can be adequately investigated in all its aspects by all its varied aspects by any persons, however honest, able, and laborious, who frame such a working hypothesis as excludes the action of spirits outside of a human body; and this canon of criticism he applies also to the Spiritualist who used to discern in everything the action of spirits of the departed. He maintains from evidence that completely satisfies him that such action unquestionably exists; but he is ready to acquiesce in the competency of such operative causes as investigations into the phenomena of Hypnotism and Thought-transference have revealed, and no longer makes the sweeping assertions as to the action of spirits that a previous generation shocked sound sense by propounding. His objection to Telepathy begins only when it is distorted and twisted to form a working hypothesis for the explanation of facts which it does not cover. In effect, he believes that the hypothesis of the Spiritualist has not been disproved by any of the discoveries of modern science, nor by the researches of any body of investigators whose attention has been chiefly fixed on one branch of the inquiry. The Spiritualist hypothesis, in his opinion, still holds the field, even if it seem to be modified in some of its more fantastic applications, such as were rife among the credulous, but never among sound and cautious thinkers.

It is not to be denied also that attention on the part of the Spiritualist to the theories and observations of those who have dealt

with his subject in previous generations have been of service to him. If it be for no other reason, his study in that direction has borne fruit in enabling him to see the weak points in his own position, while he has been concerned in exposing the flaws in the arguments of his predecessors. Nor need a hypothesis be old in order to be instructive. It is notorious that all students of our subject do not accept our hypothesis in its entirety. We need not affect, as has been too much the fashion, to make light of conclusions which we do not share, or to turn away from such philosophical dissertations as, for instance, the German school of thought furnishes, because their incubations are somewhat difficult of mental assimilation, or because we have at hand our never-failing *deus ex machina* ready to be furnished up for every fresh emergency.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that matters of contention—and most psychical problems are matters of contention—are being discussed now in a more equally tempered and argument, and less to mere vituperation of the opponent; that there is more give-and-take in controversy; more disposition to listen to a hypothesis with which we do not agree, and more readiness to face the truth wherever it may lead us.—*Light, London.*

## Henry Slade in Brazil.

## The Rio de Janeiro Disappointed.

In the month of January last, Mr. Henry Slade expressed a desire to go to South America, and letters were written for him to Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de Janeiro, offering to go to either place provided the means were furnished him for his expenses of travel, etc.

The only favorable response came from Buenos Ayres, and the JOURNAL announced the fact in May last. A private letter from the editor of the *Revista Espiritista* of that city among other matters contained the following:

"Mr. Alexander Sorendo, sub-secretary of the Senate, has taken upon himself the pleasant task of defraying the cost of Dr. Slade's voyage in the manner solicited, assisted by several of his intimate friends."

"As to ourselves we are disposed to pay his living expenses and return voyage, provided the said medium abstain from charging for his services, for this is regarded very unfavorably by Spiritualists in this part of America, and furthermore, the general public attach no importance to mediums who proceed in this manner and consider them on a par with prestidigitators, however surprising the phenomena may be which they witness."

"As Spiritualists we all comprehend that in principle, the medium of the category of Dr. Slade who do not make merchandise of their mediumship but who only charge in order to pay their travelling and living expenses, and who, by means of their mediumship exercise a truly Apostolic mission, cannot be blamed for requiring for their labor that which is needful for their subsistence, but such things are not regarded in this wise in these parts by those who are not in sympathy with Spiritualism; and as to the Spiritualists, they believe that the medium should live and spread the truth at the expense of believers, as do the pastors of religious organizations. It is for this reason that Spiritualists here will be pleased to have Mr. Slade confer directly with us, as to the price that shall be charged for each sitting, we having the right to invite persons to whom we are compromised, that they may see his surprising phenomena."

Mr. Slade expressed a willingness to accept of the conditions; the means for his transportation arrived sooner than expected, and he sailed on the 23rd of May last for South America. The last heard of him he was in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the *Reformador* of July 1st announcing his arrival as follows:

"On the 20th of June last the celebrated North American medium, Dr. Henry Slade, accompanied by his niece, Miss Agnes Slade, arrived in our port on board the *Financiera*. His name was already favorably known to us on account of the labors which gave him notoriety in England, France and Germany, with Wallace, Zöllner, Fichte, Gibier and others."

"A gentleman of distinction and of affable manners he very soon captivated the sympathies of all by his modesty. A committee from the Brazilian Spiritual Federation went on board the steamer to pay him their respects, conducted him on shore and installed him in the Hotel Allen."

"On the night of the 22d our illustrious guest went to the hall of the Federation to return the compliment paid him by this body on his arrival in this city."

"Much has been written regarding Dr. Slade, but we think that since he is now with us we ought not to say anything for or against, but allow the public to investigate, unbiased, the claims of mediumship which we have already witnessed in varied phases, places us in a condition to judge properly of what may there be presented to us and therefore we shall reserve our opinion until after we hear and analyze what the committee, appointed by the Brazilian Spiritual Federation, have to report."

The *Reformador* is a fortnightly journal and the number of July 15th brings the following:

"As we stated in our last number, the Spiritualist Federation of Brazil appointed a committee to investigate the phenomena of direct writing upon slates and other physical effects produced through the mediumship of Dr. H. Slade, and with sorrow we are obliged to report that according to the opinion of this committee, the works with him performed are in complete antagonism to the results he had expected, giving rise to serious doubts as to their mediumistic origin—doubts in a great measure justifiable and which dim the lustre of the phenomena through this same medium in England, France, Germany, the United States and Australia, as was witnessed and testified to by such eminent men and careful observers as Zöllner, Weber, Gibier and others."

"All who study spiritualistic phenomena know that mediums are subject to these eclipses; that they sometimes make an abuse of their faculties or they become weakened; that the invisibles are not servilely at our disposal and only manifest themselves when they judge it convenient or when they have permission to do so."

"According to various journals and spiritual reviews the same failure has more than once occurred with the medium of whom we now treat; his mediumistic faculty has disappeared and sometime afterwards has again returned, producing the most wonderful phenomena under the most rigorous condi-

tions exacted by scientific observation. But we lament, most heartily do we lament, that in these eclipses of his faculty, the medium (doubtless through malignant suggestion) should endeavor to simulate the phenomena which he obtains under normal conditions, a fact that has here been fully demonstrated."

He had not yet reached the presence of those who furnished the means for his journey, and if he goes to them at all it will be in rather bad odor, unless he in some way retrieves his record.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Theosophy and Helen P. Blavatsky.

J. RANSOM BRIDGE, F. T. S.

## PART TWO.

A considerable number of Spiritualists will congratulate Mr. W. E. Coleman upon his two articles in the JOURNAL against Madame Blavatsky and theosophy. His "reply" undoubtedly represents the opinion of many who stand in the same relation to theosophy that the average orthodox minister does to Spiritualism. In either case, there is a cowardly refusal to test and to weigh, to carefully investigate and to consider whether the new knowledge offers a further solution for the greatest of all problems: Whence came I? What am I? Whither am I going? Men have thought, argued and sought over these questions as far as the degree that it is forced upon them by the traditional lights of history. Martyrs have died and nations been overrun or swept away in order that particular dogmas might prevail—dogmas which have, in their turn, lost a hold upon the people, as a religious tenet always does when used by priestcraft or State to further material ends. The radiance of pure truth may shine through the words of the creed, but in the degree that it is forced upon the personal authority or is forced upon those only able to read the words without recognizing the esoteric meaning, in that degree will the esoteric signification be lost, and when the mass of the people fail to intuitively grasp the divine message of which the creed is the outward expression, then the body of the creed dies, is buried under the words and distorted interpretations of its priests, and the pure spirit of truth rises again in another form, clothed in other words. Yet as all roads led to Rome, when she was mistress of the known world, so do all and have all national religions led to the same celestial city, a higher state of existence, no matter how pictured or by what prophet expressed. Back as far as records and traditions reach, we meet, among different races and in different epochs, men whose lives stand out in contrast with their fellow men as do the beautifully illuminated chapters of some old manuscripts. Through these men have come an expression of the highest and purest thoughts of the age in which they lived. They have been the teachers of the races among which they labored, so long as the people grasped the significance of the truths they uttered. This is what has been and probably is what will be until selfishness stands back from the threshold of life and the spirit of love takes its place. To-day is but a repetition of yesterday and before. Orthodoxy from thousands of pulpits is crying that this is an age of unbelief, and that the devil is abroad in the land. The champions of the two or three hundred warring sects are hawking their own religious wares, and warning their hearers against the church around the corner. Most of these men are in earnest and believe themselves right. The British Courts of Inquisition at one certainty of death, that in one hour from this moment I may not be numbered among the living, I know that I am wasting golden moments, if I put off preparing myself, so as, as far as possible, to be ready when the death messenger calls for my soul. I am certain that Mr. Coleman will also agree with me in this particular. The next and most important question is, How shall I make ready and what can I take with me? Not the body, at death it decays and its gases rise to combine with the other living forms; neither of those material possessions for which most men are so fiercely struggling, and which, like the body, belong absolutely to this earth. If not the body, then it must be that which animates the body; that which is the source of intelligence and life, commonly spoken of as the soul. It is with the soul then, and the soul only that I have to deal.

The next step is where men stop. The intellect is no longer a guide. What is my soul? I listen to my fellow men and hear my words echoed and re-echoed until they are lost in a babel of sounds which mean nothing. I naturally turn to the religious teachers, to those who are supposed to make a life study of this question. I find them disputing and quarrelling among themselves. None of them can answer my question, though all of them assure me that if I live a good life, as good as I know how, and also believe in some statements which they make, many of these statements contradicting each other, that I shall be prepared to cross the river when my time comes. Are you sure of this? I ask. Yes, each confidently answers. I venture to further ask, How do you know? God so declared it in his revealed word, says each one, repeating his particular creed which contradicts that of his brother teacher. But none in all Christendom can tell what death is, what the soul is, or anything of the state of existence which follows our earth life. I feel that I am in an extremely uncomfortable situation. I see before me a line of eminent divines each one soliciting passengers by his particular route to the hereafter, reminding me of a confused traveler in front of a gesticulating row of cabmen each determined to secure him as passenger. Each of my would-be spiritual conductors assures me that his is the only reliable route, and would bless me and bid me God-speed into a country of which he knows as little as I, who know nothing. Does Mr. Coleman admit that this is the position of the Christian church and its members, to-day? I think that he will.

It is in this dilemma that I meet Madame Blavatsky. She surprises me beyond description by telling me that she has actually met those who claimed to know what the soul of man is and what death means. I perhaps laugh at her. But remembering that it is the head of a woman which is to crush the head of the serpent, and my curiosity being aroused, I put a few questions and listen to her statements. For the argument, I have acknowledged this woman to be a fraud; yet she tells me of a code of ethics, a scientific system of life, which, in spite of what I may think come home with a force that is extremely aggravating, especially if I am inclined to make fun of it. She says that the West understands little of the possibilities of life and invites me to join with her in the consideration of some of the problems of existence from the standpoint of Eastern savants. I take Mr. Coleman's ground and I tell her that she is a charlatan, a gigantic impostor. Perhaps she very rudely swears a

score of chance acquaintances, the most of whom were spiritualistic investigators, and tells them of her travels in the East, of wise men she met there, and of the ethics they taught. She tells them that there is a real science of living of which the West has no comprehension. She claims that during her residence in the East she followed a course of practical instruction and, to a limited degree, developed powers partially recognized, but not understood, by a few of our most advanced psychologists. The new wisdom of which this cosmopolitan spoke was an unexpected solution to the complex problem of life, the answer to which has been sought after and guessed at by saint and sinner for the past eighteen hundred years and more. Her words seem to answer the riddle of the Sphinx. She brought from the East a new theory of life which, unlike the dogmas of Christianity, orthodox Christianity, would appear reasonable to a skeptic or atheist, if he granted the supposition that the soul of man lives after the death of the physical body.

Many of her solutions to the questions of future existence were as simple and logical as some of Euclid's solutions in Geometry. This woman had nothing to personally recommend her. Her general health was poor. She seemed to abhor the bondage of our social customs and to take almost a delight in shocking such prudish people as came in contact with her; yet she brought a message which the very winds seem to repeat. She made no attempt at propaganda, yet the words she has uttered have since been re-spoken in nearly every language on the face of the civilized portion of this planet. Millions of money and thousands of missionaries could not have accomplished in the same time what this woman has done without apparent effort. Read the novels of the day in English, French and German, and you are mirrors of the social life and condition of the people, compare them with those of twenty years back and tell me what means the flavor of mysticism, occultism and theosophy which permeates nearly all of the present day publications to a greater or less degree. Consciously and unconsciously they all are teaching and re-echoing the words of Madame Blavatsky. I presume that Mr. Coleman remembers the anecdote related in English history of Canute, the Danish king, who seated himself at the edge of the rising tide and forbade the advance of the ocean. Canute was no more to the ocean than the sands over which it was washing. Reading Mr. Coleman's articles recalling this by-play on the part of the Danish conqueror, who was wise, not expecting to be obeyed, simply wishing to teach his courtiers that any one man in his egoism is an exceedingly small factor in the economy of the universe.

Now am I ready to meet Mr. Coleman upon his own ground. He has, to the best of his ability, hounded Madame Blavatsky to earth. He pronounces the woman a fraud, giving as his reasons (and please mark this carefully) that she smokes, swears and has been accused of lying. While doubting the latter part of the statement, I admit all that Mr. Coleman here says for the sake of argument. We will suppose that Madame Blavatsky smokes, lies and swears. I will even go further and suppose that she pretends to be what she is not, a pupil of an Eastern secret society composed of men of great wisdom and power. I will even suppose that no such men exist and Madame is a fraud. In a shorter or longer time, a few years at the best, I must die, in common with Mr. Coleman and all other living members of the human race. Mr. Coleman must admit this fact unconditionally. When I consider the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, that in one hour from this moment I may not be numbered among the living, I know that I am wasting golden moments, if I put off preparing myself, so as, as far as possible, to be ready when the death messenger calls for my soul. I am certain that Mr. Coleman will also agree with me in this particular. The next and most important question is, How shall I make ready and what can I take with me? Not the body, at death it decays and its gases rise to combine with the other living forms; neither of those material possessions for which most men are so fiercely struggling, and which, like the body, belong absolutely to this earth. If not the body, then it must be that which animates the body; that which is the source of intelligence and life, commonly spoken of as the soul. It is with the soul then, and the soul only that I have to deal.

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Mr. Alden called with his cousin, Mr. Albert Alden of Boston, who had previously arranged his visit without telling of his intention of bringing his cousin. Both gentlemen were strangers of whom I had never heard or met. Mr. Albert Alden had some fine tests of the presence of his daughter, all of which were very satisfactory. She spoke of her mother, to whom she sent an affectionate message, narrating events known only to the mother and daughter, gave the names of friends she had met in the spirit life, all of

This beautiful little volume is made of poems, original and translations, from the German, French and Italian, and of prose pieces from the German, which appeared in the Boston *Index*, and in other papers. They all show varied culture, taste and the artist's spirit, while some of the sonnets and other poems are proof, that the author is the true soul of a poet. She is in love with nature, and writes of flowers and birds, of the seasons, of the sun and moon, of the stars, of the clouds, of dreams; she is meditative and makes friendship, dreams, the present and the future, silence, hope and destiny, the theme of her pen; she admires genius and earth, and pays beautiful tribute to George Washington, Carlyle, Emerson, Wordsworth, Shelley sympathy with suffering and expresses it on many a page. She is an idealist and sees that thought sways the world." Referring to the dumb creatures she writes:

"What could none yet accomplish  
with their length of life,  
If but to thought allied! They might at length

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**ving, with a proper degree of mineral elements,**  
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 6, 1888.

## Emotional Unbelief.

Emotion, sentiment and poetry have their place—a very important place in life; but in excess, or unregulated by reason they become a nuisance. A man who makes love violently to his wife on the street or in the columns of a newspaper, loses the respect of sensible men and women whose conjugal affection may be quite as strong as his own. The woman who kisses her poodle in the street car, usually excites contempt. The man who introduces his domestic affairs in his public speeches or writings and sentimentalizes over relations which in themselves are right and proper, is generally a weakling when not a hypocrite, or both.

There are strong men—men of impressive personality, who are emotional, poetic, sentimental; they are sure to be more or less erratic, inconsistent, changeable and unreliable; but people come to know them, to overlook their weaknesses and, in spite thereof, to discern their real worth. They are often geniuses in their way, individualistic, audacious, and original in expression; for such men have fancy and imagination and employ imagery, and talk in pictures. This is the Indian style of talking. The Indian refers to the sun, moon and stars, to the river and sea, to the forests and plains, to his squaw, papoose and game, and waxes eloquent over acts infringing his rights in these. His illustrations are all concrete. Of the power of abstract reasoning, without emotional coloring, the man who lives mainly in his feelings is deficient, indeed almost destitute. He sees things. Of their manifold relations of the subtle forces which unite them, he takes no cognizance. His mind is adapted to the arithmetic of thought—the first five rules, perhaps, only to addition, and simple addition at that. The algebra and the geometry of thought are to him as unintelligible as would be the hieroglyphics of Egypt if he were asked to decipher them. He deals only with things and their simplest effects upon one another; the higher relations and interdependencies, the understanding of which involves the power of abstract reasoning, he does not perceive and he wonders why anybody is foolish enough to talk about them. He has a great aversion to metaphysics and philosophical discussions in general, for he cannot understand them, and if he be a man of egotism and conceit, he is provoked with others who profess to understand them and attach to them the importance which he denies.

The man with an excess of emotion, be he a speaker, writer or reformer, reaches the multitude. All feel while but few think, and an appeal to the emotions touches the hearts of the thoughtful and the thoughtless, the cultured and the uncultured alike. When the emotions are aroused reason is for the time more or less in abeyance. On the other hand when reason is exercised the activity of the emotions is diminished. Profound and prolonged thought makes the thinker insensible even to his surroundings.

The great revivalist is an emotional man, and those whom he affects first are persons, generally women and children, whose lives are most emotional. Whatever arouses inquiry, doubt and discussion, whatever brings reason upon most is discouraged, for the condition of success is the subordination of the understanding to the feelings, prejudice and predispositions. Mr. Moody knows this fact, has learned it from experience, although if asked he would probably be unable to give a rational explanation, and when at his meetings any skeptical intruder propounds a

knotty question, the great revivalist at once begins to pray for him, asks the brethren to pray for him, and requests the skeptic also to bend his knees in prayer.

With the increase of intelligence and education appeals to the emotions, still common, have been less relied upon by the clergy and by speakers in general. It is seen that such appeals with the more rational and developed minds have but a momentary effect, and that with such, whose influence in a community is the greatest in the long run, arguments addressed to the reason and judgment are most effective. A general complaint of the clergy and the churches is that but a small percentage of those converted during a revival continue in the communion and the faith. The most substantial members of the Protestant churches now are those who join them from social and business considerations.

The opponents of Christianity, and of religion generally, have in the past deprecated the prominence of the emotional element in the life and the worship of devotees, and have pointed to the fact that the most uneducated people are the most religious; that religion is most active, powerful and demonstrative among the savages as evidence that it is fundamentally compounded of animal instincts and passions. Epicurus and Lucretius of old, the English Deist writers, and the French philosophers of the Eighteenth century, and all the leading representatives of anti-Christian thought during the present century have insisted that religion should be judged by reason, and that it should be combated by argument, and that the only hope of overcoming it is based on the fact that reason is more enlightened than emotion; logic, as the mind advances, is more powerful than prejudice, and science more enduring than sentimental attachment to irrational ideas because they are old.

Of late years there has been going on a rapid decay of theological beliefs, and among those who have discarded some of these beliefs are men who are so largely products of them, with, of course, other co-existent influences, that they are more like the preachers of the old faith than like those who have been conspicuous in undermining this faith. Men like Hume and Gibbon, Voltaire and Paine, Darwin and Huxley, Mill and Spencer. These new apostles of unbelief have in their intellectual constitution so much of the in-wrought effect of generations of religious faith that it matters not what new ideas they have adopted, the religion of emotion, of imagination, of dogmatism dominates them as much as though they were still adherents of the old faith. "What a splendid revivalist Ingersoll would make," remarked a Christian lady after hearing one of his lectures. Undoubtedly he would, for he has all the qualities of a great revivalist, except faith in the popular religion. He has more wit than would be conducive to success in a revival, but under the influence of a severe creed, this would be repressed, and when used, turned powerfully against Satan and the unbelievers. It would be easy work for Ingersoll to start a revival among freethinkers, for while he is a man of genius, while "there is but one Ingersoll," there are thousands who like him are unconsciously under the influence, and largely in certain traits products of the very dogmas which they oppose.

There is really a demand for lectures and literature which combine the emotional element of religion with denial and disbelief of religious doctrines. Hence the large proportion of men who were formerly clergymen representing the "infidelity," the "liberalism," the "secularism" and "freethought" of the day. They are listened to by men and women who no longer believe in the Bible as an authority, or in Jesus as a Savior, and yet they are zealous to make converts to their unbelief, and wish to be aroused and enthused from time to time by a speaker who is radical, which means with them one who is extreme, positive and unqualified in his denunciation of the doctrines which they have outgrown. The nearer the lecturer is in style and method to the preacher, the more declamatory, dogmatic and exhortatory he is, the better satisfaction he gives to this class. Of course the thought must be superficial. Indeed when a man has been a Christian preacher a dozen or twenty years or more and then becomes an "infidel," or a "free religionist," there is not likely to be much change in his treatment of religious subjects, except on the point of view merely.

There is a large class of Liberals who have given up their old religious belief, but are no longer entertained by hearing it opposed in the style in which they used to hear it preached. Dissatisfied with the old faith they have sought in the world's best thought of to-day the intellectual food that they require. Liberals of this class, large-minded and educated, while not rabid in their opposition to superstition, are the very persons who are most completely emancipated from its influence, its spirit and its methods. They are the least susceptible to emotional appeals in the interests of or against any system of faith, while unqualified denunciation of religion and abuse of its adherents by men who, a few years ago, were just as enthusiastic in opposing "infidelity" and making converts to the doctrines of their sect, have no interest for them, except as they serve for a study of human nature. Their chief interest is in the positive thought and reconstructive spirit and work of the age.

Interest your friends in the JOURNAL, especially if they have an interest in Spiritualism. They need the paper and the JOURNAL needs their patronage.

## Spiritualism Permanent.

The whole world are neighbors; all people that dwell on the wide earth get sight of each other. "From Dan to Bersheba," in the old Jewish phrase, had wide meaning, but from Chicago to St. Petersburg is five hundred times as far, and a thousand go that distance to every Hebrew who travelled from end to end of his pent-up little Judean province. Civilized man must be cosmopolitan, for his trade and enterprise carry him round the world, steam whisks him over the land and carries him across wide seas in the teeth of the storm, the telephone in his office makes a commonwealth his whispering gallery, and the telegraph flashes his thought to California or Constantinople. The farm boy drives the cow to pasture to-day, flits away to Chicago to-morrow, and is back again amidst his friendly kine the next day. The rustic maid bakes and churns one week, helping the dear mother in her daily tasks, is at Delmonico's the next, eating perhaps the golden butter that she made herself on the far-off farm, sees the beauty of art in great picture galleries, and is soon home again to enjoy the finer beauties of nature in field and forest and beside the still waters. There are more turns in life's kaleidoscope than in old times.

Nations meet and mingle, trade, think and steady together. They dread the old game of war, for trade and travel thrive ill where soldiers march and cannon shake the earth. London has more Jews than Palestine; Chicago more Germans than half the towns along the Rhine. The hardy Swede thinks Minnesota winters mild as he remembers the polar frosts of his old northland.

Even "the untutored savage" gets glimpses of the world. The Sioux chief moves about in Washington hotels, in all the majesty of moosehorns and deerskin leggings, and wampum and feathers—the court dress of his home, which he may fitly display in the capitol. Dusky King Chetowa goes from Africa to England, sees "her most Christian majesty" Queen Victoria, and the white hands of courtly dames touch his broad black palms.

We hear strange stories of somebody's grandfather who climbed over the hills and saw men prostrate before stone images, poor heathen idolaters. But we tunnel the mountains, go through in palace cars, and find that this worship before stone images, when we get down to the root of it, means the same as the prayer and hymn in our churches. We get Max Muller to help us in the science of language, and he goes back to the old Sanscrit and finds Dyas, the dawn, or light, the root of our word God—the thought of Infinite Mind links us to the Hindoo of Vedic days. Our little creed seems narrow and fragmentary, our petty dogmatism weak and cruel, as our thoughts widen in this way—and widen they must, and fair judgment gain with broader knowledge.

Very manifest, too, is the domination of mind in this age; plainly revealed is the sway of the invisible over the visible. What an engineer man is! Out of his brain, from his inner and invisible thought, come all these marvels of power and performance. His thoughts bore rocks, bridge chasms, measure suns and stars. He subdues nature and makes the stuff we call matter serve him. Mind is king, and "the king never dies." Thought is immortal. Can the thinker fade away?

Do not telescopes tell us of order and plan in the starry heavens? Is there not mind ruling all? The more we see the rule of mind the less hold materialism has on us.

Over our coffee each morning we read yesterday's news from Paris, Berlin, Melbourne, Pekin and California. A day's news lost seems to drop us out of the tide of human life. We must know all that passes in this world. Can we stop in such narrow limits? A little spot is this earth, and a little span is this life, as we look up to the sky and think of space and time. We want a spiritual telegraph with its invisible wires stretching away to the Summer-land. If we must hear from our friend traveling in Italy, why not from our friend who has gone on a far longer journey? "Brighter shoots of everlastingness" flash out from our inner life as spiritual culture gains, and help us to see and know light and life in the great beyond. We crave a word from there. We long "for the touch of a vanished hand," and the facts of spirit-presence come to satisfy that longing.

Spiritualism is the inevitable result of the growth of man's thought and the ripening of his inner life. When the law of evolution dies, and man's growth ceases, Spiritualism will die, but that law is eternal, it is the beneficent decree of the Son of Things, and therefore Spiritualism has come to stay and to gain. Its facts and ideas are to be inspiring elements in the religion of the future.

Subscribe as liberally as you can to the stock of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House! We have hundreds of readers who can with little effort take each a single share—fifty dollars. There are on the JOURNAL's list subscribers by the dozen who can readily take from ten to twenty shares each; indeed, we have a number who could easily subscribe for one hundred shares each, and several who could take the entire stock and hardly miss the amount from their respective bank books or lists of convertible assets. It is not from the very wealthy, however, that we look for any great co-operation in our efforts, but rather from those who have to practice rigid economy and from the moderately well-to-do class; they are the people most apt to aid in enterprises for the public good. The stock of the Publishing House will no doubt be fairly remunerative and stockholders will

be able to do good and at the same time benefit themselves. Don't delay, but attend to the matter at once, while it is fresh in your mind. Write Mr. Bundy by return mail, subscribing what you feel able to take.

It is said that Mrs. Jennie Robinson, of Gosport, N. Y., has recovered her sight, after having been blind for a year, in a manner that seems miraculous. She is a comely, dark-haired little lady, 27 years old, and her bright, black eyes show no signs of having ever been blind. A year ago she and her husband lived at Drummondville. A large number of Italian laborers were employed there. On Oct. 18th, some of them, while under the influence of liquor, had a violent dispute in front of the house Mrs. Robinson lived in. During the fight they drifted into the yard, where, further argument seeming useless, dirks were drawn and they proceeded to carve each other. Mrs. Robinson was holding her baby when she saw the affray. For a few moments she could do nothing, but then she ran shrieking into the house and fell unconscious on the floor. She apparently recovered, but next morning discovered that her right eye, while to all appearances as perfect as the other, was totally blind. Dr. McGeary, of Drummondville, pronounced the optic nerve paralyzed as the result of the great fright, and the case was pronounced hopeless. Other doctors agreed with him. The left eye grew worse and finally failed. Mrs. Robinson sought divine aid. One night she had a dream, in which she seemed to be on a rock amid a seething waste of waters, which every moment threatened to engulf her. In an agony of terror she waited until a form which seemed to her to be that of Jesus floated over her; a voice came to her bidding her to have faith and all would be well. The storm abated, her fear vanished, and she awoke. The dream was repeated, and afterward she suffered terrible agony from pains in her eyes. She became delirious. Dr. Failing was called and gave her soothing powders. Next morning she awoke completely recovered. The doctor does not attempt to explain the cause of the cure.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Drake and daughter passed through Chicago last week from Lake Pleasant, en route for California where they expect to winter. Mrs. Drake, better known to our readers as Mrs. Maud Lord, has steadily improved in health during the past few months. While at Queen City Park Camp, on their way West, Mrs. Drake embraced the opportunity to repeat her timely remarks made with such eloquence and good effect at Lake Pleasant, concerning the importance to the Cause that all claims for spirit phenomena should be exemplified under the very best conditions and in a way to verify them. She further dwelt upon the necessity of a higher altruistic sentiment among mediums and Spiritualists generally. A correspondent from Vermont informs us that Mrs. Drake's speech was warmly applauded and met the views of a majority of those who heard her.

It is the intention and settled purpose of Mr. and Mrs. Drake to so shape matters that they shall be able in the near future to be of great service in the scientific elucidation of psychical phenomena. Mr. Drake being a man of generous means as well as nature will stop at no expense or pains to render conditions perfect for his wife to exercise her psychic and medial powers for the purpose indicated; though it is not likely she will ever again be at the service of the general public for seances. In some respects Mrs. Drake is the most remarkable sensitive and medium of whom the JOURNAL knows. It is devoutly to be wished that she may have health to carry forward the grand work in which she and her husband are so closely in accord.

Several complaints of non-receipt of the JOURNAL have come in from subscribers during the past few weeks. The fault is not ours, of that we are sure. The Chicago post office has been in a demoralized condition, but is now in better shape. In some instances we can trace the trouble to the office of delivery, where the JOURNAL is sometimes stolen, and at other times thrown to the wrong person by mistake. Subscribers will always be supplied with duplicates provided they promptly notify us, say within forty-eight hours after the usual time of getting the paper.

Mr. James Redpath was lately the guest of Jeff Davis at his home at Beauvoir, and the stalwart Abolitionist and the leader of the gigantic revolt in the interest of slavery enjoyed each other's society immensely. The Rebel chief is now over 80 years old, but his mind is clear and active.

Hon. A. B. Richmond of Meadville, Penn., whose analysis of the Report of the Seybert Commission and other contributions to the literature of psychical research have made his name familiar to Spiritualists, has in preparation an article for the JOURNAL detailing his later experiences and conclusions. It will appear some time this month.

Mr. Jesse Shephard lately gave a reception and musicale at his residence, Villa Montezuma, to Mrs. Senator Sargent of San Francisco, and three other visiting notables. The affair was pronounced a splendid success by the San Diego Daily Bee.

Thursday evening of this week, the Young Peoples' Progressive Society will give their semi-monthly sociable, at Martine's south-side hall, Indiana avenue and 22nd street. The JOURNAL readers are cordially invited.

Miss Susie M. Johnson is lecturing with good success for the First Spiritual Society of San Diego, Cal.

## CONSENSUS OF THE COMPETENT.

Good Words for the Journal and Encouragement to the Editor and Publisher in his efforts to Establish the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House as a Stock Company and to do a Constructive Work.

Agnostic, Theosophist, Christian and Spiritualist Unite in Commendations and support of a Fearless and Judicially Fair Newspaper and of the Plan Outlined for Future Work Along the Lines of Psychic Science, Ethics and Religion.

LETTERS FROM B. F. UNDERWOOD, DR. ELLIOTT COUES, REV. GEO. H. HEPPWORTH, D. D., AND M. C. C. CHURCH.

During the past week a number of correspondents have subscribed for single shares (\$50) and others have expressed their intention to subscribe for larger lots at an early date. From among the many appreciative and encouraging letters at hand the following are selected for publication this week.

Our readers are familiar with the name of that scholarly agnostic, B. F. Underwood, whose lectures and literary work place him at the head of his school of thought in America. Here is what he has to say:

86 So. PAGE ST., CHICAGO, Sept. 29, 1888.  
DEAR COL. BUNDY: Although not a Spiritualist, I am, as I have been for years, an interested reader of the JOURNAL, in which I find a great deal to approve and admire. Many articles that you publish are excellent in thought and spirit. I like your method of dealing with topics of current interest in general, as well as your straightforward, courageous and manly course in advocating and expounding what you believe. Your readiness to expose fraud when you detect it, and your insistence for years, in the face of opposition from Spiritualists, upon "test conditions," in investigating "manifestations," combined with your uncompromising defense of what you are satisfied is genuine in the claims made for Spiritualism, have secured you the respect not only of intelligent and discriminating Spiritualists, but of non-Spiritualists who wish to see the wheat and the chaff separated and the truth prevail. To the latter class I belong, I am, therefore, interested in your project of organizing the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House for the purpose stated in your prospectus, and hope it will be successful. There has never been a time since my first acquaintance with the JOURNAL, nearly twenty years ago, that its columns were not at my disposal for the presentation of any views I wished to bring before its readers. This hospitality to my thoughts I have appreciated, and I am disposed to subscribe for two or three shares at least of the stock of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House as an indication of my interest in the project. I wish to see all genuine psychic phenomena carefully and thoroughly examined. An independent, incorruptible journalism at this time needs encouragement and it has no worthier representative than the JOURNAL.

Sincerely yours,  
B. F. UNDERWOOD.

The breadth of interest in the JOURNAL will astonish those accustomed to the thought that such a paper can only appeal to the narrow, partisan spirit of a particular cult, sect or party. Our readers are, in common with the public at large, familiar with the name and scientific achievements of Prof. Elliott Coues of Washington. The following letter from this talented gentleman speaks for itself:

GNOSTIC THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21, 1888.  
EDITOR RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL:  
Dear Sir: Permit me to say how much I admire your candid, clear and forcible Prospectus. It has the true ring, and I sincerely trust that it may have the desired effect. I take stock in your enterprise, and believe that it is a safe way to assured success. The JOURNAL is already recognized as the ablest exponent of Spiritualistic doctrine in America, and no Theosophist or Psychic Researcher can fail to note with satisfaction its persistent endeavor to place the phenomena of Spiritualism on a proper basis. If you are adequately supported by your clientele—by whom I mean not only professed Spiritualists, but many other truth-loving and truth-seeking persons who do not always agree with the JOURNAL's views in explaining phenomena—I see no reason why all difficulties should not become things of the past. The world does like courage, candor, sincerity, earnestness and resolution, however much the cynics may deride these qualities; and they do not depend for their telling effect upon coincidence with logical truth or the reverse. They are in themselves moral forces, to which the intellect is only subservient.

Though I have allowed my name to be in some measure identified with the modern cult which is now widely known, under the name of "Theosophy," and though I have acquired through this association some knowledge concerning which I think it inexpedient at present to take the public into my confidence, I am far from insisting upon the superiority of theosophical doctrines for all persons or all purposes. Other aspects of identical problems—sometimes the Spiritualistic, sometimes the theosophical, sometimes the severely scientific—may answer many human needs and welfare better. The one truth is many-shaped; and must take the form of the receiving vessels when it enters the mind, or it is not true to that mind. Humanly speaking, all truth is conditional, relative, the whole truth is not his who is not God. Thus, though the JOURNAL sometimes prints attacks upon theosophists which appear to me to be false in fact, silly in sentiment, malicious in motive, and bad in every way, yet these may seem to others to be true, wise, kind, and good. In either case equally, I recognize and endorse the JOURNAL's "open-court" policy—its actual and not merely ostensible openness and judicial impartiality. Its columns are as open to those of my own communion as to the enemies of the cult I represent, if they have anything to say and know how to say it. I think therefore that in your present enterprise I can safely promise you not only my individual support, but also that of the various branches of the Gnostic Theosophical Society. Certainly I will use what influence I have to that end among theosophists at large. No other class of persons have greater need of the JOURNAL as a friendly vehicle and exponent of their views. Believe me to be, with high personal regard,

Very truly yours,  
ELLIOTT COUES, F. T. S., Pres't, etc.



Everybody with any claim to being well informed knows of the brilliant pulpit orator, author and journalist, Rev. George H. Hapworth of the New York Herald, who in 1862 "went to the front" as chaplain of the 47th Massachusetts volunteers and afterwards served on the staff of General N. P. Banks and who, whether as preacher, soldier or writer, has never failed to make his mark. He has for years been a careful reader of the JOURNAL and close observer of the work accomplished by its editor. He now expresses himself with his usual perspicuity and emphasis:

New York, Sept. 26, 1888.

**My Dear Bundy:**—In your Publishing House scheme you are really taking the bull by the horns. Now we shall find out whether Spiritualists mean business and whether their convictions reach down to those profound depths, at the bottom of which lies the public pocketbook. It is one thing to believe with eloquent protestations, and quite another thing to roll up one's belief in a good-sized greenback, and send it on its way rejoicing.

As you know, while I am not a Spiritualist, I have leanings that way; for all that is good, beautiful and true in the theory that our friends are not "lost, but gone before"; that they are never so far away as to be beyond reach; that "a cloud of witnesses" holds us "in full survey"; and that the alarm bells in heaven are rung whenever we are in the pinch of dire distress, I have great admiration. For the large admixture of humbug, fraud and impudence, however, which stains the face of every turn, I have an unbending and inexorable contempt.

You have helped by your able JOURNAL to expose and drive these fiends, who coin cash out of bleeding and stricken hearts, to their holes. You have had no more mercy on them, than you would have on the man or woman who desecrated your mother's grave, or stained the honor of your child. The medium who plays on human sorrows with lies and fables, should, as the Mikado said, be boiled in oil; and if there is no purgatory, one ought to be constructed at once for their punishment. You have crushed them under your trip-hammer like filberts, and dragged them out into the light for the world's scorn and detestation.

All right! You have done, and are doing, a good work. Now then you propose by means of this publishing house to strike as hard for the truth as you have been striking against the false, mean and bad. Give us good books, pamphlets, arguments; give us reliable experiences from sources not to be doubted. We who are in the rushing tide of life, too busy with the affairs of this world to do more than wonder concerning the next, need some wholesome suggestions, good reading, solutions of difficulties, answers to doubts. You can help us amazingly to "bear the trials we have," if you can furnish us with a literature that has its base in undeniable facts. So I say, go ahead, and God spare you.

Yours sincerely,  
GEO. H. HAPWORTH.

Thirty-five years ago in Nashville, Tenn. there was a select circle for the study of spirit phenomena. Rev. J. B. Ferguson was the leader of this circle. M. C. C. Church, then an able young journalist of bright prospects, was an active member, and H. B. Champion was the principal medium. Never in the history of modern Spiritualism has there been greater devotion to the truth, or a loftier sentiment, than animated this little company. A spirit purporting to be William Ellery Channing led them step by step in their spiritual unfoldment. His teachings, given through the lips and hand of an uneducated but high-minded and naturally able man, were always elevating and of a character that did not discredit the memory of the illustrious preacher. Ferguson and Champion have passed beyond the veil and explored for themselves that world of which they learned so much before their transition. Mr. Church withdrew from all participation in the Spiritualist movement some thirty years ago. Of late his active interest has been freshly aroused and he comes forward with his old-time vigor to aid the work for which the JOURNAL, in connection with other agencies, laid the foundation. Below is the evidence of his awakening, and Spiritualists will frequently in the future have occasion for congratulation that he has again taken up the work inaugurated at Nashville.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., Sept. 28, 1888.

**My Dear Col. Bundy:**—Although still suffering from my rheumatic troubles, I cannot resist the impulse to pen a few lines of heart-cheer to you in your heroic efforts to bring to the world the higher life of Spiritualism. Your heroic heart is about all that is left to rally around in the universal chaos of falsehood and fanaticism, which environs the movement. Unless you succeed in laying a material basis for its and your future, the forty years of Spiritualism will be swallowed up in the untrueness to the hour of our opportunity. If you succeed we have a center for the radiation of the True Light which is ultimately to enlighten all.

You must be sustained; and not only sustained by our heart sympathies, but by our hand-treasures. You have been tested and tried in the fire of bitter and thankless experience; and the refined gold is beginning to shine in its purity, and you made the God-appointed Joshua to lead us into the land of promise. From the clarified thought of a sick-bed, the future of pure Spiritualism never looked more promising.

Please put my name down for twenty shares of stock in your Publication Company. Yours sincerely,  
M. C. C. CHURCH.

We can assure Bro. Church that there is a host of noble souls whom he knows not of, whose hearts beat in unison with our own and whose sympathy and aid have been our strength through the trials of the past—as they are of those to-day—and who will welcome him to their ranks. In this mighty movement none are leaders, except in so far as their opportunity and active, unselfish labors surpass those of others. The field is open to all alike for heroic endeavor and high aspiration; and the measure of success is not graded by the publicity of ones labors nor the applause of the world.

Correction: In the 34th line of J. G. Jackson's letter to Hudson Tuttle, of September 22nd, for "animal life" read "universal life."

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Subscribers in arrears or whose subscriptions are about expiring will please settle their indebtedness and renew this week.

Giles B. Stebbins has an engagement to speak in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana on political subjects.

After finishing her work at the camps, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving filled an engagement at Albany, and has returned to her home at Westfield, N. Y.

Dr. Whitney, the physician with whom Mr. Rowley, the telegraph medium, is associated, writes that they have been extremely busy this fall.

Prof. Cones' widely-commended lecture, "The Signs of the Times," will soon be issued in pamphlet form from this office, in response to hundreds of requests.

"Heaven Revised" by Mrs. Duffey, which created such intense interest while running through the JOURNAL will be published in book form before Christmas.

B. R. Anderson, a contributor of the JOURNAL, sends us an illustrated Hand-Book of Concordia, Kansas. If the city looks as well at home, as in the Hand-Book at Chicago, it must be a desirable place to live in.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) inventive genius has perfected a locomotive attachment, in the nature of a phonograph, whereby every blast of the whistle is recorded, together with the exact time at which it occurs. This is in the interest of railway companies, to protect them against false representations by persons who meet with accident on the track.

The Chicago Tribune says that what seemed a dead man lay in the bottom of an express wagon as the driverless horse jogged down Clark street a few days ago, and came to a halt in the gutter, leaving the wagon in such a position as to block the street. The crowd that soon collected moved the obstruction out of the way, and a guardian of the peace escorted the body to the army, where orders were given to convey the remains to the morgue. The usual crowd of the morbid collected. Dr. Coey, who happened to be at the army, decided to make an examination.

The city physician stepped into the wagon and looked as though he had discovered something. There was a pause and intense interest manifested in the experiment of the doctor. He proceeded to make a hypodermic injection and then quickly stepped from the wagon. It was well that he did, for the seemingly dead man sat bolt upright, and, staring wildly at the crowd, he shook his fist in the air as he said: "Aye! ye dirty blackguard, if ye'll come near me now I'll poke that pin in your nose, what ye've been a-pricking me with. Ooh, faith, and it's a smart trick, an' ye've been a-playin' me now, ye pretty man wid de high hat, but I'll be aven wid ye for the quickening of me blud, and the raising of me temper." Doctors generally succeed in killing their victims with hypodermic injections, and the JOURNAL takes pleasure in recording an instance where the population of the next world was not increased by their skill.

Some remarkable cranks find their way to Washington. There was a time when the White House was their Mecca, but now most of them seek the capitol. A few days ago an ancient and venerable specimen of this kind found his way into the Senate wing of the capitol, and, proving the old adage that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," accosted Senator Edmunds. "I have a message for you from St. Peter," he said in a sepulchral tone. It took some gentle entreaty on Senator Edmunds' part to start the heavenly messenger up stairs. He was directed to look for Senator Ingalls. He found the Kansas Senator sitting in the Vice President's room. "I have a message for you from St. Peter," said the crank in an impressive manner. Senator Ingalls drew himself to his full height. "I do not receive messages from St. Peter at this hour," he said, an answer which puzzled the crank, but which proved conclusive.

## The Young People's Progressive Society.

A. the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Foye's engagement with the society ended very successfully last evening. A larger audience than usual was present, there not being sufficient chairs to seat all. The five meetings during the month have created a good deal of interest among skeptics and the thinking people of the church generally. The services have been carried on so harmoniously that they created a deep impression on the church-goer, convincing the most superstitious that the manifestations are not of Satan. Few, if any, mistakes have been made, and some of the most peculiar and accurate tests have been given.

A letter just received from J. J. Morse states that he has accepted an engagement in California for this month. In consequence of this, this Society is obliged to withdraw its announcement that he would lecture for it.

A. L. COVERDALE.

Avenue Hall, 159 22nd St.

Jack and Jill each took a pill,  
Old-fashioned kind—full grown;  
Jack's went down—but with a frown—  
Jill died from "cause unknown."  
Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many doubts will be unknown, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets entirely supersede, as they bid fair to do, the large and less efficient pill of our forefathers. Every day they gain new laurels! Most popular when most ill.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher will speak in Providence, R. I. in October; in Williamstown, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., until January, '89; in New London and Norwich, the Sundays of January; in Boston and Lowell in February; in Boston in March; in Norwich in April; Providence in May. Address 6, Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

"Courteous and thoughtful" is the word of the Newark News on G. B. Stebbins' Progress from Poverty; sold here. 50 cents cloth; 25 cents, paper, post paid.

## General News.

Mrs. Gen. Sheridan will return to Non-quitt another season after building an extensive addition to her new cottage. King Jo-Ja, late of West Africa, has 200 wives.—Mrs. James Nader of Salt Lake City is the mother of twenty-two living children, the youngest being a few months old.—King Humbert is so ill that two physicians are in constant attendance upon him. Consumption is fast wasting his iron constitution.—The Empress of Austria is said to own twenty pet horses and twice as many dogs, after whose proper entertainment she personally sees every day.—The Prince of Wales attended the jubilee races at Vienna Sunday, but had the newspapers suppress the fact. His Royal Highness stands in a good deal of awe of his mother.—Russell Sage is said to be worth \$60,000,000, and spends only \$10,000 a year. He is over 70 years of age.—Miss Novella Higgs of Greenville, N. C., is the youngest teacher of dancing in this country. She is 12 years of age, and is said to be unexcelled in her profession.—The czar, as a memorial to his late parents, has devoted 1,000,000 rubles and an estate worth 300,000 rubles a year to the foundation and maintenance of an institution for the blind at St. Petersburg, to be called the Alexander-Marin Institute.—Harlow Curless of Harwinton, Conn., is in his 89th year. He has carried on his farm himself this season, raising forty bushels of potatoes and cutting five acres of grass by hand. He recently shot a running fox at off-hand aim. In Bristol, Conn., a week ago, he entered a rifle range and scored 91 points out of 100.

## Cheap Rate Excursions to "Old Virginia."

Only \$15 Chicago to Richmond and return via Monon Route. Three Grand Excursions to the Virginia Exposition. The Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical Exposition will be held at Richmond, Va., commencing September 1st, 1889. The Monon Route being the direct line will sell round trip tickets to Land-seekers and tourists at the above rate, allowing fifteen days stop-over returning, the extreme limit of ticket being thirty days from date of sale.—This is a grand opportunity for Land-seekers to witness a display of southern agricultural, mineral and other products in the realm of "King Cotton," and will enable expectant settlers, or investigators to judge for themselves the wonderful resources of the new South before making investments. Tickets will be on sale October 2d, 9th and 16th, affording choice of routes from Chicago via either Cincinnati or Louisville, with Pullman Buffet Day Train, and Parlor Chair Cars on the latter route. For full particulars address L. E. Sessions, P. O. Box 581, Minneapolis. E. O. McCormick, General Pass. Agent, Monon Route, Chicago; or call at City Ticket Office, 73 Clark Street.

## CATARRH.

## A New Home Treatment for the Cure of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

The microscope has proved that these diseases are contagious, and that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. The eminent scientist, Tyndall, Huxley and Beale, endorse this, and these authorities cannot be disputed. The regular method of treating these diseases is to apply an irritant remedy, and even daily, thus keeping the delicate membrane in a constant state of irritation, accompanied by violent sneezing, allowing it no chance to heal, and as a natural consequence of such treatment not one person has ever been cured. It is an absolute fact that these diseases cannot be cured by any application made oftener than once in two weeks, for the membrane must get a chance to heal before any application is repeated. It is now seven years since Mr. Dixon discovered the parasite in catarrh and formulated his new treatment, and since then his remedy has become a household word in every country where the English language is spoken. Cures effected by him seven years ago are cures still, there having been no relapse of the disease.

So highly are these remedies valued, and so great is the demand for them, that ignorant imitators have started up everywhere, pretending to destroy a parasite by means of a remedy, but which only results in the application of which they are equally ignorant. Mr. Dixon's remedy is applied only once in two weeks, and from one to three applications effect a permanent cure in the most aggravated cases. It is a remarkable remedy peculiar to females; this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 10c, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

## Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved that these diseases are contagious, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. It is a remarkable remedy peculiar to females; this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 10c, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

Meers, Lee & Shepard, Boston, have ready a new edition of Elman's A Physician's Problems. The work consists of seven profound essays, which are intended as a contribution to the natural history of those outlying regions of the human organism, where the debatable ground of brain, nerve and mind. The subjects are, first—Natural Heritage, Second—On Degenerations in Man, Third—On Moral and Criminal Epidemics, Fourth—The problem is as to what effect the work of the brain has upon the health and mind, Fifth—Illusions and Hallucinations, Sixth—On Somnambulism. The book has copious notes of reference, and is as interestingly written as are its contents of permanent value.

The Providence Daily Star says of Dr. James' Study of Primitive Christianity: "The purpose of this book is to investigate the origins of Christianity, the character and validity of the New Testament literature, and the different phases of custom and belief which existed in the earliest Christian communities. A glance at these lectures cannot fail to convince any one of the laborious study and careful thought required to bring them into their present shape. They are very interesting to the general reader, as well as to those who delight in pursuing such investigations for higher and better reasons." Price, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

Our Heredity from God, by E. P. Powell, shows the latest bearings of science on such questions as God and Immortality. Mr. Powell believes that science is at last affording us a demonstration of our existence beyond death. The book is also a careful epitome of the whole argument for evolution.

Among other distinguished endorsements, John Burroughs writes: "I wish it were in the hands of every intelligent reader in America." Rev. Charles Voysey, the noted London preacher says: "If an simply fascinating with the work; its splendid logic and beautiful arrangement." Price, \$1.75. For sale here.

"It punctures George's theories, one by one, in a marvelous and effective way," says the Binghamton Republican of Progress from Poverty, by G. B. Stebbins. Price, postpaid, 50 cents cloth; 25 cents paper. For sale here.

Immortality Inherent in Nature is a poem of which the high scope and purpose may be judged by the title. Its author, Warren Sumner Barlow, was moved by high spiritual convictions in writing it. His picture given in this elegant little volume, by a costly steel-plate portrait, preserves the fine person's appearance of Mr. Barlow. For sale at this office. Price, 60 cents.

LOG CABINS are fast going out of style as fashionable residences. Log Cabins will, however, always have a place in American history, as they were the most prominent feature of our country's early social life. The pioneers were strong, rugged, healthy. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy is a reproduction of one of the best of the old time roots and herbs remedies, which kept them well. Everybody praises "Tippecanoe" as a stomach tonic.

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MAN—WOMAN. Will positively cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disease, GOUT, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, DEBILITY, A Special Remedy for Ladies and Female Complaints. Contains 10 doses of the most powerful medicine ever known. Can be regulated like a battery, and applied to any part of the body, or limbs by whole family. For full particulars, giving prices, testimonials, mechanical details, and simple application for the cure of disease.  
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## PROSPECTUS.

The Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.  
Capital \$50,000.

Adequate capital is essential to the highest success of any undertaking. It is better that this capital be contributed by a considerable number rather than by one or a very few individuals, provided all are animated by a common purpose.

In these days of rapid improvements in machinery, means of communication, growth of a liberal and scientific research and steadily increasing demand for accuracy, excellence and completeness in all that entertains, accommodates, instructs or profits the public, necessity obliges that a newspaper like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which aims to keep abreast of the times, should be thoroughly equipped; and backed by capital sufficient to command every resource of success and to work every desirable avenue that promises to prove a feeder.

In the exposition of the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, of Spiritual Ethics, of Belief in the existence of an independent, intelligent, honest and judicially fair press is indispensable; by all odds the most powerful far reaching and influential agent. Without a newspaper, the most eloquent and logical lecturer or writer would have but a comparatively limited field; with its aid he can reach into thousands of homes and wield a world-wide influence. What is true of the lecturer and writer, has equal force with all the various agencies for the betterment of the world.

The Spiritualist Movement has reached a stage where it imperatively requires a more able press, a higher standard of culture in its teachers, a more orderly, dignified, effective and business-like propaganda. A systematized method of investigating phenomena and reading results is gradually being evolved, and needs to be developed. A well organized and endowed activity for the instruction, care and development of the mediums and mediums is almost indispensable to the development of psychic science. The keener the apprehension and broader the comprehension of phenomena, the better able are we to deal with the perplexing sociological, economic, political, and ethical questions now vexing the world; and in no other direction is there such promise of progress in the study of cause as in the psychical field.

The Spiritualist publishing house can be made the promoter of all the agencies necessary to carry forward such a work. With its newspaper, magazines, books, branches for psychic experiments, and a systematized method of investigating phenomena and reading results, it can satisfactorily and with prompt accomplishment what is impossible by such inadequate methods as now prevail, and as have hitherto marked the history of Modern Spiritualism.

To lay the foundation of what it is hoped will in time grow into a grand monument, a license has been secured from the Secretary of State of Illinois to organize the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE in Chicago, with a CAPITAL STOCK OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, in ONE THOUSAND SHARES OF FIFTY DOLLARS each. The Commissioners have opened books for subscriptions. Fourteen thousand Seven Hundred Dollars have already been subscribed. Two of the subscribers are men prominent in Chicago business circles, and another is a wealthy farmer and stock raiser who desires to give bequest a large sum to benefit the world, and who may make this publishing house his trustee should it ever come to pass. It is hoped that the evidence of being a desirable repository of their trust. In this connection it may be well to call attention to the desirability of having a stable, well managed and confidence-inspiring corporation to act as trustee for those who desire in the interest of Spiritualism to make donations during their life-time or to leave bequests. One of the important purposes of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House is to receive, hold, use and convey any and all property, real, personal or mixed, and all bonds, promissory notes, agreements, obligations, and choses in action generally that may be bestowed upon it by bequest, gift, or in trust, and use the same in accordance with the terms of the trust when imposed, or discretionary when the bequest or gift is unconditional.

The Commissioners have decided to publicly announce the enterprise and to solicit stock subscriptions from the JOURNAL's readers. It is hoped that a considerable number will be found ready to take not less than twenty shares, or one thousand dollars each; and that a goodly number will subscribe for not less than one share each; while those who will be glad to subscribe for a single share, fifty dollars, will reach into the hundreds.

In the State of Illinois there is no liability on subscription to stock of a corporation, the amount of whose capital stock is fixed, (as is the case in the present instance) until the whole amount of stock is subscribed. See Temple vs. Lemon, 112 Ill. 61. Therefore no one need fear being called upon to pay for shares not yet subscribed. No one in any event assumes any pecuniary responsibility beyond the amount of his stock. It would seem as though the entire remaining stock, thirty-six thousand three hundred dollars, ought to be promptly taken. That the stock will pay a fair dividend is highly probable; and subscribers to the shares will be guaranteed five per cent. annual dividends, payable in subscriptions to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. This will secure to each single share-holder, and to his heirs or assigns after his death, a copy of the JOURNAL without further cost; and to large holders in proportion.

Those desiring to subscribe will please promptly write to the Chairman of the Commissioners, John C. Bundy, Chicago, notifying him of the amount they will take. There are, no doubt, friends so interested in the JOURNAL, and all that promises to advance the interest of Spiritualism, that they will be glad to assist in procuring stock subscriptions among their acquaintances; and they are invited to correspond with Mr. Bundy upon the matter.

**A Few of the Many Good Books for Sale at the Journal Office.**  
Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism is the appropriate title of a pamphlet containing an answer to Rev. T. De Witt Palmer's article on Modern Spiritualism, by Judge A. H. Dalley, an able antagonist to Talmage. Price, five cents.

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets. If a man die, shall he live again? A lecture delivered in San Francisco, June 1887, price 5 cents, and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and anything from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

The History of Christianity is out in a new edition, price \$1.50. The works of Henry Gibbon are classed with standard works and should be in the library of all thoughtful readers. We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price, \$1.50.

Animal Magnetism, by Deluze is one of the best expositions on Animal Magnetism. Price, \$2.00, and well worth the money.

How to Magnetize by Victor Wilson is an able work published many years ago and reprinted since because the public demanded it. Price, 25 cents.

Protection or free trade? The whole subject of protection is to be canvassed before November next. Every voter who desires his party to win should inform himself on this most vital point in all its bearings. One of the ablest arguments yet offered is Giles B. Stebbins' Progress from Poverty, price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cents. A most appropriate work to read in connection with the above is Mr. Stebbins' Progress from Poverty, an answer to Henry George's Progress and Poverty. This work has run through several editions and is in great demand, price, cloth, 50 cents; paper cover 25 cents.

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This is the well-known author's latest work—being six interviews with him on six sermons by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., to which is added a Talmagean Catechism. Price, cloth bound, \$2.50; postage 15 cents extra; paper, \$1.00, postage 8 cents.  
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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTSFor the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Life's Lessons.

C. W. COOK.

Though thy path hath oft been clouded,  
And thy way seemed drear and dark,  
And thy soul hath all been shrouded  
When grief assailed thy feeble bark;

Though the moths that flutter round thee  
When the sun was o'er thy way,  
Soon as sorrows clouded around thee,  
And the clouds obscured thy day,

Left thy side in holy horror  
As the false and fickle will,  
And, in all their well-weighed terror,  
Kept aloof—avoid thee still—

Loving angels yet watch o'er thee  
And, of humans, still a few  
Sympathize and strive to cheer thee;  
Friends in sorrow, tried and true.

Don't you see you've been the gainer  
From your sorrows here below?  
That they've served as moral strainer  
To save the wheat, the chaff let go?

Strive thou, then, from all the sorrow  
And the grief that loth hath known,  
Calm to meet each coming morn  
With a spirit stronger grown.

For every blast the whirlwind giveth  
The infant on his ship alone,  
But strength enduring to it bringeth  
Till up it grows, the forest's pride.

Then, though life's whirlwinds surge around thee  
Till thou art almost overborne,  
Bear up! and all around thee  
Will angels shower blessings down.

So thank the past for all it hath brought thee;  
Improve the present all you may;  
For all the future hope each coming day,  
And do some good most calmly.

But do the Right what e'er betide! In  
God's all-bounteous love believe!  
Sure as eternal truth abideth,  
A recompense thou shalt receive.

Then faint not, though thy way seem lonely,  
Be strong, to others lend a helping hand,  
Live not alone for self, but for the good,  
Make earth a little better land.

And when to cross the shining river  
Your time, at length, shall fully come,  
Serenely calm you shall pass over,  
And angels bright receive you home.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Intuition.

DR. W. J. ATKINSON.

How few there are who recognize intuition as an essential to spiritual growth. Few there be who are willing to acknowledge the existence of such a faculty. The five senses are the only avenues through which we obtain information, and that is the generally accepted opinion of Christian people. If that be true, animals would be in advance of man, for they not only have the five avenues of sense, but that of intuition also. This instinct is to the animals an unerring guide. Is it possible that man, the highest expression of God's manifestation has nothing within him that can act for him as an infallible umpire, and to which he can appeal for aid in the perplexities of his life? But what is intuition? What is its relation and office? Instinct in the animal is unconscious intuition; intuition in man is conscious instinct. Man in his long journey from crude conditions, has passed many periods of unconscious existence; that is, the Divine Mind in him did not in all these stations on the journey recognize the consciousness of being. This unconscious being was directed by instinct or mind without recognition of consciousness. Each cycle of evolution of our being developed a higher or better state of things, and at last man was evolved into the human out of the animal; that is, by growth he became conscious of his existence and of an inner power to guide him in the being of his instinct before him. Its laws are laws of consciousness now. There is within self a consciousness of things; reason is now called into requisition and man becomes dissatisfied with his surroundings; he begins to raise questions his reason cannot answer, and disease is the result; he falls from the primitive condition of unconscious instinctive ease and quiet, to the conscious instinct of disease and unrest. He is no longer an animal of automatic control, but he now assumes a new role wherein he is to be master. Consciousness has been implanted, or rather developed, in him. He is from henceforth to be a responsible creature to some power; that power is that which has evolved him and raised him from the cruder long ago, into this higher manifestation, in which the power has taken up its conscious abode.

It is said that God has life in himself, and intuition is that life which God has given each individual. Most people have buried this talent, and do not use it; so while they have life, it is merely existence and not being. This intuition is the well of living water within us, of which, if we drink, we shall never thirst. It is that faculty of ourselves that unites us to the divine being, the channel through which we hold direct communion with God; it is the voice of God speaking in us. The revelations we receive through it are fragments of truth received from God.

How shall we find the power to draw this living water? Oh! weary soul, that is the question which all people of all ages have asked of themselves and of each other. Ask and ye shall receive, and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you. "But ye must not ask amiss." You must recognize the consciousness of the truth of the faculty, its uses and power. Go on in the silence of your own communion, ask with confidence, and rely upon and speak right out the impressions and suggestions you receive. Trust this God within, and you will feel that you have life and that you will have it more abundantly.

Exercise is one of God's laws, and as rest. This faculty grows with use; non-use is death to any muscle, organ or faculty of the body; so it is of intuition; use it, let it speak right out, and obey it. Seek the truth it can alone give you. Our impressions are not alone from this source, for we receive truth from the divine source of truth. Our spirit friends are, no doubt, constantly trying to impress us with truths as they have them, but they have to rely upon their intuitions for truth, or receive it from others. We have the same power to get truth direct or at first hand that a spirit has, or that any of the old prophets had. All of the Bible prophecies were received in this way, through intuition direct from God. Let us seek or covet this spiritual gift.

Clarksville, Mo.

Mauney Treadway writes: "I want to say a word or two of encouragement to you, in reference to the bold and uncompromising position you take these days towards the long-haired, dirty, long-whiskered, nobby-pamby, rope-tying, bell-jingling crowd, and especially the frauds and vampires who seek to profit themselves by outraging the purest and tenderest aspirations of a humanity groping for rays of pure light.

"Spiritualism in its better sense is beautiful, a joy and comfort, and there is no satisfaction outside of its realm; but it must be purged and clarified, and you are doing good work in this direction."

## Significant and Instructive Visions.

Alfred Peacock says:

"Early one morning in June, 1883, while I was in bed alone, I was awakened by some power, I do not know what, and a very strange sensation came over me, not unpleasant, but just as if I was losing all power of feeling. I was determined not to be alarmed, and so I lay quite still and passive. I soon began to experience a sensation, though, as though I was suspended in the air. Now, though in this state I was mentally wide awake, I felt as if I was leaving my body, and that some one had placed their arms around me, and taken hold of my left hand. Then I shot up just like a flash, and though I was quite the feeling of anything else, right up through space, and although I was away from my body, yet I still seemed attached to it. I could not see anything at first, but in a few seconds I found that I was in an atmosphere the color of silver grey, and that there were many forms there like men and women just the same color, and very nearly transparent. Everything all around was beautiful with perfect order and rest. I passed right up through the place, and there were the same forms everywhere. Then we came—for I was quite conscious of having a conductor—to another place that was the color of amber, and such a thrill and glow passed through my whole frame that I shall never forget, and I cannot now express the delightful feeling that it imparted. The forms I saw there were also the color of amber, and quite transparent, but most beautiful. There were quite a number of them together in the shape of a house, and the one that was in the center was pointed out to me as 'the Christ.' I expressed a desire to my conductor to stay there, but he said I could not, and then my eyes closed and I could not see anything more, but could feel the presence of him. Then I experienced a sense of coming back through space to my own home, and I felt myself take possession of my body again, and animation returned to my whole frame; I was quite conscious of what was going on at the time.

"I have had many more visions; I will just refer to a few. The next place I was taken to was of a beautiful pale cream color. The place and everything around was bright and lovely to look upon, and this was full of children, from infants to those of seven or eight years of age, all their faces beaming with smiles and happiness. After that I was shown a place where the atmosphere was like ours on a misty day, and the forms of men and women there were all enveloped in a mist or vapor, like steam, about three feet in circumference, and as they moved, this mist moved with them. They did not seem as if they could see through this mist, and each one was a good distance from the other. The next vision I had was a place that was of a dark brown color, where the forms were of the same hue, and the light was about like twilight. Here everyone seemed as though they were disappointed, and had been brought to a place quite black, and all the forms seemed as dark as night, and at a great distance off. I could only see a slight glimmering of light, and there were two forms right away from the others that were making for the light."

The above simple and unadorned recital by Alfred Peacock should not be thrown aside or despised because it is not written in a strain of exaltation, or accompanied by any stupor or ecstatic condition of mind. It has frequently been given to excellent and reliable seers to perceive that colors, tones, forms, and even curves, lines, and angles, were all present in the visions, and have far deeper meanings in the symbolism of spiritual existence than we poor mortals—instructed only by the half-revealed testimony of the external senses—can conceive of.

Thus, the first sphere to which the spirit of the writer was conducted being of the hue of silver grey, symbolizes the condition of use, science, or knowledge. To the eye of the still embodied spirit, the forms there were clear and crystalline; but—as in the case of the seer, so in the case of knowledge—beauty and order prevailed everywhere.

In the next, amber-colored, or sun sphere, the color was significant of love; the horse-shoe shape of the group beheld, represented the ellipse of the "the sphere"; "the sphere" in the center, was the symbol of the spiritual as well as the natural sun. The pale cream color of the sphere in which were gathered together the young and the innocent, was truly significant of the sinless purity of children. From the misty and hazy conditions of earth, where the forms of the selfish inhabitants were removed from each other, down through the twilight brown to the midnight black, where only a glimmering light could be seen—these cycles are to be explained to need explanation, all too truthfully, though as simply, were the moral conditions of those misty and ever-darkening conditions represented, and yet—the fullness of the lesson should not be lost—even in the case of the seer, who is a true seer, progress is open to the soul, and progress can be attained by all, for the seer beheld two forms away from the others, that were making for the light. Wonderfully instructive are the simplest revelations to need explanation, and those that have ears to hear, eyes to see withal, and those that have ears to hear, and having ears cannot comprehend, these visions are foolishness; to the wise in heart they are full of meaning.—*The Two Worlds.*

## The Blessings of Civilization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

These words of Prof. Huxley from the Nineteenth Century, on "The Blessings of Civilization," are worthy of careful consideration:

"Any one who is acquainted with the state of the population of all great industrial centres, whether in this or any other country, is struck by the large and increasing body of that population there reigns supreme.... that condition which the French call *la misère*—a word for which I do not think there is an exact English equivalent. It is a condition in which the food, the clothing, and the shelter which are necessary for the mere maintenance of the functions of the body in their normal state cannot be obtained, in which men, women, and children are forced to crowd into dens where the ordinary conditions of healthful existence are impossible of attainment; in which the pleasures within reach are reduced to brutality and drunkenness; in which the pains accumulate at night, and the day is a struggle with starvation, disease, stunted development, and moral degradation; in which the prospect of even steady and honest industry is a life of unsuccessful battling with hunger, bounded by a pauper's grave. When the organization of society is so organized, and this tendency, tends to continue and intensify it, when a given social order plainly makes for evil and not for good, men naturally enough think it high time to try a fresh experiment. I take it to be a mere truism that plain truth that throughout history there is not a single large manufacturing city which is free from a vast mass of people whose condition is exactly that described, and from a still greater mass who, living just on the edge of the social swamp, are liable to be precipitated into it."

## Commendatory.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I have just finished reading "Heaven Revised," in which I have been much interested. To my mind these simple, plain narratives of individual experience go straight home to the heart and intelligence with convincing force, if they bear evidence with themselves of being reasonable and truthful, much more surely and effectively than elaborate arguments, however strong, or flowery discourses, however pleasing at the time. There is a wonderful fascination in these glimpses into the life of the soul as we are traveling, the little details of its every day life, what they see, hear, and think, and how they "sense" it; indeed, I can scarcely imagine a more interesting reading than this. The *Diary of a Soul*, *Daily Observations and Duties*, by a Busy Spirit of Intelligence, faithfully recording the occurrences in several lines of activity, of a number of people of that realm, for, say a month, if they have months. It seems difficult to get such a connected and continued record. In the meantime we should do the best with what we have; if we do well with it we may get more, and I write this to suggest that "Heaven Revised," as well as "From Here to Heaven by Telegraph," two most excellent and well written articles, be added to the JOURNAL's list of tracts and published in that form for distribution where seed sown will fall in good ground. The writer will purchase and distribute at least fifty copies of each. Let others agree to take enough so that their publication will be assured.

D. KIMBALL.

How many will follow Mr. K's example? We await reply.

## An Incident in the Life of D. D. Home.

The following is an extract from the work entitled "D. D. Home, His Life and Mission".

Friends in Russia had been urging Mr. Home to visit them; but finding that there was no immediate prospect of his making the journey, two of their number, Count Alexis Tolstoy and Count Steinbock-Fernor, determined to go to him instead; and had accordingly the pleasure of welcoming them to London about the middle of June, 1880. These accomplished gentlemen spoke English remarkably well; and were soon at home in English society. In the case of Tolstoy, his letters to Home are as often written in English as in French. Mr. Home's weekly séances at Mrs. Milner Gibson's were often supplemented by others; and in June, 1880, he was holding two, three, and sometimes four in the week at Hyde Park Place. The requests for visits were more than numerous; and the eagerness of well-known persons in London society to be present was only equalled by the timidity with which they insisted on concealing their presence from the lady of the house. The requests for visits were more than numerous; and the eagerness of well-known persons in London society to be present was only equalled by the timidity with which they insisted on concealing their presence from the lady of the house. The requests for visits were more than numerous; and the eagerness of well-known persons in London society to be present was only equalled by the timidity with which they insisted on concealing their presence from the lady of the house.

"It is two o'clock in the morning. I have just left Home; and in spite of the pain it gives me to be away from you I don't regret my journey to London, for this séance has been overwhelming (cette séance a été bouleversante). But, alas! the presence of the doctor for convalescence and wishes to shut himself up to-morrow and the whole day indoors, to meditate over what he has seen. Nicholas—the donkey!—being rather unwell, did not choose to be present at the séance. There was myself, Boitke, Mrs. Home, Mr. Milner Gibson, (who was the president of the Board of Trade), Count Alexander Steinbock-Fernor, and a *dame de compagnie*. First there occurred all the manifestations you have witnessed; then the light being reduced, every article of furniture in the room took on the appearance of its own color. A table placed itself on another table; a sofa moved into the middle of the room; a bell rose in the air and went all round the apartment, ringing as it floated.

"Finally the remaining lights were put out, and we sat almost in darkness; there was only the faint light that came through the window from a gas-lamp outside. The piano played with no one near it, and the light being reduced, every article of furniture in the room took on the appearance of its own color. A table placed itself on another table; a sofa moved into the middle of the room; a bell rose in the air and went all round the apartment, ringing as it floated.

"What would have, above all, convinced me, were I a skeptic, are the hands I have felt, which were placed in mine and melted when I tried to retain them; the light being reduced, every article of furniture in the room took on the appearance of its own color. A table placed itself on another table; a sofa moved into the middle of the room; a bell rose in the air and went all round the apartment, ringing as it floated.

## Consecrated Bells.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Formerly," says the *New Age*, "in Ireland, consecrated bells were held in great reverence, particularly before the tenth century. In most countries bells were supposed to have the power of driving away the evil spirits, and the practice of ringing bells during the Catholic mass is supposed to have some connection with this superstition. Cambrensis, in his 'Welsh Itinerary,' says that both the laity and clergy in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales held such great veneration for portable bells and staves, crooked shepherd-fashion at the top, and covered with gold, silver, and brass, and similar relics of the saints, that they were much more afraid of swearing falsely by them than by the Gospels; because the bells were very ancient and miraculous, with which they were gifted, and the vengeance of the saint to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors would be severely punished. These bells were very ancient and miraculous, with which they were gifted, and the vengeance of the saint to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors would be severely punished. These bells were very ancient and miraculous, with which they were gifted, and the vengeance of the saint to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors would be severely punished.

Through church bells do not excite superstitious feelings generally among people, they are regarded as a great nuisance when rung at an early hour, waking people from refreshing sleep.

## The Scarlet Cure.

The *Vaccination Inquirer* alludes to the scarlet cure for small pox, quoting from the Latin work of Gadesden, physician at the court of Queen Mary, the first, who thus describes his treatment of Prince Edward:

"I ordered the prince to be enveloped in scarlet cloth, and that his bed and all the furniture of his chamber should be of a bright red color; which practice not only cured him, but prevented his being marked."

The success of this treatment seems to have been universal. He is reported to have written that "he treated the sons of the noblest houses in England with the red system, and made good cures of all." "I do not know," he says, "whether it is a new discovery or not; for disproving the success of the treatment, and that is an argument in its favor that no ridicule can assail. Gadesden was only 600 years in advance of modern medicine. Nowadays 'Chromopathy' is being introduced, the cure of disease by placing the patient under colored glass, the various conditions of the body requiring different colors. The 'scarlet cure' is an adaptation of the same principle. Indian controls always recommend the 'red blanket' for sufferers. We have known a medium control, to get up and cover the body with a red shawl, when ill. The spirits say they can 'work better through red,' a color much admired by the children of nature, whose 'medicine' is much simpler, and more psychological than ours.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

## Keep Cool and Go Slow.

In these days of struggle and competition one needs to be all eyes and ears. You see very little that is new, and you are always on the run. Keep cool, go slow, taking things easy and keeping out of hurry and huster, and to our might, not only to see, but to act. Many fall, not from lack of doing, unwisely, and are surprised to find that some one ahead who seems to have done very little. But that one used his 'might' where it did the most good. A greenhorn may batter a rock all day with a sledge and not break it. An old miner stands it up in a certain position, so it will vibrate and being struck, gives it a few gentle taps and it falls to pieces.—*Prentice Mulford in New York Star.*

We were born to serve, and when we serve others we serve God. The flesh on that woman's cheek as she bends over the hot stove is as sacred in God's sight as the flesh on the cheek of one who, on a hot day, preaches the gospel. We may serve God with plate and cutlery and broom as certain as we can serve him with psalm-books and liturgy.—*Bishop Butler.*

## An Interesting Experience.

Mrs. L. A. Gooding, a Christian Science healer, gives the following in the *Christian Science*, a new magazine edited and published by Ida A. Nichols. McVicker's Theatre Building, Chicago, and which seems to be the official organ of Emma Curtis Hopkins:

The second experience which I will now relate the rest of you may put your own construction upon and explain your own way. All I can say is that it really happened to me while I was wide awake and in not the least unbecoming mood of mind:

One evening I sat waiting as usual for my husband to come home from his business. I was thinking of nothing in particular but rocking and waiting as I so often do after the day's work is done. Suddenly I seemed to see two great doors roll apart and leave exposed to my astonished gaze a fine country field with winding streams and white paths leading to a wonderful city beyond. Right ahead of me I saw my husband's grandmother, walking upright and strong and lithe as a young girl, every movement easy and graceful. As I knew that she was a poor rheumatic, with every limb out of shape and every joint stiff and swollen, of course I was more than interested. Coming toward her was my husband's mother, whose face was radiant with the light of something besides simple pleasure at greeting her. The inner life seemed to shine through her with a light, I felt, entirely unfamiliar with me.

"When did you come?" she asked of her, "I but just came," was the reply. "Did you have a hard time coming over?" "No, I just closed my eyes and the first thing I knew I was here." They seemed to look at each other for a moment, for a time, who long since left this earth, coming joyously forward. He greeted his grandmother tenderly. "When did you come, dear?" "Did you have a hard time coming over?" "Not at all, I just closed my eyes and the first thing I knew I was here." "Oh, there is Oliver!" and grandmother sprang forward with rapturous joy to greet her son who had been passed from earth many a long year. After the greeting came the same question exactly which the others had asked, "When did you come?" "I just came." "Did you have a hard time coming over?" "No, I closed my eyes and the first thing I knew I was here."

The next doors suddenly closed. I heard my husband's footsteps. "Take me close to you," cried, trembling with a vague terror. "Hold me till I am not afraid. I have just seen grandma, and your mother and Bertie and Oliver. Grandma seemed to be entirely cured of her rheumatism. She walked lightly and as if she were happy and well instead of sick and suffering as we know she is." Without saying a word my husband took from his pocket a telegram he had just received, informing him of his grandmother's death the night before.

## The Intelligence of Animals.

A. the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In the JOURNAL of Sept. 15th is an article headed "Thoughts Without Language," in which the writer asserts that dogs have intelligence, but not reasoning faculties. Some years ago I read in *Harper's Weekly* of a dog whose owner was relating some of his tricks and performances to a friend who had called, and to prove that his dog understood him, he said, "Jack, go to the table there and bring me those two hats. The dog went as bid, raised up and let his fore feet rest against the edge of the table, looking first at one hat and then at the other, for a time, as if in contemplation, then took one hat and sat it on the floor; then took the other and put it inside of the first one; then taking the two hats together in his mouth, he carried them to his master. Was this a case of reasoning?"

I once had a rat and a cat, and for a short time after I got him I took him to my office with me, and for fear that he would run away, I confined him to the room. I thought this was not Sunday, so he would run and hide from me, and Sundays watch for an opportunity to go. How he should know Saturday from Sunday perplexed me, and I did not find out until one fourth of July he was ready to go. Then I thought this was not Sunday, so he was not strictly a Sunday dog. My conclusion was that the dog had learned that when I left the house early, I was going to my office, and when I was tardy or late I was going for a walk. I think there was a little reasoning when it came to this.

At another time I owned a Scotch terrier, who was very fastidious as to his food. Our neighbor owned a large Newfoundland named "Charlie." When I offered my dog a bone which he would at first refuse, all I had to do was to call "Charlie," and my dog would grab and swallow it at once. I have actually had him grab and swallow sulphur in a piece of meat, by calling out "Charlie." This was a piece of self-defense, I admit, but the fact is the dog would swallow anything to keep it from "Charlie." Was this reasoning?

## THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

## It Responds After Long Waiting.

Those who have not at first succeeded with the psychograph may read a lesson of encouragement in the following experience of a worthy physician and earnest Spiritualist:

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

About four months ago I procured a psychograph with instructions, and gave it a fair trial. We had at that time just begun to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism by holding private circles in our own family. After several weeks' trial without results, we laid it aside as a failure, and it was not again used until a few evenings ago. My wife, daughter, Mrs. Creglow (a neighbor) and myself were sitting at a small table in my parlor. We had the raps, but could not, from some cause, get a message of any kind, it was as if we were getting the late, and we were discouraged. Just at this time some one suggested, "Get the Psychograph." My wife procured it and laid it on the table. We then sat in a circle. Mrs. C. laid a finger of her right hand on the edge of the circle, and I laid a finger of her left on the disk on the opposite side. I clasped my wife's right hand in my left. My daughter held her right wrist with her left hand, and with her right hand Mrs. C. held the left. This arrangement completed the magnetic circle. I laid my right hand free to use the pencil in writing the message.

The ladies at my suggestion now closed their eyes, and in a moment they began to move, each of them in a different direction, and the other of causing it to revolve, and each denying the soft impeachment. I saw in a moment that an invisible intelligence was controlling the dial, as it stopped everytime with a letter exactly under the indicator, which it would not have done by chance, and the ladies could not have accomplished it with closed eyes. I silently wrote down the letters as indicated until the following was spelled out: "H. T. We are going. Good night." The dial stopped revolving, the ladies sat a moment with eyes still closed, but expressed surprise that the dial had not moved.

S. T. STURDICK, M. D.

This is the beginning of a remarkable series of communications, fully repaying the pains and waiting for the proper time.

The poetry of life is deeply paid for by the prose of existence.

Walt Whitman considers William Cullen Bryant the greatest poet America ever had.

Mrs. Charlotte Latture, who has lived in St. Paul since 1835, was born in Canada in 1776. For the last fifty years she has supported herself by making and selling matts, which business she still continues.

The Rev. J. B. Homes was formerly a member of the Erie conference of the Methodist Church, and his name has been regularly called at every meeting of that body. It has just been discovered that he died in Minnesota eleven years ago.

As a great part of the usefulness of matrimony arises from mere trifles, it would be wise in every young married man to enter into an agreement with his wife that in all disputes of this kind the party who was most convinced they were right should always surrender the victory, by which means both would be more forward to give up the cause.—*Wedding.*

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

No article less than 1,000 years old is admitted to Japanese bric-a-brac shows.

A provisional government has been established in Hayti. Order is restored and business brisk.

The *American Israelite* thinks that hell is a "purely Aryan institution," and that, therefore, there are no Jews there.

Devizes Castle, one of the most unique in England, representing an outlay of nearly \$500,000, has been sold for \$3,000.

A country exhibition a small house made entirely of boxes of honey has the appropriate inscription of "Home, sweet home."

The Florida fever has given a scare to some Southern California towns, and they are busy cleaning dirty streets and localities.

Of the fifteen students sent by the Government of Siam to receive professional training in England, four are young women.

A hawk carried off a bundle containing thirty-two pounds of feathers from the yard of a parson at Cartersville, Ga., the other day.

Sir Morell Mackenzie's book is to be called "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble," and will be published at the end of this month.

The average school life of the woman teacher in the West is about two years, and the farther west she goes the less time she teaches.

It has been discovered and authoritatively announced that the first man to turn the handle of an organ was a native of the province of Tende.

Mrs. Lyman Baker has transferred an estate valued at \$80,000 to Baldwin University of Ohio, and in return the university gives her an annuity.

The Mormons have recently sent a missionary from Salt Lake to the Samoan Islands to preach the gospel and drum up recruits among the natives.

At the moment when the war ship *Warrior* rescued a party of French balloons, they were casting lots as to who should throw himself out to lighten the balloon.

A new device has been introduced for the German Army. It is a cloak out and finished in such a way that two of the garments together may be converted into a tent, the supports for which accompany the cloaks.

Three horses were shipped on a car from Birmingham, Ala., the other day, and at a way station some distance out it was found that the door was open and two horses in place. The odd part is that diligent search of the car about the track failed to discover a trace of the animal.

An old gypsy named Rafael has asked the Emperor of Austria to invest him with the dignity of king of the gypsies, because he can prove his direct descent from King Pharaoh. He promises to make the gypsies stop their vagrant habits and become orderly people, fit to enter the army.

A dagger eighteen inches long, of finest steel, inlaid with blocks of gold engraved in Arabic characters, was found lately by a herdsman in Gillespie County, Texas, and is thought to be the relic of the time of Cortez, and to have been originally bought or captured from the Moors by some grandee of Spain.

Printers who believe in as few hours as possible in a week's labor would enjoy Central America. An ordinary newspaper announcement is the "Central American," and there have been three fast days, during which the compositors did not work, the publication of this number has been somewhat delayed.

Fashion and the most exclusive taste have banished all pictures from the parlor. The hall and passages are now the picture galleries, and even the walls of stairways are lined with them. Very often all the colored pictures are concentrated in the library, and some houses have the dining-room lined with engravings.

The arrival of the grape season suggests the fashionable grape cure in Moravia. Physicians direct the grapes to be eaten so slowly that the obedient patient can dispose of only one a minute. As some trained eaters work toward a maximum of nine pounds a day, it would seem that many spent all their time eating grapes.

The remains of an ancient town have been discovered on the right bank of the Volga in Russia. A large quantity of Arabian, Persian and Tartar coins has been found there, besides a multitude of other objects, which bear witness to the cultivated state of the inhabitants. There were remains of marble blocks, of water-courses, etc.

One of the richest men in Washington, Samuel Norment, the millionaire bank president, was once a government clerk. Another old-time department clerk is now very rich in St. Bryan, who got his start by organizing the postoffice system of Japan. He is said to have made \$100,000 a year ever since his return from Japan.

During the seven months which ended July 31, the total number of emigrants who came to this country were 337,125. Of these 115,000 came from Great Britain, 67,000 from Germany, 11,000 from Bohemia and Hungary, 25,000 from Russia, 59,000 from Sweden and Norway, 35,000 from Italy, 3,000 from France, 6,000 from Denmark and 4,000 from Poland.

A woman who had acted suspiciously in a New York dry goods store was taken into custody, when examined there were found in a pocket of her sacque and in an umbrella which she carried six yards of sash silk, six small table mats, one meat chopper, two brushes, two pairs of gloves, two pairs of socks, three pocketbooks and a napkin ring.

The Thirteen Club of New York, to celebrate its seventy-ninth dinner in a Chinese restaurant in that city. The dinner was wholly Mongolian in character, served by Chinese waiters and eaten with chopsticks, while a Chinese band of music played from one corner of the hall, increased the terrors of the evening.

Patrick Houlihan's bulldog was set to worry a rat on First Avenue, New York, but instead of attending to legitimate business, he construed some encounter with the rat as a challenge, and he chewed at three men, among them his owner, and another dog. It took thirteen bullets from a policeman's revolver, many hard blows from a night stick and finally a heavy shovel to kill it.

The whipping post for write-beaters still exists in Delaware, and the Detroit *Free Press* remarks that it is fortunate for some of the citizens of Michigan that it does not exist in that state. A citizen of Lansing, for instance, is reported as horsewhipping a wife publicly in the street. The paper is said to have paid little attention to the matter for some time until one citizen thought it had gone far enough and compelled the husband to desist.

Lawrence Adams, while fishing in Lysle Levi's fish pond at Osage, Ind., saw something coming toward the bank. When







## Orthodox Christianity vs. Spiritualism.

(Continued from First Page.)

as the champion of immortality—the only form of religious belief which claims to be supplemented by positive knowledge. Nevertheless the churches will be compelled to take a stand on the one side or on the other. They who are not for us are against us. If they be not Spiritualists they are materialists, and every clergyman who defames Spiritualism, and seeks to weaken its hold upon the faith of humanity, is blunting his own weapons, so that they may fail him when the supreme hour of struggle shall come. The wisest among the clergymen of to-day foresee this conflict, and are preparing for it by manifesting a willingness to join forces with us, and avail themselves of all the proofs of immortality. The Rev. Dr. Munger, already referred to in his work, "The New Theology," speaking as a religionist to the material thought of the age, says in reference to immortality: "We are no longer without phenomena." Joseph Cook echoes the same sentiment. The London *Christian World*, the largest and most widely circulated religious newspaper in England says: "We believe that a cloud of witnesses bear testimony for God to the soul of man, and that it is a mistake to silence the message of any one of them. The wisdom of God has been to let the light penetrate to man through a thousand channels. The wisdom of man has been to drill one hole in the shutter of his room, and to cut his brother's throat, or at least to threaten him with hell, if he alleged that light could possibly enter by any other orifice."

Do we dictate to God when we look for messages in signs and seasons, in dreams and visions; or are we only listening to the language in which God chooses to speak to us? Can we number the dreams and visions recorded in the Bible? "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men dream dreams." We can scarcely take up a newspaper of the day in which is not recorded a prophecy or warning given by means of a vision or dream. Who are dictating to God? Those who receive his messages in any form that he chooses to employ, or those who shut their eyes to the signs and seasons of nature, and who refuse to listen to any message, either naturally or spiritually conveyed, the manner of which is not of their own choosing? "O foolish people, and without understanding, which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not!"

Need I refute the foul charge of mercenaryism hurled against the Spiritualists and mediums of to-day? Take the mediums and the clergymen of the country and compare them. Can there be any doubt as to which class is the better paid? Can there be any question, if it be a mere matter of bread and butter, which slice is the more thickly buttered? Spiritualism in the past has meant the alienation of friends, social ostracism and pecuniary loss. Connection with the church means respectability and prosperity. To which side, then, should we naturally look for a manifestation of the spirit of mercenaryism—to the unpopular and calumnious one, or to the popular and prosperous one? We have become Spiritualists because we are seeking the truth, not popularity; because we value our personal and religious liberty more than dollars and cents.

Now what shall I say in regard to the charges of ignorance and shamelessness, evil and selfish lives, on the part of Spiritualists? The day has gone by when such charges can harm. Like a boomerang they wing their way through the air, only to return to the feet of their thrower. The ranks of Spiritualists and mediums embrace some of the wisest and best and noblest men and women of the present half century, before the lustre of whose names that of our petty divines dwindles like a penny dip beside the electric light. The list of learned and scientific men, who one clergyman would have us believe, have become the dupes of ignorant and shameless men and women, is too long for either time or memory to serve me here. I will mention only a few: Prof. Crookes, F. R. S., Prof. Wallace, F. R. S., the late Prof. Varley, electrician of the Atlantic cable, Prof. Zollner of the University of Leipzig, Baron Helmholtz of Austria, Camille Flammarion, a distinguished French author, Pasteur, the microscopic scientist, Victor Hugo, William and Mary Howitt, the Earls of Crawford and Dunraven, Gerald Massey, Capt. Burton, Lords Brougham, Lytton and Lyndhurst, Mrs. Browning, "Chackery," Judge Edmunds of the Supreme Bench of the State of New York, Gov. Talmage of Wisconsin, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Epes Sargeant, Abraham Lincoln, John Pierpont, Prof. Brittan, Prof. Hare of Philadelphia, Prof. Mapes, Robert Dale Owen, the Carey Sisters, and many others.

We speak within bounds when we declare that a belief in this "superstition of the nineteenth century" is permeating all ranks of society and even the Christian churches. A St. Louis clergyman of twenty years experience in the pulpit says he is "greatly astonished at the growth of modern Spiritualism, not only in this country, but throughout the world. It is spreading in the churches as well as outside of them. Vast numbers of people who commune with Catholic and Protestant churches are believers in spiritual manifestations, and would rather give up their Christianity than above hear such doctrine. There is no Christian denomination to-day a part of whose membership is not tinged with Spiritualism."

Let Mr. Townsend take care. He may be unwittingly slandering some of his own congregation.

"Where are the organized charities of Spiritualism?" Where were the organized charities of Christianity in its first half century? If you ask us where are the benevolent and charitable Spiritualists, that is another matter. Some of the most munificent donations and bequests for most worthy objects have been from professed Spiritualists.

Does the certainty of immortality lessen the importance of this life, or decrease our interest in it? Does it not rather give it a new meaning and a new interest? Does it not fill it with fresh hope and promise? And what shall we think when we hear such doctrine preached from a Christian pulpit? If Mr. Townsend's religion leaves the future so shadowy that it seems to make this life the whole of existence, it is not so with ours. Spiritualism teaches us that earthly existence is only the beginning of life, and this fact gives it a solemn impressiveness which it would otherwise fail to have. It teaches us that here is the primary school, and as we learn our lessons here, so shall we be promoted in the future; and if Spiritualism really leads some of us to give a little less thought to worldly affairs—to the making of money and other temporal advantages and influences us to spend more time and effort in the development of our spiritual natures; if every discipline is softened and made more effectual by the reflection that it is for the growth and purification of the spirit; if every sorrow tempered by the remembrance of that bright be-

yond where there shall be no more tears; if these are its effects, which will you choose, my friends, Christianity or Spiritualism?

"If Spiritualism be true, then Christ will no longer satisfy, and men will seek the shades of departed friends, and their voices will cheer and comfort." If Spiritualism be true, which is the first point to settle, and if this be the case, then, perhaps, the all-wise Father intended just such a result. Men for centuries have turned their faces toward an ideal and imaginary Christ, and away from the human love and sympathy which might have been theirs. If the saintly faces of our departed friends look down upon us from the Spirit-world, if their voices are borne to us in words of cheer and comfort, and their hands outstretched to help us, shall we turn coldly aside and call for the unseen, imaginary Christ? May it not be that after all we are to be the saviors of each other, and that the most blessed mission of the departed and glorified spirit may be to return and seek to redeem struggling, falling humanity, tell it of its spiritual nature, and help to develop that nature? Shall we thus lose Christ? Shall we not rather find him more truly and fully than he was ever yet found by a churchman? We shall find the Christ spirit—the spirit of love, and sympathy and self-sacrifice, not idealized in a single monstrosity, half god, half man, but diffused throughout humanity, illustrating and accomplishing an incarnation of the divine in the human in a way which we may all accept and believe without doing violence to our reason and common sense. If our departed friends can help and save us, shall we not permit them to do so, always remembering that if they can do it, it is because it was so ordered?

Then when we sit in the gloaming, and imagine that unseen presences are around us, guiding and protecting, creatures real to us, tending to calm our restlessness and bring us quiet, let us recognize the love which thus tries to make itself felt; open our hearts and our souls for the spiritual light which is ready to flood us; and thank God gratefully for the priceless boon of spirit intercourse.

There is no ghost life in Spiritualism. The Spirit-world becomes real to us, and is interblended with the earth world. We live upon the mountain tops of faith, and under the golden and silvery clouds of hope we gather the sweet blossoms of immortal love, while the sunlight of God's truth falls all about us. A spirit guides us, and it is the Spirit of Liberty. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." To be spiritually-minded is life and peace.

The bigotry of the nineteenth century degrades humanity; religious freedom ennobles it. The one stunts the growth of the spirit; the other develops it. Orthodox Christianity is darkness and doubt and uncertainty; Spiritualism is certainty and peace. In orthodox Christianity the hungry soul is starved on husks; in Spiritualism it is fed with affection which does not with this life, but passes on to the world beyond. In the former there is the horror and darkness of dread; in the latter consolation for every woe. The one is the obscurity of the twilight; the other the light of the dawn which is broadening into a perfect day. Dare to seek the truth and to accept it wherever you find it. Fight all forms of error, even though thereby you sacrifice worldly friends, hopes, ambitions and wealth. The veil between the earthly and the Spirit-world is very thin, the voices penetrate, the forms are dimly seen. God has permitted it. God so wills it.

"The countless hosts of the departed gather round us all, unseen, yet felt, and earth, and heaven are one."

May the spirit of investigation be yours, and the love of truth abide with you, and at last make you truly free.

## COINCIDENCES.

[The coincidences recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Sept. 22d, doubtless recalled many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 488 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names of witnesses, or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincident may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp for reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

George M. Beard, M. D., in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, 1879, says:

"The subject of chance and coincidences seems never to have received the attention from men of science that its direct and practical bearings on experimental research, and the principles of evidence would long have demanded."

Professor F. Max Muller, in *The Athenaeum* for May 14th, 1887, echoes the same thought as follows:

"We have heard much of coincidences lately, and the impression which the discussion has left on some minds is that the chapter of accidental coincidences is larger than we expected. The subject, however, deserves a fuller treatment than it has yet received. That there are accidental coincidences in words, where no communication can be thought of, is well known to comparative philologists. Comparative mythologists also know how often the same legends turn up in distant parts of the world. (Those interested will find this feature of the subject adequately treated in "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," by E. Baring Gould, Esq.) Students of proverbs are utterly unable to account for the same thought appearing in exactly the same wording among Hottentots, Chinese, and ourselves."

Professor Muller then gives a couple of examples, and on referring to the three or four succeeding numbers of *The Athenaeum*, we find that one of them leads to quite a correspondence from distinguished persons in various parts of Europe.

Let the subject of coincidences be mentioned in any company of persons who may casually meet, and three out of five of them will be able to relate one or more for which they are unable to find a satisfactory explanation, and yet the literature of the subject is very meagre. In all the periodicals of this country and England there are scarcely a dozen articles on coincidences, and of these the most of them treat it as an adjunct of superstition, which is not a satisfactory classification, or one that will be accepted. Ad-

mitting that many do make them a part of, and use them as proofs of, their superstition by claiming many of them to be miraculous, yet denying that they are miraculous, does not prove that there are no coincidences, or that materialistic philosophy can explain them.

Believing that they form an important factor in psychology, and "deserve a fuller treatment than they have yet received," we desire to collate the most striking coincidences of history, and also those happening within the remembrance of persons now living, from which some wiser mind than ours may detect the scarlet thread that runs through them all and thereby formulate a theory of the law which governs them.

Of that class of coincidences which could be mathematically calculated upon as likely to occur, the following is an excellent example.

—8—

A lady who was leaving Chicago for a few days last spring, sent her trunk to the depot, following it later in the day. She went to the baggage room just before time for the train to start to get it checked; presenting the check given her by the expressman who took it to the depot, the baggage man selected a trunk bearing a check corresponding to the one she had, and asked if it was hers. She replied yes, and had it checked for her destination. On arriving at her journey's end, and attempting to open the trunk she discovered it was not hers. Investigation revealed the following series of coincidences. Another lady living in the same part of the city, had sent her trunk to the same depot the same day, by another expressman, bearing the same name as the one first mentioned, each of whom worked for employers of the same name. The checks placed on the trunks by the expressmen bore the same numbers, and both checks of course bearing the same name. The trunks had been made at the same factory, were identical in every particular even to the extra straps on them, with one exception, namely, one of them had the owner's initials on one end; as they stood in the baggage room this end was down, which led to the exchange, and divulged the combination of identities here given.

—9—

In the *Chicago Tribune* of Sept. 17, 1888, is the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15.—Judge Ezra B. Taylor, who represents the Nineteenth Ohio District in the House, is one of the best known members on the Republican side, and is ranked among the ablest. He is a man of striking characteristics, and would arrest the attention of a stranger as being above the ordinary run of men. His face is strongly marked with force and individuality. He recently received a letter from Wisconsin, which calls up again a coincidence in his life, which is probably the most remarkable of which the world has record. He related the story to a reporter to-day. He was born in Portage County, Ohio, sixty-five years ago. He attended school with Garfield, and the two kept up a friendship in after life. When Garfield was elected to the Ohio State Senate in 1889 Judge Taylor was practicing law in the State. Shortly after Garfield took his seat Judge Taylor got a letter from him stating: "I received your letter, and will be glad to do anything I can for you. I am surprised, however, that you should desire such a position. I thought your practice was worth much more to you." This may not be the exact language of the letter, but it was about this.

Judge Taylor did not understand the letter. He wrote to Mr. Garfield telling him so, and saying that he was right in supposing his law practice was worth more than any position under the State Senate. Shortly after that Mr. Garfield called on him and handed him a letter, asking if it were not his. He examined the letter and replied that it was certainly his handwriting and his signature, but that he had not written it unless he had done so in his sleep. And he then pointed out that it was postmarked from another part of the State. The letter asked for the appointment of Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the State Senate, was written in the Judge's hand-writing, and signed plainly with his signature, Ezra B. Taylor. Mr. Garfield wanted to submit the letter to an expert, to pass upon the chirography. Judge Taylor said he would acknowledge that he could not tell it from his own. It was submitted to an expert, who without hesitation said he could take oath to its being Judge Taylor's writing. It was a mystery they could not penetrate, and they dropped it.

Not long afterward the State Convention assembled. Judge Taylor was walking down the corridor of the principal hotel. There were mirrors on the walls in which he could see a reflection. As he approached the end of the corridor he saw in another mirror directly in front of him in which he could plainly see his own face and form. He drew closer, and—no, it was not a mirror. It was a man. It was himself in flesh and blood. The two looked at each other, and it seemed as if each had lost his identity in the other. Had they turned around three-times neither could have been certain he was not the other fellow. Neither spoke. They just looked at each other and passed in opposite directions. Later in the day Mr. Garfield, with the double leaning on his arm, approached Judge Taylor. He introduced them: "Mr. Taylor, Mr. Taylor. No; Mr. Ezra B. Taylor, Mr. Ezra B. Taylor."

They were the same in name, in form, in face, in age, voice, carriage, manners, and general appearance. Judge Taylor was then known as Colonel. He had been named after a distinguished clergyman, Ezra Booth. The duplicate was also known as Colonel, and said he was Ezra Booth, but he did not know after whom he was named. Judge Taylor said they were born in the same year, and that every circumstance or condition they could think of as peculiar to one applied with equal aptness to the other. The acquaintance was continued between these two men and a constant correspondence was kept up between them until a year ago, when the other died out West. They were never able to discover any relationship.

A few weeks ago Judge Taylor got a letter from a lady in Wisconsin stating that she had noticed the name of Ezra B. Taylor as voting against the Mills bill; that an Ezra B. Taylor, formerly living in a certain part of New York, had been an intimate friend of her father, who was now dead. They had, she said, lost sight of this friend soon after

her father's death, and they were anxious to find him. They hoped the Representative might be he.

Judge Taylor wrote a prompt reply, stating that he had never lived in New York State and had never heard of the lady's father. But this did not end it. A few days ago he got another letter from the lady stating that she had been delighted on receiving his letter to recognize in the address the handwriting of her father's friend. On opening the letter she had found the handwriting and signature the same as a number of old letters they have and that she was at a loss to reconcile the contents of the letter with these circumstances. It has not yet developed whether the Ezra B. Taylor this lady seeks is the one who died or yet a third party to the drama.

—10—

A prominent Chicago journalist, who is an avowed agnostic, relates the following:

His wife asked him one morning soon after rising, while still engaged in dressing, and before either of them had left their sleeping room, if he knew any one named Edsale or Esdale. A negative reply was given, and then a "Why do you ask?" She replied: "During the night I dreamed that I was on the lake shore, and found a coffin there with the name of Edsale or Esdale on it, and I am confident that some one of that name has recently been drowned there."

As his wife had related former dreams, the verification of which had puzzled him, the subject was not one that ardently interested him, and he ended the conversation by going down stairs. On opening the morning paper, the first item that attracted his attention was the report of the mysterious disappearance from his home in Hyde Park of a young man named Edsale. Had his wife spoken of her dream after leaving her room, he would have been certain that she had, perhaps unconsciously, seen the item, and had got the name blended with her dream, but there was no possible chance for that; neither of them knew any one of that name, nor anything about the disappearance. A few days afterward the body of the young man was found on the lake shore.

This statement was published editorially in the *Chicago Times*, October 14th, 1885, whereupon the all-wise editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* remarked: "The probability is that a careful investigation by persons accustomed to make thorough inquiries and with good knowledge of evidence, would show that the facts are not as stated, and this without any deliberate intention to deceive. In all the world's history there has never been a case of clairvoyance which sees events and things without obedience to known physical laws."

This is a very broad statement, and one that has been proven false all along the world's history, and yet those making it, are determined to maintain it, though all men are proven to be liars. The gentleman who reports this case is as clear headed and critical a skeptic as there is in the west, whose journalistic experience for over thirty years has well fitted him to make careful investigation, with a full knowledge of how to sift evidence; he said then, and says the same to-day: "This is a bona fide occurrence, just as related."

—11—

A well known Chicago lady whose husband is a contractor and builder with a national reputation, testifies as follows:

Her father went west into the mining district nearly thirty years ago, when she was so young that she scarcely remembers him at all. After remaining there some time he started to return home, since which time nothing has been heard of, or from him; he mysteriously disappeared in the mountains. The shock was a severe one to her mother, and its recollection is so painful that the subject is never mentioned, and consequently her father does not seem to her to have ever come into her life experience, and as rarely, if ever, in her thoughts.

On retiring to rest a few weeks since, weary and longing to sleep, she was very much surprised to find herself in a very little while wide awake, and thinking of her father. She lay for some time vainly trying to change the current of her thought, and go to sleep, and then got up, lit the gas, and read until three o'clock in the morning, before she could compose herself to sleep again.

During the following day, she mentioned the peculiar experience she had had, to her mother and expressing her surprise, both at her inability to sleep, and the fact of her father being so prominent in her thoughts. Her mother look startled, and then said: "I did not sleep much last night either. After going to my room, I recollected that it was the anniversary of my marriage to your father. This, with remembrances thus recalled, kept me awake until long after midnight."

The mother's room was the front one on the second floor, and the daughter's a rear room on first floor. With all due deference to those scientists whose superior knowledge leads them to deride as a superstition "the delusion that mind can act on mind without the intervention of the senses," to the average intellect, it would appear to be a greater superstition to believe that the mental action in the mother's brain, had a direct functional relation with some molecular action in the daughter's brain some 30 yards away.

If you have catarrh, you are in danger, as the disease is liable to become chronic and affect your general health, or develop into consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying and enriching the blood, and building up the system. Give it a trial.

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## "NASAL VOICES, CATARRH AND FALSE TEETH."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

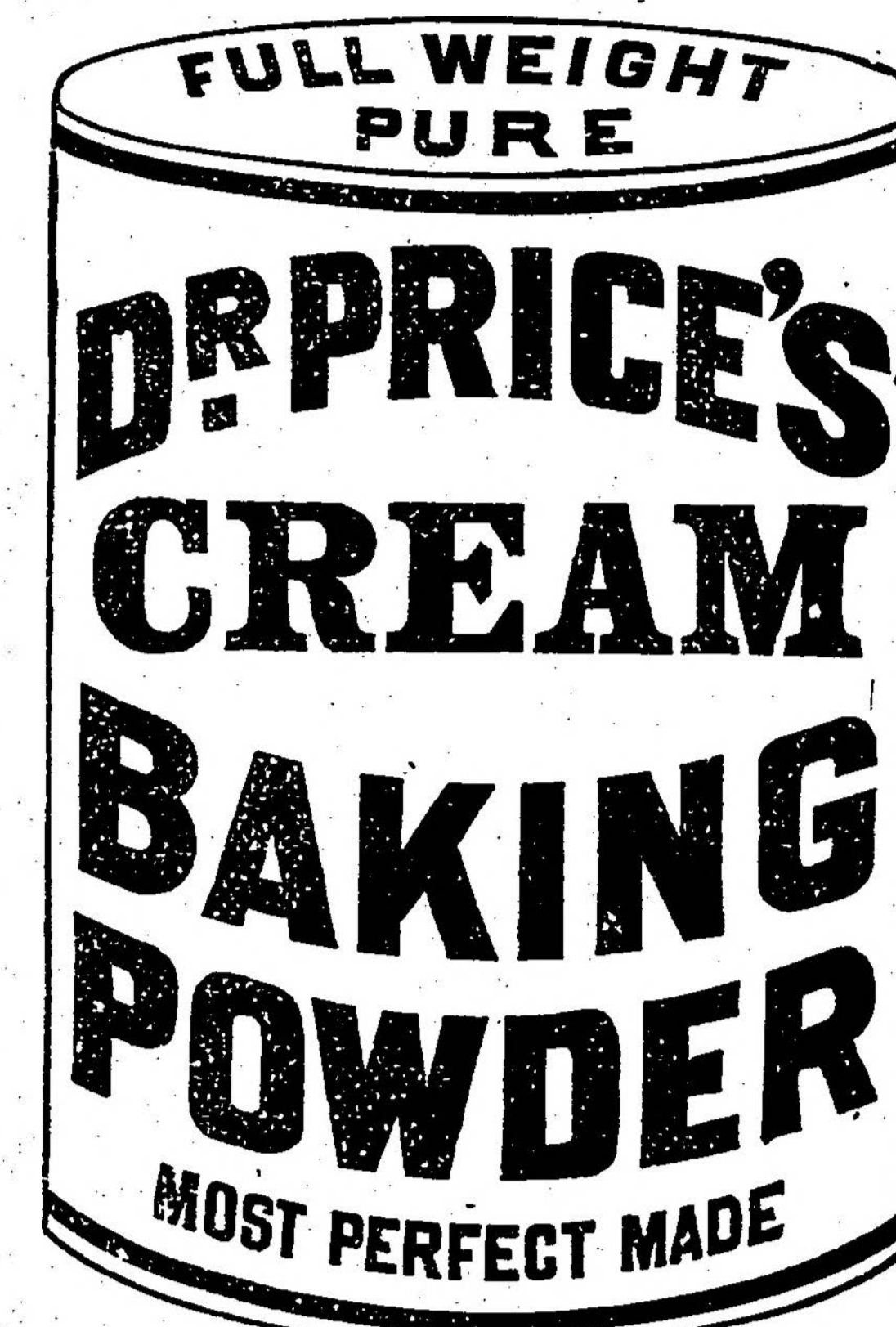
But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural. Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy and Log Cabin sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the fall and winter seasons advance, together with an occasional use of Warner's Log Cabin rose cream, to strengthen and protect the nasal membranes, give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co., Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin rose cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.



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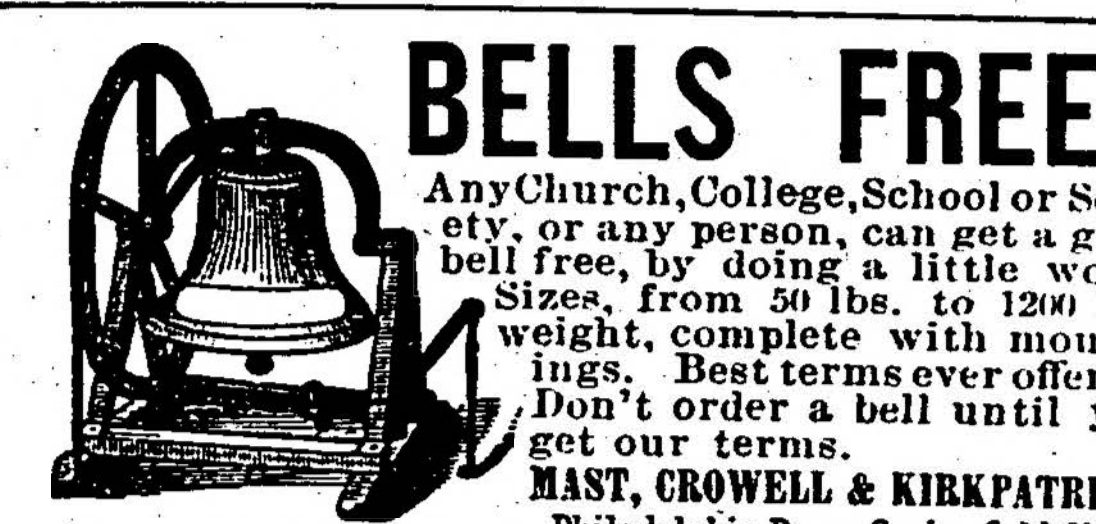
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"One of the most original and convincing arguments in favor of a future life for the individual, which we have ever read. The book has the great merit of brevity, is written in a lucid style, and is of great interest. We can detect some places where the argument might be strengthened, yet as a whole, we think this book the strongest ever written in defense of the immortality of the soul."—Omaha World.

## The Faith That Makes Faithful

Eight Life-Sermons, by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Pages 131. In imitation parchment, 50 cents. Cloth, full gilt, \$1.00. A special edition in paper, 10 copies, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.65; no less number sold.

The topics: Blessed be Druggery, I had a Friend, A Cup of Cold Water, and Wrestling and Bleeding, by Mr. Gannett; and Faithfulness, Tending to the Kingdom of God, and the Divine Benediction, by Mr. Jones. "All who try to make their religion a thing of the present, who try to find living remedies for living difficulties, will be greatly helped by this publication."—Boston Transcript.

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"The texts are more mottoes for naturalistic talk, though now and then the talk is very good."—New York Evangelist.

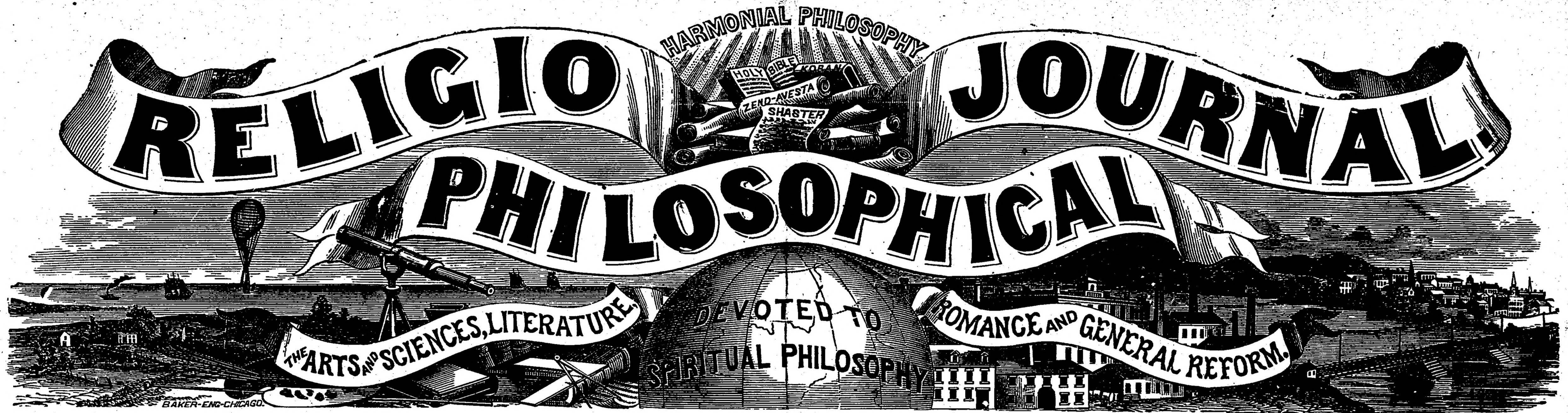
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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLV.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

No. 8

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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### AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SEYBERT COMMISSION.

By Hon. A. B. Richmond.

This second Epistle, beloved, I now write unto you, in both which I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. 2d Pet. 3.1. I write not these things to shame you, but as my beloved sons, I warn you.—1 Cor. 4:14. Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.—1 Peter 5:8.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SEYBERT COMMISSION.

Respected friends: It gives me great pleasure at this time to renew our brief yet pleasant correspondence which terminated somewhat abruptly on your part a year ago. Doubtless you will remember that one Henry Seybert gave to the University of Pennsylvania a sum of \$60,000 to be devoted "to the maintenance of a chair in the said University to be known as the Adam Seybert Chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, upon the condition that the incumbent of said chair, either individually or in conjunction with a commission of the University faculty, shall make a thorough and impartial investigation of all systems of morals, religion or philosophy which assume to represent the truth, and particularly of modern Spiritualism." Since my last letter to you the interest on said bonds must amount to the sum of \$4,800, and as the trustees of the University are honest Christian gentlemen, doubtless they earnestly desire that the said interest should be expended in strict accordance with the wishes of the generous donor.

Remember, gentlemen, it is not the "University of Pennsylvania" alone that is interested in the proper expenditure of the yearly interest accruing on the "message bonds" which constitute the munificent bequest. In fact, the world at large is the legatee of the late Henry Seybert, while the trustees of the University are also trustees of the deceased philanthropist who desired to educate and enlighten his fellow men. It was a sacred trust he imposed upon them, and by every principle of manhood and morality should that trust be faithfully executed. Has this been done? Has the "Adam Seybert" Chair been established? and has the incumbent of that chair, either individually or in conjunction with a commission of the University faculty, complied with the obligations that entitle them to the possession of the Seybert bequest? Will you, gentlemen, kindly inform the public on this question? Will you tell the legatee, what has been done with the annual interest of the \$60,000, and if it has been expended by the trustees of the University in strict accordance with the desire of the generous donor? The crumbling dust of Henry Seybert cannot appear in our courts of equity against them; his voiceless lips may be silent in our judicial forums, yet dare you say that his spirit does not live and through the invisible agency of unseen powers demand justice at your hands? As the "voice of the blood of Abel cried from the ground," and reached the ear of the Most High, so may the plaints of other wrongs done on earth pass the boundaries of the Spirit-world, to be returned like answering echoes through the same power that accused the first murderer of his crime.

Gentlemen, the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are to-day attracting the attention of the public mind as they never did before. The most prominent public prints acknowledge their existence and relate their wonders to thousands of eager readers every day. The unscrupulous commissioners prove sneers of even learned and sensible men against them. One of the ablest and most conservative papers printed on this continent, one with a world-wide circulation, the *Scientific American*, says:

"Now these things seem to justify us in recurring to the subject of Spiritualism. . . . and to point out some of the things which science has to do with. . . . In the place then, we find no words wherewith adequately to express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science, if it be true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand-fold to be fitted to such a use. If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre to the glory of the nineteenth century. Its discoverer will have no rival in renown. . . . For Spiritualism involves a stultification of what are considered the most certain and fundamental conclusions of science. . . . If the pretensions of Spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than their verification. A realization of the *elixir vite*, the philosopher's stone, and perpetual motion, is of less importance to mankind than the verification of Spiritualism."

Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission, the public mind demands a "thorough and impartial investigation." The duties you have assumed demand it; both law and common honesty require it at your hands, and if you fail to perform the plain obligation of your trust, coming years will give you an unenviable notoriety.

I have given the subject of so-called spirit manifestations considerable attention. I have witnessed a number of phenomena under strictly test conditions, and will briefly relate to you my experiences, hoping thereby to induce you to give the subject farther consideration, and that you will lay aside your scoffs and sneers, and with a candor becoming the subject, and a sincerity demanded by your position, investigate "carefully, thoroughly and impartially," as you would any other scientific problem submitted to you; and when you have done so, that you will fearlessly and truthfully announce the result in a manner becoming a great commission. Remember that the Spiritualists ask no especial favors at your hands; they are seeking for truth as earnestly as you are; they desire that fraud may be exposed as sincerely as you do; there is no mercenary motive on their part, no desire to misappropriate a bequest of \$60,000, or to violate obligations due to the generous donor. Justice under the law and respect for their religious faith is all they ask from you, and you will be less than men if their demand is unheeded.

#### MY LATE EXPERIENCE.

In July last, I visited Mr. W. S. Rowley, of Cleveland, Ohio, the medium for independent spirit telegraphing. I found him to be a very intelligent, pleasant gentleman, who gave me every opportunity to thoroughly examine his device. I saw only an ordinary battery, sounder and key. The key was inclosed in a small box that opened in halves, the two parts being connected by hinges, and when open permitted the box to be critically examined. Across the box at right angles to the key was a coil of small copper wire attached at each end to small brass plates screwed to the sides of the box. This coil had no connection with the wires from the battery, and any ordinary electrician would say that it could have no possible connection with either the sounder or the battery. On the top of the key was a small brass spring bent in such a way that when the box was closed it could touch the inside of the top, and on the closest examination a master electrician would fail to see that either the coil or the spring could produce any effect on the battery current in breaking or closing it. I understand from Mr. Rowley that the device was constructed according to instructions from his control, Dr. Wells, yet the use of the coil or spring is not apparent to the modern scientist; but this much I will say: They are no part of a magical device, and when the box is closed, covering the key and coil, no human hand outside of the box can touch them or use them to break the battery current.

At one of my interviews with Mr. Rowley he permitted me to remove the whole device into another room; adjust it myself under such conditions as absolutely precluded the possibility of fraud or deception. While I was adjusting the instrument I did wish so much that the member of your commission who possesses the "trained habits of observation" had been present with his "pocket looking glass" to have helped me to solve the mystery. But assisted by a friend—Mr. Woodruff, who is an accomplished telegraphic operator—and my own experience as an electrician, I did the best I could under the circumstances, unaided either by the refulgent rays of a "penny mirror," or the peculiar properties of "Caffray's" typewriter, which performed such an important part in your late profound investigations. Pardon me, gentlemen, but my admiration for your peculiar system of scientific inquiry has led me to wander from my subject.

I had several quite lengthy interviews with Mr. Rowley on different days, and each time under different test conditions, and now at the risk of having my name placed by the side of your worthy chairman as another product of his "gooseberry receipt," I am constrained to say that if I ever received a telegraphic message dictated by a human brain, I then and there did receive communications through the telegraph I have described, that cannot be explained by the most learned electricians of to-day. Apparently no human hand manipulated the key, and no human intelligence alone dictated the messages. For several hours I talked with Dr.

Wells, Mr. Rowley's control, on subjects unknown to the medium, receiving correct answers in matters that Mr. Rowley could have had no knowledge of, and if I knew anything from the evidence of my senses, Mr. Rowley did not and could not have moved the key inclosed in the box. A portion of the time he touched the outside of the box with a pen holder at any place I directed, and the sounder worked as freely as one in an ordinary telegraph office.

At one time during our interview, I was narrating to the gentlemen, present my experience at Cassadaga Lake one year ago. I related to them the communication I received purporting to come from Henry Seybert, a photograph copy of which I sent you with my former letter, and I repeated it as I understood it, to wit: "Sir, do all you can to combat the error into which my Commissioners have fallen. They were unworthy and unfaithful."

While engaged in the conversation the sounder was silent. Mr. R. was listening to me as if I was relating a matter new to him. He sat with a pen holder in his hand, one end of which touched the box. When I came to the word "unworthy," the sounder broke, and upon my relation with most vehement raps. I paused and inquired, "What is the matter?" when it immediately answered, "You are wrong! That word is untruthful."

"Who says so?" I inquired. The answer was: "Henry Seybert told me so. He says the word is *untruthful*." Now, gentlemen, I do not endorse the statement of the *unseen force* that operated the telegraphic key. The minute evidence on the pages of your very able report of both its truth and candor would not justify me in believing that you were untruthful; yet you know that this is a censorious world, and there are those who may think that as commissioners you did not "handle the truth with sufficient carelessness to meet the demands of veracity."

"Only this—nothing more." During my conversation with the telegraph, the "unseen force" informed me that it would be with me from time to time, and assist me in obtaining evidence of the truth of these phenomena; and I here call your attention to the singular verification of this promise that occurred to me at Cassadaga Lake some six weeks after.

#### MY EXPERIENCE AT LILY DALE—EXPERIMENT NO. 1.

In the month of August last I visited Lily Dale as the Association ground is called. Before leaving home I had purchased a pair of hinged slates, through the frames of which I inserted a "staple bolt." I placed a small fragment of slate pencil between them and passed a padlock through the bolt, thus securely locking them together. At the hotel on the Association grounds I opened the slates to see that the pencil yet remained between them. I then visited several mediums on four consecutive days, but obtained no results; yet every medium informed me that I would in a few days; that their controls desired me to be patient, and that in the end I would receive communications that would surprise and convince me. With the examination of my control, Mr. Rowley, in his patient endeavors to become a medium, before me, I determined to persevere even though, as in his case, I might become a product of the "gooseberry."

On a bright sunny afternoon I visited Mr. Pierre Keeler at his cottage. The room was lighted by two windows through which the sunlight passed unobstructed. I was seated on one side of a small plain table; Mr. Keeler on the other; the slates securely locked were between us, lying on the table. I had prepared five questions at my hotel; these were closely folded up in such a manner that it was impossible for anyone to read them. I took one of them in one hand, placing the others on top of the table. Mr. Keeler placed one of his hands on the end of the slates towards himself. We sat for some time, when he remarked: "My control says that there is no name on the paper in your hand; that he does not know you, and does not know who you want to communicate with." I opened the paper and found it true: there was no name on it. I wrote the proper name, refolded it, and again held it in my hand for some minutes with no result, when Mr. Keeler remarked: "I think we will have to unlock the slates and let me pass my hand over their inner surface." Very unwillingly I took the key from my pocket and was about placing it in the lock when Mr. Keeler hurriedly wrote on a slate by his side: "Let the lock alone. We will write as it is. But all the questions on the slates. There is one here that wants to come." I returned the key to my pocket, and picking up the papers laid them on the centre of the slates, keeping my left hand on them all the time. Instantly I distinctly heard the pencil write a moment, then it stopped. I unlocked the slates and found a short communication plainly written on the lower one. It was a complete answer to one of the interrogatories I had written and signed by the well known signature of the one to whom it was addressed. Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission, there was no fraud, no magic, no deception in this experiment; a power unknown to science had written an intelligent communication on the inside of two slates locked together, under circumstances that absolutely preclude even the suggestion of deception, or the trick of a magician. I have preserved these slates intact for your inspection if your desire to investigate has survived your late wonderful experience.

#### EXPERIMENT NO. 2.

A lady residing in a city two hundred

miles from Lily Dale had written me, sending two interrogatories; one addressed to her mother who had been dead over two years, and one to a friend who died recently. I acted the first interrogatory in my pocket-book, the other in my vest pocket, and visited Will A. Mansfield, another well known medium. I procured two well-cleaned slates, on one of which he placed a small piece of slate pencil. I covered this with the other and securely bound them together with a strong twine. A common table was between us. This was in day light, in a well lighted room. I laid the slates at my left hand out of reach of the medium. We sat for sometime with one interrogatory in my vest pocket, the other in my pocket-book. The medium had hold of my right hand across the table. In a few moments he let go of my hand and taking up a slate that was leaning against the wall by his side, commenced to write rapidly thereon. In a moment he handed it to me, and I read on its surface a complete answer to the interrogatory in my vest pocket, which he had not seen. This was signed with the full name of the person to whom it was addressed. The name was an unusual one; the first with two syllables, the second with one, and the third with two. The medium could not possibly have known the name of either the one to whom it was addressed, or the one who propounded the interrogatory. After this answer was received, while we were in conversation, the medium seemed to go into convulsions; he arose to his feet while yet holding my right hand, and in tones of agony shouted: "Oh! oh! oh! Hold those slates out at arms length! Hold them out! Hold them out!" I did so, shaking them violently while I thus held them, and in less than fifteen seconds, he said, "There, it is done!" and releasing my hand, he sank into a chair as if greatly exhausted. I opened the slates and found written on one of them, a lengthy and complete answer to the question in my pocket-book, and signed with the full name of the mother of the lady who was seated opposite me. It was beautifully written and correctly punctuated. Gentlemen, there was no deceit in this. It was far beyond the common place deceptions of itinerating showmen. It was a phenomenon worthy of your serious consideration and the exercise of your "trained habits of investigation."

#### EXPERIMENT NO. 3.

The day after experiment No. 2, Aug. 7, 1888, I procured two clean slates and visited Miss Lizzie Bangs. I prepared an interrogatory and placed it with a fragment of pencil between the slates, tied a string around them and laid them on a table placed in the centre of a well lighted room, the windows and door being open. The medium was seated opposite me; the slates between us on the table; they were not out of my sight one moment. I placed my hand on one end of the slates; Miss Bangs placing hers on the other end. We sat thus, and conversed for some time, I relating to her my experience with Mr. Rowley in Cleveland. Soon I heard a faint noise between the slates. It did not sound like writing but more like the crawling of an insect imprisoned between them; in a few moments the medium picked up a small piece of pencil between them; then closing them I screwed them securely together. I told the medium that I desired that she should not touch the slates, and therefore I placed them under the table-cloth, yet holding them with my hands, firmly clasping their sides. Miss Bangs laid her fingers lightly on the end of the slates, outside of the cloth. Very soon I heard the pencil write; in a moment it ceased, and the medium picked up a slate of her own and wrote very rapidly the following: "Have partially written a message, will finish it at another time. George." I did not open the slates but took them to my hotel room and locked them in my trunk. The next day I again visited the medium, placed the slates under the table cloth, holding them as before. Soon I heard a slight "ticking" sound beneath the cloth, and soon it ceased, and Miss Bangs wrote on her own slate the following:

"Have done much toward finishing the message, but will have to wait one more sitting, the forces not being sufficient to conclude it. Do not open the slates for we will surely give you that for which you are seeking and desire. Yours, George H. S."

Again I took the slates to my hotel and locked them in my trunk. The next day I visited the medium and placed the slates as before. I waited patiently over a half an hour, heard no sound, when Miss Bangs again wrote on her slate: "We cannot write on the slates to day, but will another time." I have said that the medium "wrote on her slate, etc." I mean by that, that she placed the slate on her lap under the table, holding it with one hand, while the other remained on the cloth over the slates on the top of the table, and although I watched her arm as closely as you state that you did the thumb of the medium, on page 21 of your admirable report, yet I did not see the least movement. You will observe, gentlemen, that I pursued your astute method of investigation.

I observed what was going on above the table without regard to the mysterious phenomenon transpiring beneath. In fact I did not care who wrote beneath the table; I was only determined that there should be no fraud practiced on my slates, which were securely fastened together with screws as narrated, and held by me alone on the top of the table.

The next day I again visited the medium, and placed the slates as before. We sat nearly an hour. I became impatient, but remembering the terrible ordeal your chairman endured in his effort to become a medium, I imitated his Job-like patience and continued the seance until I became satisfied that no result would be obtained that day, and made another appointment. The next day I visited the medium, placed the slates as before. Each time I had carefully held them with the screw heads upward, and from the "slots" in the heads of the screws I had drawn a pencil mark on the frames so that if the screws were turned without my knowledge I would observe it with a magnifying glass, even if I could not see it with the naked eye.

As soon as the medium placed her fingers under the end of the slates, I heard the pencil write most vigorously, and so loudly that it could have been heard across the room. When the writing ceased, I opened the slates and was surprised to find on the lower slate a communication in Latin, and one in telegraphy, while the upper slate was filled with a communication signed Henry Seybert. I will have these slates photographed, and you will doubtless observe the fact that the hand writing is the same as that on the slate obtained by me over a year ago through Mr. Watkins, a photograph of which I sent you at that time.

Now, gentlemen, remember that these slates were kept under my surveillance the whole time of the experiments; no hand but mine touched them, not even the medium's; of this I am as certain as I am that I was at Lily Dale and conducted the test, and yet the communications were written by an inanimate fragment of slate, placed between two slates under such conditions as absolutely precluded the possibility of fraud, mistake or deception. How was it done? Does its explanation come within scope of your trained habits of investigation? It will not do for you to simply deny it. The fact of the existence of like phenomena all over the civilized world has been proven by hundreds of witnesses as truthful and as competent to testify as to what they have seen as are the members of your commission. You were appointed to investigate this subject; you are paid for your labor by the munificent bequest of a Christian philanthropist who only desired that you should search for the truth, and when you had found it to honestly proclaim it to the world. Dare you do this? Remember that the interest of \$60,000 for all time to come is by Henry Seybert's bequest to be appropriated to this and like investigations, and you can not honestly permit it to be diverted from this purpose by the trustees of the university, by so shallow an investigation, as is narrated in your "Gooseberry report." Future generations will judge your conduct with unswerving justice, and you will live or die on the pages of history as the just or unjust stewards of the sacred parable live today in the opinion of mankind.

#### THE DEVIL AND THE PREACHER.

There was another incident that occurred at Cassadaga Lake during the last summer meeting, that is worthy of your attention. I was somewhat connected with it, yet not under either of the characters announced in the above head line. Several gentlemen of our city procured two slates, placed a pencil between them, fastened them together with four screws, covering the screw heads with sealing wax, on which was impressed several seals in such a manner that they could not be opened without detection. I was requested to take the slates to Lily Dale, visit the mediums, and if possible obtain communications on them with the seals unbroken. I took the slates as requested, but being called away from the camp ground before I had tried the experiment, I left them with a gentleman well known in our city as a man of intelligence and integrity. He visited a medium with them before I left and informed me that he thought he heard the pencil write, but that the communication was not completed. The medium confirmed this statement. When I returned home I informed the investigators who had prepared the slates what I had done and heard in relation to them. A day or two after an anonymous correspondent in one of our city papers informed the public of the facts above stated. At the same time with a spirit that would evidently qualify him to act on the Seybert Commission, suggesting that if the slates were written upon, "it was thought by some to be a gigantic scheme to sell his (my) book." When I read it, I most fully appreciated the generous wish of poor old Job, "Oh! that mine adversary had written a book." Nevertheless the "gigantic scheme" did not work. When the slates came home and were opened there was no writing there. Then I thought of what an eminent scientist once said, "That a good failure often proved as much as a successful experiment," and I was consoled. About the same time a similar test was prepared in a village near our city, an account of which I copy from a daily paper.

#### SLATE WRITING EXTRAORDINARY.

LILY DALE, September 15.—Great interest has been awakened in this vicinity by a test experiment in the slate writing phenomenon of Spiritualism. About two weeks ago Rev. (Continued on Eighth Page.)



## THE PUBLIC SCHOOL DISCUSSION.

REV. A. H. QUINT, D. D.

Grave practical questions of more than local interest may best be met, it seems to me, by first deciding what the public school exactly is. This question should be considered with judicial calmness and fearlessness, and without the slightest regard to what we might wish it should be. This question settled, the occasional practical questions will settle themselves. Standing upon a solid basis, we should not make the slightest concession to Roman Catholics or to Protestants, or to the great class outside of both. The State knows no such classes; only citizens. The State establishes schools by public taxation, for the children, not of Romanists, nor of Protestants, nor of the outside class, but of citizens. That is to say, the public school is a purely secular institution. It cannot teach religion in any form, or of any kind.

To this view an investigation which I was forced to make twenty-five years ago compelled me. It was from a standpoint not mainly watching Romanism, but noticing the non-Evangelical assumptions which were deluding us with the pretense that a vapory sentimentalism possible for our schools was a satisfactory religious training.

No person believes more strongly than I do that a true and complete education must be religious. The religious faculty must be cultivated, and instruction in religious truth is an absolute necessity. But this only suggests that the public school must not pretend to give a complete education. The hours of the public school are few in the year, the teachers are not selected for Christian faith or qualities, the course of study is secular, and the home is the place of nurture. Let the public school be remanded to its important but very partial place.

Now, first, that the school is secular is in accord with the spirit of our Government. The State in our land does not exist to teach religion. I do not refer, of course, to the character of the Province which preceded our national independence. The Massachusetts which established grammar schools expressly to counteract "one chief project of that old deluder Satan," which in the last century made the appointment of teachers dependent upon the approval of the local minister, and which would not commission the first officers of the Andover and Haverhill Artillery Companies until those persons had passed a satisfactory examination in the doctrines of justification by faith and of the work of the Holy Ghost, has passed away. The Constitution of the United States says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Massachusetts says: "No subject shall be hurt, molested or restrained in his person, liberty, or estate, for worshiping God in the manner most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience, or for his religious profession or sentiment." Its Bill of Rights says also: "All religious sects and denominations demeaning themselves peaceably and as good citizens of the Commonwealth shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law." A statute, in the same spirit, forbids the introduction of any text-book "favoring the tenet of any particular sect of Christians." These are in harmony with the act of the people which, in 1833, finally destroyed the power of towns or the State to tax the people for the support of churches.

These provisions declare a perfect equality of religious denominations, that no one shall be put in power by law, and that no tenet of any sect shall be favored. This necessarily rules out of schools religious instruction, if it is consistently carried out. Romanism cannot impose its tenets upon a Protestant child, and a Protestant teacher cannot impose his tenets upon a Catholic child. A Baptist teacher cannot teach immersion, and a Congregational teacher cannot teach endless punishment. Whether we like this or not, it is the fact. No "common law" even, no theory of some unwritten power in the State, can override the constitutional fetters which the American Revolution produced. No clearer authority is needed than that of Judge Story, in his opinion in the great *Girard* will case, where he declares this new limitation, and where he says, of the equality stated in the Pennsylvania Bill of Rights (like others), that "the language must have been intended to extend equally to all sects whether they believe in Christianity or not, whether they were Jews or infidels."

It is not the spirit of the American Government for the State to select and pay, from public taxes, ministers of the gospel to preach evensong doctrine, however much it might be for the public good. On the same principle it is not for the State to employ school teachers at the expense of the tax-payers to teach the gospel of Christ to children; and any religion less than that is not worth fighting over.

It has been said that the state has inherent right and duty to determine what the education of children shall be. There is much truth in this, but it needs very careful limitation. Did the protestant world approve when the Catholic authorities in Italy (if I remember) seizing from his parents the Jewish boy Mortara, educated him in the Romanist faith? The truth is, the State must insist, for its own existence and welfare in a republic, on the instruction of children in all needed branches, and for the diffusion of general intelligence as against ignorance. This grand idea demands the school system; but let it stop when it interferes with religious faiths.

But, secondly, any satisfactory religious instruction in public schools is absolutely impracticable, and we may as well acknowledge it. An avowedly secular system is far better for religion than a formal sham. We can not teach the distinctive tenets of any Christian denomination. Then, without tenets, what is there to teach? Our own churches can not consent to the Romanist papal authority as a tenet on one hand, nor to the denial of Christ's divinity on the other; and neither of these will leave the field to us, nor to all the denominations combined, who hold the "doctrines commonly called Evangelical." There is no possible common ground. Eliminate all except what all hold in common—Romanism, Protestantism, Indifferentism, Jew, Freethinker—and the remainder? Are martyrs to rule? There is nothing more dangerous than majorities unfettered by constitutions.

It may be said that we have the Bible read in schools. A law of 1855 required it, and a law of 1880 forbade all "note or comment," and excused from it all pupils whose parents objected to it. How much Bible is that? One teacher reads of Moses and the bulrushes, and of David and Goliath; and another reads colorless Psalms. Suppose the law be changed, and note and comment be made lawful—whose doctrine is to be taught by the teacher to our children?

No. The safest way, the wisest way, is to secularize the schools. It is simply asserting

the American principle that no church or anti-church shall use for its own purposes the public schools maintained by the taxation of the people. It makes them no more irreligious than a State blacksmith shop would be. It would teach the ordinary branches at the public expense, and leave religious teaching to parents, where God himself placed it. God established the family; men established the public school system.

It must not be understood that secularizing the schools excludes teaching and training in the moral virtues. These lie at the basis of all beliefs or no beliefs. They enter necessarily into the government of every school, and the daily intercourse of one pupil with all other pupils. They can not by any possibility be put out of sight. They are proper subjects of direct instruction. The Massachusetts constitution, which prohibits so plainly the tenets of every sect and denomination, expressly directs all teachers to "inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings; sincerity, good humor and all social affections and generous sentiments among the people." Nor is there any doubt that this subject should be emphasized even farther than it now is.

The length of this article obliges me to defer to another paper the application of the principle that the school is secular to some very important questions now challenging our wisdom.

## THE PUBLIC SCHOOL DISCUSSION—PART II.

To make the public school avowedly secular, is (as I said last week) to declare that religious instruction can not be a part of its work consistently with the American principle of government. Money raised by taxation of the people can not rightfully be used by, or for, the tenets of any particular sect; and that excludes religious instruction. In this view, any claim that the public school can give a complete education is of course excluded. Its work is narrowly limited. When a Roman Catholic teacher in the *Catholic World* heads his recent article, "Send the whole Boy to School," his little makes the fatal assumption that the "school" is to annihilate the home, the schoolmaster to depose the parent. The school does not "educate" in any complete sense. It ought not, and it can not. It is to teach the boy reading, writing, arithmetic, and other needful things, with a special regard to practice in thinking.

This secular basis has particular advantages in regard to present questions.

1. It affords a reasonable and just basis upon which to seek all citizens. It says to every sect and denomination: There is nothing in this instruction which in any way assails, or even slurs, your doctrines. Disputed religious questions are no more to be allowed in a public school than they would be in a conservatory of music. If all can unite on equal terms, without injury to conscience, in a town meeting, or in piano instruction, or in a cotton mill, what reason is there for not uniting children in classes to read, write, and cipher?

I am aware that the answer would be made by some that it is because we do not teach religion; which must really mean, and conscientiously so, their religion. There is great force in this, but it is based upon the totally erroneous theory that the public school, or any school, proposes to give a complete education. The public school occupies but a small portion of the pupil's time. A pupil who attends the very longest period of schooling in a year is in school only one-sixth of the hours of a year which remain after we give eight hours nightly to sleep. This leaves five-sixths of the time of every pupil open to religious instruction. Surely there is no hardship in so limited an amount of secular study, which leaves so much time for religious instruction according to the doctrines of the parent, or his church. If writing on a different phase of school questions, it could be shown how much more time could be deducted from the school hours, or more rapid progress be made, by omitting comparatively needless studies, dropping a mass of written exercises which uselessly harass teacher and pupil alike, and abandoning worse than useless examinations. But apart from this, is it not a wise economy to unite in purely secular study, at the expense of the State, and leave religion to the home? There can be no honesty in this multiplication of a doctrinal error hidden in the names of rivers and oceans. The only question would seem to be whether the teacher of religious instruction should, or should not, be paid by the State; and to this question there can be but one answer.

It were useless to pretend not to see that the "parochial school" question is just now the point of divergence. The Roman Catholic Church is establishing its own schools, and the State can not prevent it. The Catholic has as much right to establish a Catholic school as the Episcopalian to establish St. Paul's school. It is believed by many that numerous Catholics will not support the parochial schools; but neither the signs of the times, nor the nature of the case, justify, in my mind, such an expectation. If, however, such a division of feelings among Catholics is possible, it can only be upon the basis of a complete non-secularism, a total exclusion of secular study. Otherwise, the dissenting Catholic has no possible argument to sustain him as against others of his own church. I put little faith in it, but I consider it the more important that the sense of justice and fairness in the minds of non-Catholics shall be fully met. If any religious denominations should insist upon having the public school favor their views, and succeed in doing it, the public school is doomed.

The misfortune of this separation is not, in my view, that Catholic children be taught Catholic doctrine. But the line which seems likely to separate the children of the people into two great classes, largely by nationalities and almost into hostile camps, gives one a feeling of sadness. By the mingling of the children a whole generation has grown up with habits of increasing toleration and respect for each other as citizens, of incalculable advantage to the republic. Nor can I forget two hundred and more gallant men as ever fought and shed their blood, a mingled part of the thousand men with whom I once was specially associated as all alike dwindled away by fever or shot.

Absolute impartiality in the public school is due at least to every citizen, whether it succeeds or fails. Let us not needlessly rebel any whose hearts are with the public school, but give them all a platform which the mass of the people will feel and say is fair and right. The people have an instinctive sense of justice. Dr. Plumb was right. The misfortune which confronts society and the State is not religious divergence, but the separation from infancy, through childhood to manhood.

2. To secularize the public school is the only sure way to answer any future demand for a division of school money. It seems plain enough that money raised by taxation of the people ought not to be used to for-

views of any sect, denomination, or combination of denominations. This principle applies just as much to Catholic as to Protestant, to Protestant as to Catholic, to both together as to unbeliever, and to unbeliever as to both together. We can refuse a concession only upon grounds of impartial justice. Passionate appeals do not settle principles. Principles first, and then firmness. The people will never knowingly consent that any church, sect, or denomination, shall interfere with, control, or bias the public school. But the same answer must be given to every denomination alike. We cannot use the schools for any religious teaching, and then consistently refuse any particular denomination which feels aggrieved a proportionate share of the school money. The aggrieved sect has a right to say: "You force your views into the school; we demand our share of money for our views." The impregnable position for the State to take is that no concession for such a criticism shall exist; and, upon this principle, it is certain that at least New England will never listen to a proposition to support denominational schools.

3. The secular principle will at once decide disputed cases in school studies which touch upon different churches. It is the fact that under the Massachusetts statute, a dispute may arise whether the Donay version of the Bible, or that of King James, shall be selected for reading in schools; for either is equally lawful and fair. Passing by this awkward fact, history is the only field where trouble is likely to arise. The State has but one unwavering rule to adhere to; it teaches all necessary facts with perfect indifference as to the likes or dislikes of any church. It cares for nothing but the fact. If in the study of history, the school comes against some incident which ought to be taught, it says at once the plain fact, whatever it may be, coming naturally, and mentioned in a right spirit, and not with any intent to slur anybody, or to misrepresent present views, shall be taught. It shall make no difference whether it is, or is not, unpleasant reading for any nation or sect. It would not be at all agreeable to Congregationalists to have it found that their Puritan forefathers imprisoned Baptists and hung Quakers; but if that is a fact, it cannot be blotted out of history, and if it is presented as a mere fact, and without an attempt to shadow anybody but those who did it, we cannot complain. Tetzel did something as to indulgences which was the occasion of a tremendous conflict in the world's history. What he did is easily ascertained, and school history cannot ignore it. If his church sustained him in what he did, that is a matter of history. There is no difficulty in stating the facts in a calm, unimpassioned, judicial manner. If, for any reason, the facts should be unpleasant to his church, that church must do as we do about the Quaker business. The State cannot inquire whether any church likes or dislikes the record of past ages. This is the fair platform upon which all citizens can stand, and on that platform they will stand, and not pervert or ignore history, either from policy or fear. Its teaching will not, however, ascribe to any denomination an interpretation of its doctrines—either by inference, omission, or direct statement—which that church disclaims. Pupils must not be taught that we believe in hanging Quakers, because Congregationalists hung Quakers two hundred years ago.

This principle should govern the action of every school committee. First, it should be absolutely just, and know no denomination. I recall a locality where every resident woman teacher, when I became connected with the schools, belonged to one particular Protestant denomination. Secondly, it is equally important that a school committee should avoid the appearance of evil. If any sectarian question arises, it should be met by slow and cautious examination, patient deliberation, and in the end the most minute statement of facts to the public. The people have intelligence and honesty, and will appreciate a decision so made. But if there appear to be an unseemly haste, an appearance of privacy, a failure to state facts and reasons, and, above all, a suspicion of any ecclesiastical or political dictation, the alarm of a sensitive people will be justly aroused. The people will maintain justice and impartiality, and will not allow any church or party to interfere with the schools.

Perfect fairness and inflexible firmness is the right spirit, and the secular school the right basis.—*The Congregationalist*.

## PROHIBITIONIST

One Thing Thou Lackest.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The following letter has been refused an admission into the columns of the *New York Pioneer*. Perhaps the controlling spirit of the *Pioneer* does not want its readers to get a glimpse at the weakness to be found in the Prohibition platform. If you should publish the letter you may thereby help some honest voters to conclude that they better vote to properly settle practical questions than to carry out their ideal of a law which is not sustained by a well-grounded hope:

*Editor New York Pioneer:* With great interest I read the discussion in your issue of the 11th of last month, "On the Crosby High-License Bill and the Necessity for a National Party to Bring About Prohibition." The discussion was able and pointed, yet it made me think how the Republicans and Democrats fought the Southern Rebellion. Both parties fought to save the same thing—slavery—that the Southerners wanted saved. The Democrats wanted slavery saved because it was in the sacred Bible, and the Republicans did not want to abolish it because it was in the sacred constitution. A little Anti-slavery or Abolition party, which had the name of irritating the Southern branch of our national family until they rebelled, was called all the bad names that Republicans and Democrats knew how to speak, yet it kept on praying for the abolition of human bondage. Any person who has a memory only half full, about our last war, remembers that the Union army had its greatest victories won after our Southern cousins had had a sufficient time of madness to allow Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation to take effect. "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," and then keep them mad long enough, as the Southern people were. Many soldiers have been heard to say that they went into the war as Republicans and Democrats and came out as Abolitionists.

One kind of slavery has gone and another as bad or worse remains. Gen. Fisk approvingly quoted from the *New York Tribune* what can be appropriately repeated here, in these words:

"We are all agreed touching one thing, that the liquor traffic in this country of ours is the one great overshadowing evil of the times. The *New York Tribune* says it is the 'heaviest clog in the progress of our country' and that if all the other evils that afflict society are put together they will not nearly equal in weight and sinister effect the one

enormous and universal mischief of intemperance. 'Sooner or later,' says the same journal, 'it will be necessary for the intelligent and progressive elements of society to drop all lesser enterprises, and combine in one determined assault upon that vice which is to-day the heaviest clog upon progress and the deepest disgrace of the nineteenth century.'

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the subject, Gen. Fisk and four other talented speakers, who discussed it for hours, on the 2d of last month, before 1,500 people, never made the least reference to the worst manufacturers of drunkards. High-license advocates and Prohibitionists appeared to be united in allowing such worst makers of drunkards to go on with their business without objections, just as Republicans and Democrats were willing that slave owners should keep their slaves if they would stop fighting. "The liquor traffic," for its use as a beverage alone needed regulating or prohibiting, was the expression of the speakers. Not a word was said against keeping expecting mothers, whose lives influence their offspring, under the influence of intoxicants. No censure was offered against making the infant's first bath alcoholic. No objection was made to washing the baby's mouth with brandy so as to prevent it having a sore mouth; and a little later, to stuffing the innocent and helpless child with whiskey or morphine to keep it from having a necessary cry. There was no criticism that went out from the large meeting held in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, against the popular treatment of disease with intoxicants and stupefiers, the bad effects of which there is no language to describe. The doctor who gets drunk, or, by his prescriptions helps others to become drunkards, was silently admitted to be doing a praiseworthy work.

Mr. Editor, so long as Prohibitionists are no nearer right on the liquor question than Republicans and Democrats were on the slavery question, they have no right to disbelieve when told, that their kind of prohibition never will prohibit. The liquor business is just as safe and proper in the hands of saloon keepers and tenders of gin mills as it would be under the control of unprincipled doctors and druggists. Until nominal Prohibitionists take up arms, hands, tongues and brains against a large class of doctors who are, with alcoholic prescriptions and narcotics, injuring the nerves and poisoning the blood of their patients who are consequently forced to patronize beer peddlers and saloon keepers, the temperance cause will not properly progress. Stop encouraging, exciting or arousing appetites in the sick-room and nursery, for intoxicants and stupefiers, before asking for a law to prohibit the gratification of such appetites.

While Prohibitionists do not understand that a rum doctor has a chance to be a great social evil, they run and sell, they are poorly qualified to take official positions. A party that claims to be working against the drink curse and does nothing by precept and example to let the people know what fools or worse some medical professors are for teaching that alcohol has nutritive properties, while the truth is it has no more nourishment in it than whisky have, is no more entitled to national power than Democrats and Republicans, who are the friends of the bloated idea that they fatten on alcoholic beverages. Of course, whisky drinking and prescribing doctors are no better than rum sellers. Is it right to encourage doctors who make bad drinkers and then blame another class of persons for furnishing the drinks? It is too thin to talk about nerves that have been spoiled by wrong prescriptions being self-controlling; therefore, moral suasion needs the help of legal suasion; and Prohibitionists should not be afraid to give more of both kinds of suasion to doctors.

On the 13th of last month Henry Knickerbacker, Jr., put a bullet into his brain, in the Warden hotel at Saratoga. Dr. E. E. Gardner was called, and then went before a coroner's jury and testified: "I injected two drams of brandy into his right arm and his pulse came up; he rallied, gasped and died." With a suicides agent put into his head and a doctor's injurious or deadly agent put into his arm, what other thing could he do but die? Such makes me think of the treatment Gen. Washington received. After receiving four copious bleedings, and taking over ten grains of calomel and five or six grains of tartar emetic in about 24 hours, his doctors reported that "he expired without a struggle." After receiving such treatment, how was it possible, even for a hero, to struggle?

A few months ago a middle aged man was taken sleepy and tired, after he had taken considerable exercise, and in less than 24 hours died. The doctor of the deceased man said to one of his relatives that he ought to have had some stimulants, meaning without expressing it, some reliable unfarmaceut vegetable stimulants. The relative replied, "O, yes he had stimulants; the doctor gave him hypodermic injections of alcohol." There is not a shadow of good sense in such treatment; and it has nothing but false education and the too slow learning of the difference between endurance and care to make it popular. On this important item about allowing doctors to injure or kill the people with alcoholic drinks the Prohibitionists appear to be about as deep in the mud as Republicans and Democrats are in the mire.

I know by an experience and observation in the medical profession, during a period of over thirty-seven years, that there is no necessity nor justification for giving patients, having curable diseases, that tyrannical or exciting article in various drinks which another writer has, with true figurative language, claimed, "produces fever, feeds rheumatism, nurses the most welcome epidemics, invites disease imparts pestilence, embraces consumption, cherishes dyspepsia, and encourages apoplexy and paralytic affections; which covers the land with idleness and poverty, disease and crime; which fills our jails, supplies our almshouses and furnishes subjects for our asylums; which engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots; which condemns law, spurns order; which crowds the penitentiaries and furnishes the victims for the scaffold; which is the lifeblood of the gambler, the fend of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary and assassin, the friend and companion of the brothel; which countenances the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemer; which violates obligations, reverences fraud and honors infamy; which defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence; which writes the father to butcher his innocent children; helps the husband to kill his wife, and aids the child to grind the parrietal ax."

The Prohibition Party is sound in fighting any kind of license for intemperance; and it should continue to oppose local option for drunkenness, because such option is no better than it was when connected with the slavery question. The one thing lacking in the party platform, is a declaration against having any more drunken mothers, children, nurses and doctors. There are enough vo-

ters until they can be better. The party should profit by the experience the Republican party has had for putting ballots into the hands of ex-slaves before they were qualified, to vote. At the close of the war, it was a sad mistake that a people, having free school houses, reconstructed without making a moral and intellectual qualification for all voters. While the legislative force about bribery at elections remains on our State statute books, there will be enough flood-water in market for political gamblers. Said farce, making the rich, powerful and tempting buyers of votes no more guilty than the poor, weak and ignorant sellers, and consequently making it impossible to obtain witnesses to enforce it, never was intended to spoil the business of corrupters of elections. Men who bought themselves into legislative offices, had no idea of injuring their own trade. Woman should not ask for the right to use the ballot without insisting that all voters should have moral and intellectual qualifications. She ought to understand that saloon keepers have wives and daughters, and doctors have female victims who like beer and stronger drinks. Any young woman or man who has not learned to read, write and behave well, ought not to vote.

Prohibitionists should not, say, shut up saloons now and then we will attack the drunkard-makers in the medical profession; because that is the stale and foolish argument of Republicans, who say, give us high-license for the present and then we will the easier grow into prohibition. The nature of high-license will be to increase the price of alcoholic drinks; and the poor, who need them just as much as the rich, will be forced in a greater manner to starve or steal to obtain them. The high-license of a curse or crime is not in agreement with that true primary or fundamental government beginning in families and schools—which requires good behavior and examples from the big boys and girls. It is a bad compromise to undertake to regulate a wrong by granting it the advantage of a license, and the Prohibitionists will have "Bull Run after Bull Run," until they issue a full "emancipation proclamation." There never will be a prohibition that prohibits until professing Prohibitionists tell (and stick to it, "Live or die, survive or perish") their family physicians that they want no more of their prescriptions until they learn how to treat diseases without sowing the seeds of drunkenness. If Prohibitionists will wake up to a proper sense of duty, they will discover that doctors are no worse to subdue than rebels were. Treasures better be spent in a war for the extermination of intemperance instead of for its support; and soldiers better die the death of the righteous rather than be forced into the graves of drunkards. A saloonkeeper is as sound when he thinks his customers need whisky as a doctor is who thinks the same thing about his patients. The people will have better doctors when they make a proper demand for them, and in a decisive manner. Most of doctors are like rum-sellers, they never reform until compelled to; and what better way is there to drive a man out of a wicked business than to take away his patrons? It is worse than nonsense to either directly or indirectly encourage old fogies in medical colleges in a part of their business of instructing students how to make drunkards.

The temperance cause has been starving for many long years on half a loaf, and the sooner its advocates demand a whole loaf the better. Prohibitionists never will have a strong platform until they put into it a plank composed of material like the following pledge:

"We, the subscribers, jointly and severally, agree to oppose, in every honorable way, the importation, manufacture, supply, sale and use of all liquors known as alcoholic beverages, whether furnished by liquor vendors or prescribed by nurses or doctors; and, each and all of us declare that we will not employ any physician who prescribes, except in incurable cases, or formidable operations, any drug which has been known to cause a diseased habit or appetite."

G. W. KING, M. D.  
King's Station, N. Y., March, 1888.

## THE SPORT OF SPIRITS.

Peter Cure and Wife, Honest Farmer Folk,  
Made the Playthings of Ghosts.

All Sorts of Weird Occurrences at the House  
Paralyze the Good People of the Country-side.

The following is from the *Chicago Times* of Sept. 26th:

Spooks, fairies, ghosts, familiars—by whatever name they may be known—have made terrible ravages in the happiness of Peter Cure, an honest farmer man.

Mr. Cure has a couple of hundred acres of good land, half of which is in the township of Palos and half in the township of Orland. One of his nearest neighbors was Farmer McLaughrey until that agriculturist went to Joliet, and belonging to the owners of surrounding property are to be found many names that figure in the boodle-history of Cook County. But that, by the way, has nothing to do with Mr. Cure's visitation, for Mr. Cure is an honest man. He is also one of the wealthiest farmers thereabouts. His house and land are about eighteen miles from Chicago and four miles from the town of Worth and the nearest railroad station, and its remoteness from travel might make the place additionally enticing as a resort for ghosts, were the spirits of the kind that seek concealment. But they are not. They are bold, brazen-faced spooks, who enter the honest farmer's house as a bandit might enter, and unblushingly destroy his peace.

The first open appearance of the ghosts—or ghost, for Mr. Cure holds to the belief that there is only one—occurred Sept. 14. Mrs. Cure was preparing supper for the family. Having set the table Mrs. Cure went into the kitchen to get the salt-cellar. While in the kitchen she paused to look after some of the food on the fire, but was away not more than five minutes, possibly only three or four. When she returned a most wonderful and amazing thing had occurred. The table had been lifted from its place in the middle of the room and carried by ghostly arms into a corner. The cloth lay just as it had been placed by Mrs. Cure but the dishes had been changed in a strange manner. Papa Cure's plate and cup and saucer had danced across to Mamma Cure's place at table and Mamma Cure's had changed over to Papa Cure's place. The tea cup in front of Mike Cure's chair had moved over and given place to the hired man's mustache cup. Mike Cure never had a mustache and this change may possibly have been a bit of irony on the part of the shade. It didn't strike Mrs. Cure as funny, though. She was terrified by the mysterious transformation. With a pale face and big eyes she rushed to the barn where her husband was unharnessing a horse and besought



him to come into the house—that there was a ghost in the dining-room.

Mr. Cure laughed, but his wife was evidently in earnest, and not being much afraid of anything less substantial than church-bells Mr. Cure braced himself in the dining-room, his wife following him at a distance with faltering steps. Mr. Cure could not see anything strange in the appearance of his room. His good wife peered anxiously over his shoulder and became a shade paler and wilder eyed. Was it possible that she was deceived? Was her mind failing? The table was standing just where she left it when she made the journey to the kitchen. Her plate was in its proper place; so was Mr. Cure's. The mustache cup reposed in front of the empty chair of the bearded hired man and the strapping's cup was where it belonged.

While Mr. Cure was guffawing at his wife they both heard a noise, and looking around saw the door of the kitchen open and a pan of roast pork shoot out and drop half way across the room. Instinctively Mr. Cure looked over his shoulder again as if to catch the unseen power in its act of malice, and behold! the door again opened and the pan was again and again the dishes had been changed by the left hands. That converted Mr. Cure completely, and his laugh died on his lips. He summoned his son and the hired man and a conference was held in the little dining-room. While they were talking three or four cucumbers were hurled through the window. The men and Mike—who is a lad of 18—got up and rushed into the yard, the boy going through the window and the men taking the two doors. They moved so quickly that it would have been impossible for any human intruder to have escaped, they say; but a search in every corner of the yard and in the neighboring field revealed no one. Thoroughly scared and down-hearted they went back to the house and sat in the now darkened dining-room speaking in whispers and waiting for the return. There were no manifestations till Mr. Cure arose and lighted a lamp. The flame seemed to arouse the familiar. The door slammed open, the lower sash of the window flew up, and a gust of wind blew out the light. They were too badly frightened to relight the lamp and they dozed all night in the dark. When morning came with no repetition of the uncanny performances they began to think the spook had fled.

The unwelcome chap did not return till 7 o'clock. Mr. Cure somewhat relieved in mind, went to the barn and harnessed his horses to the market wagon, intending to drive to Worth. After completing the job he returned to the house to get his coat and hat. When he got back to the barn the horses were unhitched, the wagon-pole down, the harness hanging from its peg. Mr. Cure was annoyed at this, for he knew by it that the spirit still haunted him, but he went gloomily to work, reharnessed the team, and drove away to Worth, where he told his story to everybody and caused a panic among the simple German folk of the town. Three of these, Gustav Sattlem, John Reid, and Eli Dilly—all well-known and reputable citizens and substantial farmers, who will testify on oath if necessary to the extraordinary occurrences—promised to call on Mr. Cure that afternoon and test to the truthfulness of his story.

During the good man's absence in town one of the strangest of all the strange manifestations of witchcraft occurred. The boy Mike was shucking corn and dreaming about the ghost, when his knife was rudely whipped out of his hand and carried about ten rods away. The boy was paralyzed for an instant, but when his stupor wore off, like a good, sensible boy, he went looking for the knife. Following a trail that had appeared as though it had been made by some big, crawling form, he went up to where the tool lay. He shucked no more that day.

In the afternoon came Mr. Dilly, Mr. Sattlem, and Mr. Reid, and they had a cordial reception, for just as soon as they reached the threshold the door slammed in their faces and a flower-pot with a big geranium in it dropped at their feet and was shattered. This scared Mr. Reid and Mr. Sattlem, who suggested that the ghost was unfriendly, but Mr. Dilly, being younger, said: "No; we will go into this thing further," and the three marched into the house. As they entered a china teapot fell from the kitchen shelf and crashed on the floor. The stove-pipe fell and the doors banged with dreadful violence. In the dining-room where the family sat the pictures turned faces to the wall.

Mr. Dilly was still for deeper investigation, though. He carefully looked both doors of the dining-room and pulled the catches down on the windows. The ghost rebelled at this inhospitable act. Through the glass apparently, but without shattering it, came a shower of gravel and sand, mingled with bits of vegetables and miscellaneous articles. The locked doors were unlocked and thrown rudely open, then as rudely shut and latched again. Dilly went out to look for the trickster, but his search was useless. He looked the door from the outside, he and Mr. Cure standing without. The key was removed from the door and hurled into the room in which sat the rest of the stupefied party.

Mr. Dilly was now firmly convinced that there really was a ghost around, and having heard of the said habit these parties have of communicating by slate writing he got a slate out and Mr. Reid wrote this question: "For God's sake what do you want?"

The answer was down in an instant: "See Pete."

Again Mr. Reid wrote: "Who are you and what do you want?"

Answer: "United Pete."

"I don't understand. Write plainer."

"Pete; it is your mother," was the reply.

Then came another shower of gravel and the ghost refused to answer and was not heard of again that evening. But on the next day and on every succeeding day until last Sunday some freak revealed his presence to the terrified family. Last Friday he looked all the doors in the house and took away the keys. When Mr. Cure wrote, "For heaven's sake give us back those keys," the keys were returned to the doors.

Mr. Cure finally gave way to the neighbors, who had all along entreated him to invoke heavenly aid, and sent to Blue Island for the priest. Sunday afternoon the good father came out to the farm and in the garb of his holy office and with blessed candles and holy water prepared to exorcise the fiend. While he was reciting the prayers a final blast of sand came with a wild flurry of wind, and the lights of the candles were extinguished. The priest scattered holy water around the room and the ghost disappeared, presumably, for it has not broken the peace since 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The affair naturally aroused the whole farming community of the southern part of the county, and the invasion of a pestilence could not have caused a more fearful commotion. At least fifty persons called daily on Mr. Cure to see the wonders they had heard and they caused so much damage to what the spook had left unhurt that Mr. Cure was obliged to bar the door to them. But

two or three hundred men of honesty and reputation in that part of Cook County are ready to make affidavit to the truth of the narrative.

#### A Theosophist's Reply to W. E. Coleman.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you allow a brief response by one who has never met either Madame Blavatsky or Mr. Coleman, to the article by the latter in the JOURNAL of Sept. 8, entitled, "Madame Blavatsky and Theosophy, a Reply to My Critics?"

1. Motives rather than acts are the basis of theosophy as well as Christian character. Mr. Coleman ignores this truth. The rules and principles of theosophy, cited by him, as regards unselfishness show this clearly. They are generic, not specific. Self-control and heart-purity are necessary, but where Mr. Coleman fails in his argument from beginning to end, is in his supposition that certain acts of Madame Blavatsky prove a lack of self-control and a want of heart-purity. These acts prove nothing of the kind, but on the contrary, they may prove just the opposite,—depending entirely on the motive that prompts these acts. Suppose Madame Blavatsky, in following Russian customs among women, smokes cigarettes; suppose that she utters again and again most emphatic oaths, unless we know the motive for these acts it by no means follows that only an impostor, still less that theosophy is a personal scheme, nor is it fair to jump to a conclusion from the act to the motive as Mr. Coleman does. Because such a conclusion is popular proves nothing. Mr. Coleman's hasty judgment seems almost cruel in one light. He makes no inquiry as to the motive for the swearing, nor as to whether there could be any explanation given of the habit, if such it be. The simple fact that she swears is conclusive evidence, and straightway Mr. Coleman liberally proceeds, under cover of a reply to his critics, to violently frustrate the Madame's schemes for personal aggrandizement by causing, with a stroke of his pen, the whole Temple of Theosophy to come tumbling down on the heads of her devoted followers!

The man and his whole argument doubtless seem to most of your readers unworthy of a thoughtful, earnest reply. I examine the logic of his argument only for honest seekers for theosophic truth, who might be hindered in their search by his attempted argument. One way of stating his argument is as follows. Let us examine it. Swearing is always wrong. Madame Blavatsky swears, therefore Madame Blavatsky is wrong in swearing. This is a correct conclusion provided the major premise has no exception; but Mr. Coleman adds to this conclusion that, therefore, Madame Blavatsky's life, acts and teachings are false and the principles of the philosophy of which she was the founder and is to-day the self-sacrificing exponent must also be false. These conclusions by no means follow, and no flow of words—no overwhelming of certainties can deduce these conclusions from these premises under any known rules of logic and fair reasoning.

But let us state his argument in a different form and examine it. Absolute unselfishness and self-control are essential to the special knowledge and power which theosophy truth declares has been and can be attained. Now Madame Blavatsky claims such special knowledge and power; but she swears, and thus lacks self-control, and therefore she is not unselfish and must be an impostor, claiming to do what she cannot under her own rules. But this whole argument depends for its validity upon the cause or motive for the swearing. Is this caused by a lack of self-control? If so, Mr. Coleman's argument is valid. Is it caused by selfishness? Then is Mr. Coleman's argument valid; but we cannot take this for granted as Mr. Coleman does, since we thus leave a fatal weakness in the argument. Does Mr. Coleman pretend to say that any swearing that Madame Blavatsky does must be caused by a lack of self-control? If so, we deny any such necessity and say on the contrary that the cause may be the exact opposite; that it may be caused by her self-control and that she may have the best of motives for her action, and until the cause be shown the argument rests on a supposition.

But does Mr. Coleman exonerate himself by asking how else can he judge of the motive save by the external act? I reply by the whole life, not by any particular acts. Let the character be his guide—the character as shown by constant, repeated and well attested proofs of an unselfish motive and a sincere desire to work for the race rather than self. Any one approaching the subject with an unbiased desire in all fairness to draw correct conclusions, would find little difficulty. Mr. Coleman's article is in marked contrast to such an attitude, for it bristles all over with sharp cutting thorns used with a too evident wish to injure persons rather than to ascertain truth.

That Madame Blavatsky has in any act of her life been selfish an unprejudiced mind seeking the truth of fact will find it difficult to show; on the contrary her whole career shows repeated acts of unselfishness. Will Mr. Coleman kindly point out one selfish act on her part? If he can, in the minute nearest for it, he will find, if he is honest in the search, repeated acts of unselfishness which form the life current of her impulses and aims—acts worthy of emulation by us all.

2. Persons are not principles, nor are personalities arguments. Many honest and intelligent persons believe that Madame Blavatsky has opened for genuine truth-seekers the door to God-giving principles of life and action, principles which no amount of ridicule of the private lives of those that believe in them can overthrow. The truth, whatever its source, should be received as truth, whether from Madame Blavatsky or Mr. Coleman. If, received on its merits, irrespective of its being accredited or not by some particular person or local popularity. Whether Mr. Coleman's utterances are true or false should be decided entirely aside from all questions regarding his private life, and the same is true of theosophy and Madame Blavatsky, of the truth she brings and the life she leads. Ridicule of a person's life is argument against a principle; persons may fall even in living out the truth they proclaim, but the truth itself will stand. This seems sound reasoning, and if so, Mr. Coleman's argument fails, for it is entirely an argument *ad hominem*.

3. Theosophy deals with nothing but realities. Words are not thoughts, though they are generally suggestive of thoughts, but with widely different results in different persons. Acts are not motives though generally suggestive of them. The intuition once developed is deeper and far more accurate than the intellect. The realities of the physical senses in the light of spiritual perceptions are not actual, only seeming; and yet to the physical eye they are the only realities possible. Madame Blavatsky, voicing the wisdom of others far wiser than she, proclaims that thoughts, motives, intuitions and spirit-

ual perceptions must be unselfishly consecrated to the service of others rather than self; and that without such consecration there can be no continued or masterful progress; but Mr. Coleman does not seem capable of realizing such a standard. He seems to live wholly in the realm of the seeming rather than the actual; to prefer words to thoughts; to magnify acts to the exclusion of motives; as the Goliath of intellect to boldly challenge the world of reason, while the modest David of intuition, with his sling stones of spiritual truth is laughed to scorn. But nevertheless truth advances and the right shall prevail, while foremost midst the throng of those whose hearts hail its triumphant progress stand the theosophists of America saying, "Let the right prevail though the heavens fall." To Mr. Coleman they say in the words quoted of Gamaliel, "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God ye can not overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

W. E. M. STEARNS.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 23.

#### Magazines for October, received early.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) The opening article for October is by Prof. E. D. Cope on "The Philosophical Basis of the Theory of the Relation of the Sexes to Government; A Living Mystery is a paper by Grant Allen; The Growth of Jelly-Fishes is concluded; Man in Relation to the lower Animals presents the claims of the human race to be regarded as a much more intelligent than is attributed to them; Dr. Herter tells what Hypnotism is and what it is not; Curiosities of Evolution describes the "pinnacle gland"; M. Emile Blanchard gives an account of Spiders and their ways.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) Mrs. Ella Peattie has a delightful story about some original "But-Ins" which should be read by friends. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells has a readable article about the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A Doggerel describes the strange canine comedies of Consanguinity. Puck and Puppypunk by George Parsons Latrobe is a story too showing a funny side of a dog's character. Daniel Webster in his New Hampshire Home, deals with the home life and the heart-traits of the great American statesman. Edward Everett Hale concludes his interesting Boston Common articles.

The Chicago Law Times. (Chicago.) A biographical sketch of the fifth Chief Justice of the United States with portrait is timely; Judge Elliott Anthony contributes Reform in the Administration of the Criminal Law in the State of Illinois; Representative Archdeacon, P. W. Farwell, discusses the rights of the lives of several prominent lawyers of this city. Suffrage in Washington Territory consists of a letter from W. S. Burr upon this subject. Charles B. Waite asks who were the voters in the early history of this country? The Department of Medical Jurisprudence, with Editorials and Book Reviews, completes the October number of this quarterly.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The second installment of *Passo Rosso* appears in this number and will elicit much praise. The Pioneers of Ohio is a lively contribution to the fund of historical information, and especially a most interesting contribution at Cincinnati now, in progress. The Tutor of a Great Prince refers to the pedagogue to whom the Emperor of Hadrian confided the training of Marcus Aurelius. Garibaldi's Early Years is a graphic account of an adventurous Italian life. Other notable articles are: Esoteric Economy; Iceland, Summer and Winter; In a Border State, and Boston Painters and Paintings.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) An English Deer-Park with illustrations opens this number and is followed by much good reading. Ranch life is depicted in a most interesting article by the American Machine Cannon and Dynamite Gun; a most important article is George Kennan's on the Siberian Exile System, being one of the series that is creating so much excitement. The Lincoln papers are the subject of an interesting article by the National Military system discusses several important questions in regard to the Army and Military, and short articles, notes and poems conclude a variety of reading.

The Forum. (New York.) The readers of the Forum are certainly to be congratulated in having such a strong and able table of contents for October. The first of the series of articles is a most interesting sketch of Count Leo Tolstoy; this is followed by the progress of the Nation; Race Antagonism in the South; by Senator Eastie; The Great Railway Debt; and How the Tariff affects Wages. Edmund Gosse, the author of an adventure in America, produced a Poet? Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol writes about the Border Land of Morals. And W. B. Farwell tells why the Chinese must go.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) The boys and girls who read St. Nicholas will find a good table of contents for October. Two Little Confederates ends, and the third installment of Little Ike Tullin is given. Jessie C. Glasier sends a little missionary from House to House and recounts her experience. William O. Stoddard tells how Three Boy Bears succumbed in eating themselves in a bear-pit. Sea-Gulls from the Lighthouse and a Floating Home are descriptive of animal life.

The Woman's World. (New York.) The Streets of London is a sharp attack upon the ugliness of the streets of this famous city, by the also famous writer "Ouida." An interesting paper is Tapestry Weaving, with illustrations. Child Players of the World are shown in a most interesting and useful sketch of Count Leo Tolstoy; this is followed by the progress of the Nation; Race Antagonism in the South; by Senator Eastie; The Great Railway Debt; and How the Tariff affects Wages. Edmund Gosse, the author of an adventure in America, produced a Poet? Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol writes about the Border Land of Morals. And W. B. Farwell tells why the Chinese must go.

Lucifer. (London, Eng.) H. S. Olcott contributes an article on the Barisal Guns, and Mable Collins follows with a paper entitled Death. Light from the East is a play essay from the pen of Franz Hartmann. Laurence Oliphant's paper on Dynasties Force will be read by many admirers of this gifted man. There are several good articles beside the above, with notes and reviews.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The question of State Socialism is discussed in the October number and has many interesting features. The article on "Genius and Talent" is a brilliant article by Grant Allen. The invitation to celebrate the French Revolution explains the difference between this and other great revolutionary movements. Other articles upon a variety of subjects, with notes and items closes an instructive number.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) The aim of this monthly is to give mothers of young children methods of amusement combined with instruction. Nursery Occupations and Typical Lessons in the October issue give practical hints in this direction.

The Path. (New York.) Tales of the Ancient Rajputs will interest many readers. The fourth chapter of the Bhagavad-Gita contains much that is instructive. Karma and Providence; Conversations on Occultism, and A German Mystic's Teachings, are some of the varied contents for October.

Buchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) The opening article for October is indeed very suggestive and bears the title What do we need? This is followed by an account of the Free Academy's "fumbling" with Psychometry. Some generous sentiments of Emerson are given, also miscellaneous notes and items.

Our Little Ones and The Nursery. (Boston.) The children will find much to amuse them in the October issue of this pleasing monthly for the young. The Theosophist. (Madras, India.) The September issue of this monthly is at hand with a good table of contents, devoted to oriental philosophy, art and occultism.

Woman's World. (Chicago.) The contents of this issue are devoted to the uplifting of humanity through the truth as taught by Christian Science. Also: St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo. Mental Science, Chicago. The Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H. The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich. The Children's Friend, and Kindergarten, New York. Sphinx, Munich, Bavaria. Annali Dello Spirito, Torino, Italy. La Revue Spirite, Paris.

#### A CLAIM TO HUMAN GRATITUDE.

Charlotte Corday, the sad-faced, tender-hearted peasant girl of Normandy made great history by one desperate act!

Sickened to the saturnalia of the French revolution, and moved to desperation as Robespierre and Marat were leading the flower of France to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.

Marat had demanded two hundred thousand victims for the guillotine!

He proposed to kill off the enemies of the Revolution to make it perpetual!

Horrible thought! No wonder it fired the blood of this patriotic peasant maid!

Gaining access to his closely guarded quarters by a subterfuge, she found him in his bath, even then inexorable and giving written directions for further slaughter!

He asked her the names of the inimical deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. "That is well! Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat.

"Come to me, my dear friend, come to me," cried Marat, and expired under the blow!

In the Corcoran gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars, with her hand to her cheek in grief.

It is a thrilling and picture, full of sorrow for her suffering country, and of unconquerable hate for her country's enemies.

What a lesson in this tragic story! Two hundred, nay, five hundred thousand people would Marat have sacrificed to his unholy passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inexorable as men, and they number their victims by the millions.

The page of history is full of murders by authority and by the pagan ideas! In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as many more killed by unjustifiable bigotry by bungling!

But the age is bettering. Men and methods are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. To-day there are not two fourths of any town in this country who do not regularly prescribe some form of proprietary remedy!

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure, began hunting up the old remedies of his Log Cabin days; after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, leaves, balsams and herbs which were the successful standards of our grandmothers. These simple, old-fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption and other remedies have struck a popular chord and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not the untold and imaginary remedies of our grandmothers intent on making money, but the long sought principles of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, but for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man,—whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame, and bound up the wounds of death, so in their new form but older power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations." Corday did the world an incalculable service in riding France of the bigoted and murderous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by reintroducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

#### New Books Received.

The following books from Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.: Up the North Branch or a Summer's Outing. By Capt. Charles A. J. Farrar. \$1.25.

The Washing-Cap Papers. By Leigh Hunt. Cloth, 50 cents.

Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe. Cloth, 50 cents.

Fire-side Saints. Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk and other papers. By Douglas Jerrold. Cloth, 50 cents.

Broken Lights. By Frances Power Cobbe. Cloth, 50 cents.

Songs For Our Darlings. Edited by Uncle Willis. Paper, 30 cents.

Mrs. Partington's Edition of Mother Goose's Melodies. Edited by Uncle Willis. Paper, 30 cents.

The Dead Doll and other verses. By Margaret Vandergrift. Boston: Ticknor & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

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BY J. J. MORSE.

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OF

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 13, 1888.

## "Thomas Paine's Character."

On the fifth page of this issue may be found an article under the above heading.

VAL has no disposition to "canonize" Paine or any other man, living or dead. He recognizes Paine's great serminal and religious reformer, or give him credit for the useful and for the noble work he performed among the young men of this generation. Now "the facts in regard to his life" the man and to feel profound admiration for his unselfish devotion to human freedom. When he is will, "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind and my time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator, God," he wrote the truth, and he wrote, too, as a self-respecting, independent, courageous man, accustomed to simplicity and directness of statement, knowing what service he had rendered, and proudly conscious of the purity of his motives and the integrity of his life.

There was a reason, there was a demand for such a statement; for his "Age of Reason" had made him an object of scurrility and slander from the pulpit, while political opponents were doing all they could to injure the party which he supported by making him personally odious to the American people. It was a time not only of religious narrowness and bigotry, but of strong party feeling and political virulence. The private life of Jefferson was attacked in the most shameful manner, and as Paine was an intimate friend and vigorous supporter of Jefferson, he was abused in some of the political papers almost as violently as from the pulpit and in the religious journals.

Grant Thornburn was a religious bigot and a scandal monger who seemed to think that it was his peculiar mission to counteract the influence of Paine's infidelity. He collected all the scandal he could hunt up in regard to the author of the "Age of Reason," going to individuals in the lower walks of life, whom Paine by his independence had offended, and taking down their angry or silly words (in some cases repeated of and apologized for afterwards) as descriptive of the character and life of the great heretic.

Grant Thornburn's letters to the New York Observer of April 17th and May 1st, 1851 (when he was 79 years old) show that he was a religious zealot, that he was full of gossip, that he was anxious to show that Paine's teachings were ruinous, and that he (Thornburn) was unscrupulous as to the means employed to accomplish his purpose. He stated that Paine left England for America as a defaulter, when he knew that Paine came to this country with letters of introduction from Benjamin Franklin. He said that Paine's wife obtained a divorce for cruelty and neglect, when Paine never was divorced from his second wife, and the first wife died a few months after the marriage. Most of the slanders which Thornburn reproduced and circulated were first started by a fellow named Cheetham who wrote a mean and malicious biography of Paine, for statements in which, he was prosecuted and fined. Thornburn, by the advice of his counsel, after Paine's death retracted some of his libelous statements about a lady and Paine. There is not a particle of evidence that Thomas Paine had any relations with women that were not strictly honorable.

The stories about Paine's intemperance during the last years of his life are contradicted by several men who knew him intimately

In 1802 he was honored with a public dinner in New York City and was called upon by some of the greatest men of the time. In 1803-4-5 he wrote valuable treatises on gun boats, yellow fever and other subjects of practical interest, as well as numerous essays and articles on political and religious subjects. These writings indicate a clear and vigorous mind, imbued with a philanthropic spirit. Men who knew Paine intimately in his last days, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Staple, with whom he lived, Capt. Daniel Pelton and Thomas Nixon, old friends, Amasa Woodworth (who was present at Paine's death) John Fellows, who boarded in the same house with Paine, B. F. Haskin, a lawyer acquainted with Paine and present when he died, Elias Hicks, the Quaker, Judge Hertell, who knew the "author hero" well—all testify that Paine was a temperate man. He lived, it should be remembered, when the use of strong liquors was common, when, indeed, drinking to excess was not regarded as it is now. The clergy then took a glass, sometimes more than one glass, of "toddy" before they went into the pulpit, and several more after the long prayer and sermon. One gentleman, Mr. Lovett, who kept the City Hotel at which Paine stopped, mentions in one of his letters, that Paine drank less than any other boarder in his house.

Carver's statements about Paine amount to but little, for they were written in anger and the peevishness and petulance of old age. He afterwards wrote a letter of apology to Paine. Carver in his angry and foolish letter intimates that Paine fell down stairs in a drunken condition. But the fact is Paine had a stroke of apoplexy, the fit taking him on the stairs, and he was bruised by the fall. Referring to this attack Paine wrote to a friend, "I consider the scene through which I have passed as an experiment in dying and I find that death has no terrors for me." Dr. Manley, Paine's physician, says that he found the patient in a fever and "apprehensive of an attack of apoplexy, as he stated that he had had that disease before, and at this time felt a degree of vertigo." In reply to a query by Gilbert Vale, Aaron Burr said: "I always considered Mr. Paine a gentleman, a pleasant companion, and a good natured and intelligent man, decidedly temperate, with a proper regard to his personal appearance, whenever I saw him."

The JOURNAL can attach no importance to what Grant Thornburn wrote about Paine, or of Jefferson (of whom he speaks as one of the disreputable men that welcomed Paine upon his arrival in New York in 1802.) Paine was an object of unceasing vilification. To Cheetham he wrote in 1807, "Unless you make a public apology for the abuse and falsehood in your paper, Tuesday, Oct. 27th, respecting me, I will prosecute you for lying." Thornburn continued to circulate Cheetham's calumnies after Paine was dead.

James Parton says:  
 Touching Grant Thornburn, I personally knew him to have been a dishonest man. At the age of 82 he copied with trembling hand, a piece from a newspaper and brought it to the office of the Home Journal as his own. It was I who received it and detected the deliberate forgery.

This is the way the New York Advertiser of June 9, 1869, referred to Paine:

MR. THOMAS PAINE.  
 "Thy spirit of independence let me share."  
 With heart-felt sorrow and poignant regret we are compelled to announce to the world that Mr. Thomas Paine is no more. This distinguished philanthropist, whose life was devoted to the cause of humanity, departed this life yesterday morning, and if any man's memory deserves a place in the breast of a free man, it is that of the deceased, for,

"Take him for all in all,  
 We never shall look upon his like again."  
 The friends of the deceased are invited to attend his funeral at 9 o'clock in the morning, from his late residence at Greenwich, from whence his corpse will be conveyed to New Rochelle for interment.

"His ashes there,  
 His fame everywhere."  
 Even if Paine after a life of unusual activity in three countries, in times of revolution, had in his old age fallen into slovenly habits and become a victim of drink, the fact should not blind us to his services nor to the sterling qualities of his character. It would be more charitable, and at the same time more reasonable to attribute the misfortune to the ingratitude shown him, the abuse with which he was assailed and to the ascendancy of drinking habits in those days than to his principles. But when the testimonies are carefully examined the preponderance of evidence seems to be in favor of the claim of those who affirm that Thomas Paine, for his age, was a temperate man.

The remark may here be made that the intellectual and moral character of Johnson, and his great contributions to literature are not judged by his boorishness, his untidiness or his gluttonous habits which seem trivial in comparison with his genius, learning and real goodness of heart. Coleridge, De Quincy, Carlyle and Thoreau are estimated by their life and work, not by their vices or their failings. Supposing Paine were as offensive in his habits during the last years of his life as were some eminent Christians whom we could name, still he should be judged, as they are judged, by his entire character and life, and not by his shortcomings and infirmities. Especially should a man not be judged, even as to his personal appearance by a religious zealot and bigot whose observations are sure to be distorted and his judgment warped by prejudice. Once Dr. Lyman Beecher and Abner Kneeland, the free thinker were standing near each other opposite the Boston Post office. They were pointed out by a friend to a pious lady who after looking at them remarked: "What a difference between the two men! One could tell which was the infidel. How horrible Kneeland looks! and what a splendid looking man is Dr. Beecher." But the lady had made the mistake of taking the Christian for the "infidel" (who was really a man of impressive appearance), and when she was corrected, she seemed quite con-

fused, and it is hoped, discovered in herself the power of prejudice. Grant Thornburn's letters show that he was under the influence of religious prejudice of this kind, and his observations in regard to Thomas Paine were about as just as the lady's remarks respecting the "infidel" and the preacher.

Paine as the author of "Common Sense," written in "times that tried men's souls"; of "The Rights of Man," a splendid defense of popular government, and of the "Age of Reason," a thoroughly religious book by one who, without superstition, defended belief in God and the rationalness of belief in immortality, will always command the respect of Spiritualists and of liberal thinkers in general; for Paine was an able and earnest man and he had the courage of his convictions.

Said Gen. Andrew Jackson: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands; he has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. 'The Rights of Man' will be more enduring than all the piles of marble and granite man can erect."

Said Charles Phillips, the eloquent Irish barrister in his "Loves of Celestine and St. Hubert": "It was the celebrated Thomas Paine, a man who, no matter what may be the difference of opinion as to his principles, must ever remain a proud example of mind unpatronized and unsupported, eclipsing the factitious beams of rank and wealth and pedigree. I never saw him in his captivity or heard the revellings by which he has since been assailed without cursing in my heart that ungenerous feeling which, cold to the necessities of genius, is clamorous in the publication of its defects.... What though his genius was the gift of heaven, his heart the altar of friendship! What though wit and eloquence and anecdote flowed freely from his tongue, while conviction made her voice his messenger! What though thrones trembled and prejudice fled and freedom came at his command. He dared to question the creed which you, believing, contradicted, and to dispise the rank which you, boasting of, debased."

"Had Thomas Paine," wrote Rev. Solomon Southwick, "been a Grecian or Roman patriot, in olden times and performed the same public services as he did for this country, he would have had the honor of an apotheosis."

Chlo Ruckman, the author, who knew Paine intimately, says: "Why seek occasion, surly critics and detractors, to maltreat and misrepresent Mr. Paine? He was mild unoffending, sincere, gentle, humble and unassuming; his talents were soaring, acute, profound; and he possessed that character which covered a multitude of sins."

"The man who," says George Jacob Hol-yoak, "was the confidant of Burke (before the unhappy days when Burke's reason failed him) the counselor of Franklin and the friend and colleague of Washington, must have had great qualities."

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in 1792, wrote from Paris: 'I lodge with my friend Paine; we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he has been to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart and a strength of mind in him that I never knew a man before to possess.'"

George Washington, after the Revolution, invited Paine to come and stay with him at Rocky Hill. "Your presence," wrote Washington, "may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your work, and who with much pleasure subscribes himself, your sincere friend."

Jefferson wrote Paine at Paris, saying that Mr. Dawson was charged with orders to the Captain of the national Ship Maryland to receive him and accommodate him back to America, and concluded his letter as follows: "You will in general find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; in this it will be your glory to have steadily labored and with as much effect as any man living. That you may live long to continue your useful labors, and reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment."

James Monroe concluded a letter to Paine thus: "You are considered by them [the great mass of the people] as not only having rendered important services in our own Revolution, but as being on a more extensive scale the friend of human rights and a distinguished and able defender of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine, the Americans are not, nor can they be indifferent."

Of Thomas Paine, the Boston Post of Jan. 29, 1856, said: "His was a life of much usefulness and activity. Calumny has blistered his relentless hand in trying to stamp him as profane, intemperate and mendacious. The real truth appears to be that he was never habituated to profanity, to drunkenness, nor to falsehood, and that his calumniators are unconsciously his eulogists. His motto was, 'The world is my country, to do good my religion.'"

The General Assembly of Pennsylvania in 1785 passed resolutions authorizing the payment to Thomas Paine of \$500 from the State Treasury in consideration of his "very many eminent services" "accompanied with patriotic distinguished instances of fidelity, patriotism and disinterestedness." The preamble further says: "And, whereas, the said Thomas Paine did, during the whole progress of the revolution voluntarily devote himself to the service of the public, without accepting recompense therefor, and moreover did decline taking or receiving the profits which

authors are entitled to on the sale of their literary works, but relinquished them for the better accommodation of the country and for the honor of the public cause," etc.

Stephen Simpson, in his "Lives of Washington and Jefferson" thus speaks of Thomas Paine: "Lucid in his style, forcible in his diction and happy in his illustrations, he threw the charm of poetry over the status of reason, and made converts to liberty as if a power of fascination presided over his pen. The writings of Thomas Paine have been admitted to have had more influence in the accomplishment of the separation of the Colonies from the mother country than any other cause.... To the genius of Thomas Paine, as a popular writer, and that of George Washington, as a prudent, skillful and consummate general, are the American people indebted for their rights, liberties, and independence. The high opinion of Paine entertained by Washington, and publicly expressed by the latter, sheds fresh lustre on the incomparable merits of the great leader of the Army of the Revolution."

Paine expressed his religious belief thus in the Age of Reason: "I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and trying to make our fellow creatures happy."

His disinterestedness during the American Revolution, to the success of which he so largely contributed, his courageous and manly career in France during the "reign of terror," and his simple unostentatious, independent and public spirited life in this country from the time of his return in 1802 to the date of his death, show that he practiced the rational religion which he taught; while his writings, whatever their defects, will remain an enduring monument to his genius and moral worth.

As the JOURNAL has from time to time received for publication attacks on Paine, it has seemed best in this instance to go somewhat fully into the matter, but it does not incline to open its columns to any further controversy over the subject at present. In concluding this defense of Paine the JOURNAL would inquire what has become of the Paine Monument Association formed in this city some years ago for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory in one of Chicago's parks? Col. Ingersoll delivered a lecture here for the benefit of this association and something like \$1,400 was realized, since which nothing has been done. Where is the money? What has become of the enthusiasm of the projectors of the laudable enterprise?

## Richmond in the Field Again.

On another page Mr. Richmond again pays his respects to the Seybert Commission with an "Open Letter." In a setting of humorous irony he pictures some of his experiences at Cassadaga; experiences which it will not be easy to ignore or belittle. On its face his testimony as to the results of his experiments with P. L. O. A. Keeler, Lizzie Bangs and W. A. Mansfield seems irrefutable and most conclusive. Should the Seybert Commissioners point to the fact that both Keeler and Lizzie Bangs have been exposed as swindlers in the JOURNAL by an array of evidence impossible to impeach, Mr. Richmond's reply would be something to this effect:

A medium known to be unscrupulous, mendacious or tricky should be trusted only where the phenomenon is of such a character that it would be unreasonable even for the most un-bending skeptic to deny its occurrence. Conditions, however, ought to be so stringent that nothing is left to depend on the assumed good character or respectability of the medium, and in such a manner were my experiments conducted. The phenomena themselves are unmoral, that is to say, neither moral nor immoral, and should be treated precisely like any other facts in scientific experiment. Every science or experiment must stand on its own merits independent of all others. I am not upholding the honesty of these mediums nor attempting in any way to defend them. To express opinions as to their moral status was no part of my purpose in this instance. Neither is my letter to be taken as commending these mediums to confidence and patronage. My only purpose has been to accurately record my own experiences with them, strictly and solely in the interest of psychic research. Whether dishonest and tricky persons possessed of media powers should be patronized by the public was not a question germane to the purpose of my letter.

Of Mr. Rowley and his claim for spirit telegraphy the JOURNAL's readers are already familiar, and many of them have by personal investigation satisfied themselves of the integrity of the man and the validity of his claim. He is always ready to meet members of the Seybert Commission or of any psychical research society who may take the trouble to visit Cleveland for that purpose.

As is well known, the JOURNAL is dreading by tricky and dishonest mediums and by crooked dealers in commercial Spiritualism, and this for reasons which make its commendations of honest mediums, and testimony in support of phenomena valuable and weighty—because it is imbued with the scientific spirit, is strictly and fearlessly fair and just, and aims to be microscopically accurate in its observations and conclusions.

Mrs. Norgrove, of Syracuse, N. Y., has been stopping with friends in the city for a short time. She formerly resided here, and was considered an excellent medium and a most estimable lady. Before returning home, she intends to visit her son in Kansas City, Mo.

## Opinions of Representative Men.

Hudson Tuttle and Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D. Attracted by the Prospectus of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Express Their Views.

## HUDSON TUTTLE.

The readers of the JOURNAL have learned to love Hudson Tuttle for his singleness of purpose, and to respect and admire his talent as an inspired writer and teacher. He was developed as a medium in his youth and wrote books surcharged with an influx from the world of spirit which have had wide circulation and the honor of translation into several languages. His opinions, like those of the JOURNAL, have not always been popular at the moment of utterance or pleasing to the intellectually lazy, the morally blind, or the superstition-loving portion of the public, but time has never failed to prove the correctness of his views or the wisdom of their expression. Such men please the rabble no more than does the JOURNAL, but their influence grows brighter and wider with time, while the shallow, populace-pleasing orator or writer goes down into oblivion, after strutting his brief hour on the stage. Here is what Mr. Tuttle is moved to say concerning our effort to increase the usefulness and scope of the work emanating from the JOURNAL office:

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O., Sept. 28, 1888.

COL. J. C. BUNDY:—I read with the deepest pleasure the proposition in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to organize a stock company for the purpose of expanding its sphere of usefulness, and making it in still greater measure the exponent of the mighty movement it has so valiantly and fearlessly represented. It is a move in the right direction, and must of necessity go on to results, the measure of which it is impossible to prophesy.

Chicago is the great publishing center of the West, and is rapidly becoming that of the United States. It is destined to be the great literary metropolis of this country and as such it is the most appropriate place to establish the proposed institution.

In the absence of organized association in the ranks of Spiritualism, the press becomes its all-powerful exponent, and the bond by which believers are held together. The Spiritualist paper is the missionary and teacher. Yet thus far the Spiritualist press has been maintained by the self-sacrifice of individuals who have carried forward the work, while all other movements have been maintained by the concentration of their organic strength. Great as are the results accomplished in the field of Spiritualist Journalism, they have been circumscribed by the limitations of the endurance of the individuals who assumed the burdensome responsibility. A strong business organization, with sufficient capital to reach forward in a line of policy deemed right, without the constant fear of not being for the moment sustained, at once secures that independence, essential to greatest influence. That the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has been able to maintain its fearless independence in the face of all opposition and to utter editorially and through its contributors much that was in advance of the general Spiritualist sentiment, and live to see these utterances finally accepted as truth and echoed in other channels, is something phenomenal and almost unprecedented. Such a record entitles its editor and publisher to the unlimited and generous confidence of the public.

To the issue of the weekly paper, the publication of other matters as tracts and books, is of only secondary importance. With the various churches, a great "Book House" is of more consequence than the voice of all the pulpits. I have not space to sketch even in outline all the vast possibilities which open before your organization. The least observant will readily perceive the value it will be to the cause of the new philosophy. It is a consummation which I have ardently desired, and anticipated for many years, and may the angels strengthen the hands of all engaged in it.

Fraternally, HUDSON TUTTLE.

H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

No preacher in Chicago is so widely known and loved by the people as the pastor of the People's Church, Dr. H. W. Thomas. Every Sunday for ten months in the year the splendid auditorium of McVicker's Theater is filled to repletion to hear this quiet, unassuming, earnest, soulful man expound his broad and humanitarian views upon all subjects of interest. His religion is sound if his theology is questionable; and his great course of hearers go away after each Sunday morning discourse feeling spiritually strengthened and comforted. Once, and for many years, a leader in Methodism he was found too big and generous a soul to wear the sectarian label, and it was taken away from him, much to his advantage and that of rational religion. Dr. Thomas, in common with a large number of preachers of differing theological views, reads the JOURNAL, not because he necessarily agrees with all or even many of its utterances, but because he is ever eager for the truth and has the courage to pursue where there is a prospect of finding it. His long and varied experience in helping to supply the spiritual needs of human nature renders Dr. Thomas a good judge of what is wanted and makes his views as herein below expressed peculiarly valuable and worthy of careful consideration by those desirous of aiding a scheme for the betterment of this world and the next:

DEAR BRO. BUNDY:—While flattery is contemptible, a generous appreciation is just and helpful; and hence I would say a word of encouragement, if need be, and of hope, to one whose lines and methods and objects are so nearly in accord with my own thoughts and feelings, and for whom personally I cherish sentiments of such warm and ever increasing friendship.

It is not a new field that you are entering upon, but a large, and if possible, more emphatic way of doing better that which you have all along been doing so well. That there is a place and a need for such a work no thoughtful mind can for a moment have a doubt. The higher phases and interests of man's strange life must more and more come to the front; and in doing this, they must become more orderly, more systematic, and even scientific in form and statement; and as far as may be, more verifiable in per-



• Chills and Fever, in malarious regions.



## Notes from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

### NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In my last short letter to the JOURNAL I promised those persons who could not be present at our Harvest Moon Festival, and who were interested in Onset, a report of the good time that was enjoyed on the 22nd and 23rd of September. First, on railroad committee men's arrangements with the Old Colony management, whereby tickets at reduced rates could be obtained over the whole system. The several committees having charge of the floral exhibitions and Temple decorations, under the management of Mrs. Eva Cassell and B. H. Bourne, worked hard and long to perfect one of the most beautiful displays in the Temple, that has ever been enjoyed at Onset. Fruit, flowers, shrubs, pot-plants, evergreens, pumpkins, squash, potatoes, apples, grapes, pears, peaches, corn, beans, turnips and water-melons, all were arranged in harmony, and met the eye with ease and grace. An arch over the front of the platform bore the words, "Welcome to our Harvest Moon." Mrs. B. H. Bourne arranged a magnificent background to the platform, representing the blue sky and a full moon, alternating with light and darkness, which was very much enjoyed. Two Indian figures, one on each side of the platform, were intended to represent the aborigines of the grove and in honor of whom we were assembled in remembrance.

The wooden columns were trimmed at the base with shrubs and vines, and hanging and Japanese lanterns were suspended all over the upper part of the hall, the whole presenting a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. There was a good attendance, much larger than last year, although the cold northeast rain-storm undoubtedly kept hundreds away.

At 2½ o'clock, Saturday, p. m., President Crockett called the meeting to order, and in his usual style announced its object and requested the mediums present to take seats upon the platform. A dozen or more did so, and the hour was pleasantly spent in singing, led by Mr. C. W. Sullivan, and in short and fluent speeches, by persons either in their normal or abnormal condition.

Now comes the part which is the backbone of the whole occasion. Some power, either mortal or immortal, with little judgment and less brains, cheated the people out of the supper in the Temple, by asking them to travel down to the Washburn House and buy one there. To the writer this was a very bad thing, whoever was the cause, and should never be repeated.

The Saturday evening hop in the Temple was well attended, and reminded us of the good times during camp meetings.

At 10:30 a. m. Sunday, Miss M. T. Shelbamer, of Boston, was the speaker, her subject being "The Unwritten History of the Nation." She dwelt largely upon the race of Red Men, reciting the legend of the White Antelope.

At 2:30 p. m. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was the speaker, her subject being "What has the Harvest Moon?" The elucidations were from the practical side of life, and especially from the spiritual standpoint. The effort was pronounced by all that have listened to Mrs. Byrnes' noble utterances during the series of meetings at Onset this year, to be the crowning effort of the season, and one long to be remembered.

At the close of Mrs. Byrnes' remarks, Miss Lucretia Morse recited with fine effect "The Harvest Home." The services of the afternoon closed by the audience singing the following poem written for the occasion:

#### THE HARVEST MOON SONG.

The harvest moon is here again,  
So glorious and fair;  
It sheds its beams like golden rain,  
In beauty everywhere.

And as we gladly gather round  
Our festive, vine-crowned board,  
Our walls with joyful tones resound,  
For Autumn's rich reward.

The harvest time once more has come,  
With all its bounteous food—  
The rosy pear and purpling plum,  
And stores of all that's good.

And now to Onset on the bay,  
In friendship deep and strong,  
We wend our happy eager way,  
To sing the harvest song.

Our spirit friends from worlds of light  
Return with words of cheer and gladness,  
And in their heavenly work unite  
To bless our pathway here.

And from their hunting grounds above  
Our Indian brothers come,  
To fill our hearts with peace and love,  
At this bright "Harvest Home."

They come to teach us how to live  
In peace with all mankind,  
And tell us to each wrong forgive,  
If we would gladness find.

And so with them, these harvest days,  
Our thankful hearts we lift  
To God, in songs of grateful praise,  
For nature's bounteous gift.

Sunday evening was devoted to the mediums present, the first hour being occupied by young mediums, whose controls were happy to have a chance to act themselves, and while they were of a nature not so well calculated to instruct as persons who demand strong solid food, they were of a quality to be respected and wisely tolerated. The remaining hour and a half was occupied by mediums of control and inspirational utterances that made the Temple ring, and the heart of all present glad to be there. It was a scene, a love-feast and a lecture-room combined, and for fear that I may do an injustice in singling out special names, suffice it to say that all did nobly.

The Harvest Moon Festival of 1883, terminated with a rising wind and a rain, and persons who had in any way been instrumental in collecting the fruits and vines, and in so beautifully a style decorating the Temple whereby we had enjoyed this annual occasion. The closing benediction was by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. W. W. CURRIER, Onset, Mass.

#### Seances with Dr. Schermerhorn.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My confidence is sometimes strengthened in the manifestations of mediumship by knowing the antecedents of the medium. Dr. Schermerhorn of Grand Rapids was brought up from a boy about two miles west of that city, where his father is still living. He is 31 years old, a graduate of the law and medical departments of the Michigan University, and is now a practicing physician. His wife is the daughter of Smith Thorington, an old acquaintance of mine. Both of them have an excellent reputation for honesty and honor.

I have sat in the Doctor's seances eleven times. Twice I was the only person present. Three circles were held at my place in Romeo, two at his house, five at the Orion Camp meeting, and one at his wife's father's residence. In these seances there was no appearance of fraud; in fact the most of the manifestations were of such a character that fraud in their production was impossible.

There were frequently not less than three spirit lights moving about the room at the same time, also spirit hands of various colors, from that of a small child's, to the largest man's; some strong, some soft and delicate; they would put us on the hands, face and head, and smooth our hair. Spirit friends would whisper, giving names, telling of a life beyond the grave, and of a love that never dies. These tokens of affection were frequently given in three or four places in the circle at once; they were mostly of a personal nature and not proper matter for the public.

I have heard raps all over the room, on my chair and body—some of them as loud as if struck with a nail hammer. I have been lifted up in my chair, had the largest sized books and a stand weighing twenty-five pounds brought and put in my lap. I have heard strong, full-toned, independent voices many times. This is only an outline of what happens with this medium. E. H. EWELE, Romeo, Mich.

### A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD PREACHER.

Pascal Porter, Prodigy, Creates a Sensation in Cincinnati.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The little church opposite Lincoln Park has had a sensation for the last week in the shape of a 12-year-old boy preacher, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. His name is Pascal Porter. His parents are plain farmers. His mother died eight months ago, and his father, an ordinary man, with no great amount of either sanctity or learning, but a plain, every-day man, travels with the gifted son. The child is a prodigy. He advanced to the platform of the little Lincoln Park Church, followed by two silver-haired veterans in the service of the Lord, to use Methodist parlance. He was more graceful than either. He sat in the tall pulpit behind the big Bible and crossed his hands and knees at the sides of the pulpit, the posture of a veteran. When the hymns had been sung and the organ ceased expectation was on tip-toe. The audience was hushed, and, placing one hand on the pulpit, the boy preacher announced, as a text, "Lay down your lives for the brethren." He then read the first verse of the Gospel of John, and then the second verse of the same chapter. He noted the difference between the old and revised versions, then spoke of a life of pleasure, quoted a verse from Tennyson, and talked about the radiant effulgence of a gay company. Then he contrasted the pleasures of sin with the pure joy of the Christian, but he didn't detail much of the pleasures of sin, so-called, nor did it appear that the innocent boy knew much about them. He declared the joy of the Christian was the child to hope, which was his own. He said: "Live, horse, till the grass grows green." Then he burst forth: "Life which is life—indeed, life knows no sorrow." Then he drew a sort of picture, as he called it, of Christian life. No more sin. Behold, I make all things new. Two or three were recognized by the Scripture—the life which now is and the life to come." There was no argument in the address, no promises laid down, no conclusions drawn; it was an exhortation. It might have been delivered in Constantine or St. Paul's, and it was as effective as either. The words were well selected, the sentences well rounded. There were no bursts of eloquence, no exhibitions of a Divine power. The child has a remarkable memory, and has evidently been bathed in a Scripture bath since he could slip Mr. Shipley says his mother must have been a godly woman. Possibly; and when she died the child inherited the godliness, if a fluent command of Scriptural language and quotations is godliness. "We are saved by hope," he said. "Hope of eternal life. Our life is Christ in God. This is a life to lay hold on. No matter how holy we become this life has been stained by us, and can not be a holy life, but when we breathe the air of goodness there will be no more temptation, and we will be as easy as breathing to do the will of God." Then he concluded with: "My prayer to God is that you shall all receive eternal life where there shall be no more parting." And then he laid down behind the tall pulpit. His composure before an audience is remarkable. He has addressed 3,000 people. He does not hesitate for a word, and when he does it is the hesitation of a person who has learned his lesson well. He has been preaching two and a half years. Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### Self-Control.

Self-control in small things as well as great is only attained through years of stern schooling and bitter experience. A child avails himself of his feelings, whether of joy or anger, and if never controlled the experiences and troubles of after life are more difficult to bear than if taught self-government in childhood. People who give vent to the smallest provocation to furious bursts of anger are always regarded with fear and trembling by their friends and acquaintances, and carry about with them the atmosphere of a smoldering volcano, ready to burst forth at any moment, and yield to the "blues" will soon find the tendency growing upon them until it becomes uncontrollable, and they are chronic sufferers from melancholia. Constant yielding to the impulses sooner or later opens a path to the insane asylum, and no one is quite safe from its doors who does not learn to maintain his feelings and keep the whip hand over himself at all times.—Ez.

#### Briefs from Correspondents.

John P. Ransom, of Wilmington, Ill., writes: I see by your paper that you have had a number of requests to publish "Heaven Revised" in pamphlet form, and hereunder I submit. I think that a goodly number would be used here, and it could be published for a price within the reach of all. We have about 25 avowed Spiritualists here and at least as many more who would anxiously and honestly investigate an opportunity was had. But yet we have no organization here to maintain his feelings who are mediumistic. There is an opening here for a good speaker, a good medium and a good organizer. A young lady here writes poetry in a half-conscious state and several poems have been published in the papers. She has been sitting for development and the beauty of it, we can vouch for her honesty in any manifestation of spirit power that may be given.

W. T. Van Zandt, of New York City, writes: You can not fall in the good work you are doing in purifying our noble cause. All honest people are with you heart and hand. I am but a novice, a "top knot" of Truth running down to the very center, it would have toppled over long ago. In my own experiences with materialization, I have seen nothing but fraud; yet I can not set aside the evidence of all the favorites of the Spiritualists. I have been exceedingly interested and instructed by the article, "Heaven Revised." I hope it will be printed in pamphlet form, in clear large type, on good paper. There could not probably be more valuable truth on reading the articles, an intelligent liberal orthodox friend remarked, "I thought you Spiritualists had no hell, but here is one hot enough to satisfy the most rigid Calvinist."

R. H. Stevenson writes: I am pleased with your paper; the fact of my renewal is sufficient evidence of that fact. Spiritualism is so much invaded by frauds and humbugs, every intelligent seeker after the truth should assist in upholding the JOURNAL, which is doing so much for the cause by bringing to light and exposing all who may try to hoodwink the thoughtless or ignorant by impossibilities, thereby bringing it into ridicule. I am but a novice, seeking the light and would be very sorry to find that I had been misled. I trust therefore you will go on in the good work, and without fear or favor, eliminate the bad from the good and give us the good and the true.

I. M. Comings writes: I have no fault to find with the JOURNAL; on the other hand, I consider it a model paper. I have no criticisms to make, but am surprised at the amount of the matter and rare quality of the selections, and the ability displayed in the editorials. I feel assured that the angel world is giving you wholesome aid in your labors, and that the JOURNAL is one of the means used to carry forward the great work of the spiritual enlightenment of the nations.

Caroline Waugh writes: I feel sincerely grateful to you for making the JOURNAL just what it is. Spiritualism has been a very great comfort to me in spite of the fraud and folly connected with it. If it could only be treated of all that, how glorious it would be. If that end shall ever be attained, the grand independent JOURNAL will deserve the honor which all true Spiritualists will gladly accord it for the firm, bold stand it has always taken in favor of truth and purity.

A. M. Kempton, of Stoneham, Mass., makes a good suggestion for those who plead inability to pay for the JOURNAL. If some of the Spiritualists I met pleaded poverty would get a "Child's Bank" and drop in their pennies, and open it when the year comes around, how easily they could pay for the JOURNAL.

E. H. Dunham writes: The JOURNAL, in my humble opinion, is the best exponent of the spiritual philosophy in existence. I hope the time is not far distant when it will be one of the Spoken Word in the household of every honest Spiritualist.

Geo. F. Whitner, M. D. writes: I have been much interested in those articles in the JOURNAL, "Heaven Revised," and am sorry they are ended. Have heard them talked about a good deal here by those who have read them, and they seem to have been fully appreciated by all.

A Wyoming paper has made the discovery that there is a fertile valley in Uinta County, forty miles in length, that is peopled by a colony of 700 Mormons, who harvest large crops and are in every way prosperous.

### Camp Meetings Notes.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The First Society of Spiritualists of Delphos, Kansas, has closed its annual camp meeting of ten days' duration. In many respects it was the most successful meeting of the kind, ever held in this valley. Progress was observable in every department, and a higher degree of culture was manifested on every hand. While the society did not feel warranted in paying much money for procuring speakers and mediums from abroad, they fully realized the importance of harmony amongst themselves, and a greater effort towards making all visitors more comfortable; therefore better accommodations were furnished and much more taken to make our supply wide on the grounds. A noticeable feature of the meeting was the large increase in numbers of earnest investigators of our philosophy; all were made welcome, and seemed well satisfied with what they so anxiously listened to. The speakers were of general reputation to fame, as reliance had been placed on home talent to instruct and interest, all feeling that the real worth consisted in what was said, rather than in who said it; but when on the last Sunday, the Rev. E. D. Daguerre of the Phillips Herald, of Phillips Co., Kansas, held fifteen hundred people spellbound by his truthful utterances, pleasing and impressive manner, we all felt very grateful for his timely help. This address produced a very favorable effect upon all who heard it, disarmed prejudice, and raised all to a higher plane of thought.

Brother C. L. Lewis, from Jewell County, also gave us one of the very best essays on "Life, Its Laws and Relations," full of thought, well expressed, and was highly praised by those who had the good fortune of hearing it.

C. H. Moody gave us an interesting account of his spiritual experiences, in his usual pleasing style. He made all things new. Two or three were recognized by the Scripture—the life which now is and the life to come." There was no argument in the address, no promises laid down, no conclusions drawn; it was an exhortation. It might have been delivered in Constantine or St. Paul's, and it was as effective as either. The words were well selected, the sentences well rounded. There were no bursts of eloquence, no exhibitions of a Divine power. The child has a remarkable memory, and has evidently been bathed in a Scripture bath since he could slip Mr. Shipley says his mother must have been a godly woman. Possibly; and when she died the child inherited the godliness, if a fluent command of Scriptural language and quotations is godliness. "We are saved by hope," he said. "Hope of eternal life. Our life is Christ in God. This is a life to lay hold on. No matter how holy we become this life has been stained by us, and can not be a holy life, but when we breathe the air of goodness there will be no more temptation, and we will be as easy as breathing to do the will of God." Then he concluded with: "My prayer to God is that you shall all receive eternal life where there shall be no more parting." And then he laid down behind the tall pulpit. His composure before an audience is remarkable. He has addressed 3,000 people. He does not hesitate for a word, and when he does it is the hesitation of a person who has learned his lesson well. He has been preaching two and a half years. Cincinnati, Ohio.

The grove and grounds belonging to the society are situated one-half mile from railroad station, easy of access by horse and carriage, and during the few days of rest, change, social and spiritual enjoyment, we cordially invite all.

A. D. BALLOU, Secretary.

### Relics of the Mound Builders.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Excavations into the mounds of Illinois are revealing some of the relics of a former age. It is said that for several days Prof. MacAdams, the well-known scientist, has been excavating in an ancient mound two miles below Alton, Ill. There are many mounds and enclosures of occupation of prehistoric inhabitants in this region, and relics of their life are numerous. The mound to which the professor's labor has been especially directed is oval in shape, about forty feet in length, and elevated some seven feet. The composition of the mound is what is known as a peculiar clay, often found in large river valleys. There are quite apparently some antiseptic qualities in the loess, for the bones of extinct animals like the mastodon are often found in it well preserved.

Seven human skeletons in a fair state of preservation were recovered by the professor from this mound. The first skeleton taken from the mound is that of a man past middle age. The thigh bone is a little over eighteen inches in length, showing a person of ordinary stature, but strong and muscular. The skull, although of small size, is what would be called a good one, with prominent perceptive development in the ridges over the eyes. With this skeleton were twenty-three stone implements, some of them of a peculiar shape, and a few of them of a curved chisel of stone with a handle of buckhorn. There was a curious implement somewhat like a grooved stone ax, but with one side straight and the other curved, and several other stone implements, and a number of bone implements were found, but that which most interested the professor is a shell inclosed in the bones of the right hand. This is a peculiar sea shell, known among collectors as the Chinese sea shell, and thought to be a native of the South Sea Islands. About the neck of the old skeleton was also a string of small sea shells of several species. Between the ribs was an arrow point of black flint, a war arrow without a notch, but with barbs and a short tang. This arrow had been used in the death-blow. He had probably been killed in battle.

Inclosed in the ribs of one of the other of these ancient men was a finely-pointed war arrow, showing how he met his fate. At the head of this war arrow was a piece of bone, and in the mold it contained a neat spoon of shell.

The third man also had his implements, and bore the scars of battle, having an ugly scar on his skull and three broken ribs.

The women are also of great interest, showing their perfect form as well. The professor's find is the most interesting for many a year, and will be a source of study for explorers for the coming year, at least.

Several of the bones were found in their explorations in this country, also found relics of a former race, and they in turn wondered as to who preceded them, and so on for thousands of years. The Indians will soon become extinct, and perhaps at some period in the future the English language will be regarded as the ancient Creole language now is, as dead. Verily change is common to all things. St. Louis, Mo.

#### Suggestion Without Hypnotism.

Suggestibility is by no means peculiar to hypnotized persons. Almost every one is sensitive to suggestion to a certain extent when awake, for in every human being, no matter how skeptical he may consider himself, there exists a certain degree of credulity, and this is the basis upon which the suggestion is taken advantage of in a measure. Children can be made to believe the most preposterous statements if they are made with sufficient gravity. The majority of healthy children are, moreover, auto-suggestible; that is, they are able to believe in things which soon come to believe firmly as objective realities. Too often such auto-suggestions are regarded by parents and friends as deliberate lies. They are in reality simply the creations of phantasy, which have become established by the force of suggestion, and being unopposed and uncorrected by reason and experience. In the course of time the reasoning faculties are developed and hold the imagination in check. Nevertheless, even adults are met with in whom the imagination so readily gets the upper hand that they may be induced to believe the most impossible things. I recently saw a young woman so easily influenced by suggestion in the waking state that she was unable to move from the place where she stood on being suddenly and decidedly told that it was impossible for her to budge. She could be made to see people who were in reality not present, and on the other hand could be made blind to the presence of persons and objects actually in the room. After repeatedly affirming that she was absolutely insensible to pain, it became possible to pass a needle deeply into the skin without provoking any signs of discomfort.—From "Hypnotism: What it is and what it is not," by DR. CHRISTIAN A. HERTZ, in the Popular Science Monthly for October.

The Rev. Sam Small is the Prohibition candidate for State Senator in the Atlanta district, and his opponents are pouring hot shot into him at a lively rate. But he isn't a bit scared as witnesses "I am not running this race as a preacher, and no man need refrain from jumping on me on that account."

### The N. W. C. T. U.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union holds its fifteenth annual meeting October 19-23, in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Mrs. Mary T. Burt and Gen. Clinton B. Fisk will welcome the Convention, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will respond. William Blake, author of the well known book on physical culture, will speak on his favorite theme, Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, will preach on the "Ecclesiastical Emancipation of Women." Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, will present to the National W. C. T. U., a "Woman's Flag," emblematic of international goodwill, of peace and of purity. Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, whose efforts for Scientific Temperance Instruction is legally provided for in thirty-three states, will speak. Mrs. Mary T. Burt, the celebrated Prohibition orator from Michigan; Mrs. Clara Hoffman, Missouri's leader, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge and Miss Henrietta G. Moore, of Ohio, and others. Mrs. Mathilda B. Case, of Chicago, will present the interesting Temperance Temple, and Dr. Mary Weeks, of the same city, will speak of the National Temperance Hospital. There will be 400 delegates and as many visitors, representing every part of the United States, including Alaska. Miss Elizabeth W. Greenwood, of Brooklyn, will preach the annual sermon; Mrs. S. P. Chapin, of South Carolina, will lead a large delegation of ladies from every Southern State. Strict parliamentary usage will be maintained. A daily paper, issued by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, will contain stenographic reports of all the proceedings. The hall will be elegantly adorned for the occasion, and a more unique and instructive assembly has never met in the Metropolitan city than this is sure to be. The address of the President, Miss Frances E. Willard, will be the address of the occasion, and the Woman's movement, including the International Council of Women at Washington and the National Council—these organizations; also the World's W. C. T. U. Chicago Council of Women, of all of which she is the executive head. The Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Caroline B. Busell, will in her opening report, epitomize the year's work done by 200,000 gifted and earnest-hearted women. Mrs. Easton, the Treasurer, will give the financial report for 1888. The National Temperance tent will show how fast and far the cause has been set forward during the past year, in reports of their forty different lines of effort.

#### A Seance with Mott.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I buried my wife six years ago. At the residence of Mr. Mott, Memphis, Mo., some six months after, at a seance there, I communicated with her face to face; her identity I could not doubt, judging from these facts: She died of cancerous tumor of the left side of her face. When I asked her for proof, she showed her face just as it was before she died, and just as I had dressed it for her hundreds of times with my own hands. She told me all the particulars about the burial of her body, the flowers taken from our own garden, of a stone taken from our doorsteps and placed at the head of her grave with her initials inscribed thereon with my own hands. She called over the names of the most of our children, sent her love to them, saying, "Tell them that I live and am happy, and also tell them to live pure lives." She told me where I had been to see some of our children, naming them, and telling me she was ever with me, and would be my guardian, giving me advice, and not feel her presence. "She told me many things no one else but she and I could have known. I asked her this question: 'Will we be companions in spirit life the same as we were here?' She replied, 'Just the same.' My father-in-law, who died in 1882, who had died a number of years previous also came very plainly; he identified himself, calling me by a familiar name. He told of a conversation between us about a dealing we had concerning some land, naming persons and circumstances concerning it, making his identity (outside of my name) so complete. A young man, an intimate acquaintance, whom I had watched and nursed in his last sickness, showed himself plainly to me, giving his name. I saw my wife four times, the last time in 1882-3. The manifestations were genuine, or else my senses failed to do their duty. Mr. Mott was an entire stranger to me. Sioux Falls, Dakota. EDMUND DORR.

#### Are Women Fitted to Govern?

Most men who have associated much with girls and women remember how many needed lessons they have learned from them in refinement and benevolence; and how they have had, on the other hand, to feel their way against their aimlessness and pettiness. And from youth to later years they have observed one peculiarity for which no remedy has been yet found, and that is, a pronounced frailty of the rational faculty in thought or action. This characteristic is offset by a strength and elevation of the emotional nature, which shines with inextinguishable luster in the wife and mother. It is in this that man renders the homage of respect, admiration, and such devotion as he is capable of. But, lowly, who is about eight years old. A young man, an intimate acquaintance, whom I had watched and nursed in his last sickness, showed himself plainly to me, giving his name. I saw my wife four times, the last time in 1882-3. The manifestations were genuine, or else my senses failed to do their duty. Mr. Mott was an entire stranger to me. Sioux Falls, Dakota. EDMUND DORR.

On account of their stronger sympathies girls always think themselves the moral superiors of boys, who are often singularly devoid of benevolence, especially toward the lower animals. Some women imagine, for this reason, that their entire sex is morally the superior of the male. But a good many women are the opposite of this opinion. A young man, an intimate acquaintance, whom I had watched and nursed in his last sickness, showed himself plainly to me, giving his name. I saw my wife four times, the last time in 1882-3. The manifestations were genuine, or else my senses failed to do their duty. Mr. Mott was an entire stranger to me. Sioux Falls, Dakota. EDMUND DORR.

When the balance is struck, I can see no inferiority on either side, and the absence of "fear, favor and affection," are what men desire in their governors; for only through minds of that character can justice be obtained.

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## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

In Portugal they cure a quick-tempered person by inviting every body to give him a kick.

A farmer in Ashton, Miss., recently ran across a five-foot gopher snake which was pure white in color.

Ten head of young cattle belonging to William Green, of North Danville, Va., were recently killed by lightning at a single stroke.

A lady tourist on Pike's Peak was struck by lightning at the very top of the mountain, away above the clouds from which the bolt proceeded.

The Rev. E. P. Cowan of Pittsburgh, declares that profanity is more profusely indulged in among Americans than any other people in the world.

In the stomach of a young girl who died in Portland, Ore., was an abscess in the shape of a piece of India rubber from the head of a lead pencil.

In the United States one in every 200 takes a college course; in England, one in every 500; in Scotland, one in every 600; in Germany, one in every 213.

A machine for lacing shoes is a remarkable contrivance to be exhibited at the Buffalo fair, the machine for blacking boots will probably be the next invention.

A St. Paul woman, while waiting in a dentist's office to have a tooth pulled, fell on her knees and prayed to heaven to give her strength to undergo the ordeal.

Sugar barrels are no longer wasted. They are bought at second hand and broken up, the staves are then washed, packed in bundles and sent back to the West Indies at a profit, to be reheoped.

James Baylis of Baton Rouge cursed God in 1857 and was speechless. Recalling that he recovered his voice, and his first articulate sentence was a reproach to his wife for causing him all his trouble.

Florence Moss, an American girl, aged thirteen, is the heroine of the summer in the Alps. She made the ascent of the highest peak of Mont Blanc, the greatest person of either sex who ever put foot there.

Up in a Nova Scotia town three little boys bound and gagged another six-year-old and then cut his throat with a rusty knife. They were playing at killing pigs, and they said, "wanted to see red, red blood."

Isaac Walsh, who lives on a secluded ranch on the Missouri River in Dakota, was born near Boston in 1775. He still enjoys good health. He lives with a white-haired and wrinkled son, who is in his 89



THE SOUL OF MAN.  
M. C. C. C.

The SOUL OF MAN—  
Is like the Sunshine—  
Shining white and bright;  
Ever-over Heaven's ether;  
And blendeth with all things;  
This Over-Soul of Sunshine  
Descendeth into the Under-Soul  
Of Earth. The Rude Stone  
Maketh Life Universal  
And Eternal—Divine human.  
The marriage of these Two,  
Births the Great Experience:  
Hell—Heaven's Earth;  
The Trine Life of all things,  
The Infinite Mystery  
Is thus in its unfolding.

LOVE, with Saving arms,  
Envelops all Child-births  
In swaddling clothes of Suffering;  
MOTHER, Holy Mother of All!  
Thou art only—Evil is thy shadow!  
Thou walkest in Light—and Darkness!  
Thy Heart is more in Hell than Heaven.  
Ere long the long Last  
Shall be first—Heaven last,  
"The first shall be last."  
The last, first—"so is the Divine Meaning.

WOMAN! Type of the Human Soul!  
Through thee, it suffers on;  
Through thee, it suffers on;  
Through thee, it suffers on;  
Will yet bring peace.  
Humanity is One.  
In thy image  
Will Godhead be reflected  
As in a Mirror.

O, Mystery of Love!  
Which disdains the feeble laws  
And breaks and renders  
Discords the Concorde of Eternal Peace!  
That Hell may be welcomed  
Home to the Mother Heart  
Or All! Yea! All!  
For there Love suffers;  
Refuses comfort  
Until each Baby-Breast  
Sleeps in her Mother Arms!

For such Love have we no hearts?  
For such Love can we not die?  
Be Nothing—That She may live in us?  
Satisfied and secure in the One-ness—  
Knowing no Death—Life only?  
Our Father—Mother God!  
It is thus I see Thee.  
From the Heart's shattered hopes  
Thou wilt round out  
In form and feature—  
The All-Loveliness,  
And clasp Humanity to Thy Heart;  
In Thee—a part of the Universal Tenderness.

Like a rich perfume  
Will All-Life-in-Lives  
Blend at last—Sweetness!  
Into the All-Silent-Sweetness!  
Parkersburg, W. Va.

"I am weary of living," moaned poor Mrs. Black,  
"For I'm fairly worn out with the ache in my back;  
My nerves are a chain  
Of weakness and pain,  
And my poor head is aching as if it would crack."  
"Now, don't be discouraged," cried good Mrs. White,  
"It is never so dark but there's promise of light;  
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Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right."

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positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will  
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entific exposition of a stupendous subject and should  
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of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M.  
Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal  
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The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren  
Sumner Barlow is now in press. This book  
of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand  
is now greater than ever before. The price has  
been reduced to \$1.00 and is cheap at that. A new  
edition also of Ordoebod Hash has been issued, and  
with this popular author's well known poem, If  
Then and When is being called for by all readers  
that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are  
10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal.  
For sale at this office.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-  
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It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays  
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every element of beauty and purity.

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use Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer, the  
best and most reliable preparation science has given us.

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you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H.  
G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial  
package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of ad-  
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fice of seventy-one years, during sixty-three years of  
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record cannot probably be equalled in the United  
States, if, indeed, in the entire history of the profes-  
sion.

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counter.' It never fails to meet the  
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when the doctors' prescriptions have  
been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun,  
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## A REVIEW

OF THE

Seybert Commissioners' Report

OR,

WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE

BY

A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.,

A MEMBER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BAR; AUTHOR OF

"LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD LAWYER,"

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marks made on that occasion by Professor Robert Hare,  
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London Historical Society," made in 1867; Chapter X,  
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An Open Letter to the Seybert Commission.

(Continued from First Page.)

J. T. Crumrine, a Presbyterian clergyman of Cochranton, Pa., came to the camp meeting, bringing with him a pair of slates which had been fastened together in the following manner: A screw was inserted in each corner of the slates, penetrating both frames where they were morticed together. Two screws were also inserted in each of the sides. The heads of the screws were sunk into the frames, and then covered with ordinary sealing wax. Upon the wax were various impositions made by Mr. Crumrine and others, with seals, rings, and other articles. With the slates fastened in this manner Mr. Crumrine felt secure against imposture. He visited two or three mediums, but it was the busy season with them and only one could give him an immediate appointment. Mr. Mansfield gave him an hour, and at the appointed time he was on hand with his slates. That afternoon, however, Mansfield was unusually detained by a séance with two ladies, and did not get ready for Mr. Crumrine until too late for that gentleman to try his experiment, as he was obliged to leave that day on the afternoon train. Anxious to have the experiment tried, Mr. Crumrine left the slates in charge of Mr. A. Gaston, of Meadville, Pa., who promised to hold a séance with Mansfield and report results. Suffice it to say that Mr. Gaston held three séances with Mansfield, the medium saying that this would be necessary in order to "magnetize" the slates. At the third séance, which was held on Sunday afternoon, September 2, the medium declared that his familiar spirit told him if Gaston would take the slates to the auditorium, where a lecture was then progressing, and form a circle, an attempt would be made to write upon them. Accordingly, Mr. Gaston took the slates to the auditorium, and at the close of the lecture a circle was formed on the stage and connection established by clasped hands with the audience. Two skeptics were called out of the audience to hold the slates between them. Mansfield clasped hands with two persons in the circle, two persons being between him and the slates on either side. After a few moments of suspense, the medium began to write as if a powerful electric current were passing through his body. After one esplanade had passed he called to the men who held the slates and told them to turn the slates over. When this was done, he experienced a second spasm or convulsion, and then told the people to break the circle. He declared that he thought a message had been written on the inner surface of the slates, but of course nobody could tell until the slates were opened. Mr. Gaston, who had charge of the slates, took them away to Cochranton, and the result is given below. A few days after his departure with the slates Mr. Gaston wrote your correspondent as follows:

"The slate writing was a complete success. The Rev. J. T. Crumrine and other parties who helped seal the slates, examined them all and said the seals had not been tampered with, Mr. Crumrine saying that he would be willing to take his oath to that effect. One slate was filled lengthwise, and the other across the slate. Dr. Dunn and Mr. Fuller, of Cochranton, helped to seal the slates, and were present when the slates were opened. C. A. Bell, editor of the Cochranton Times, and James Reid, of Cochranton, were also present when the slates were unsealed."

The following is a copy of the message found on the slates. Mr. Crumrine and some few other persons will be surprised at the opening of these slates, and we regret very much that the owner of the above named did not remain in camp long enough to fill his engagements with Mr. Mansfield, because had he filled it, he would have received messages from his own friends, and now it is impossible for us to get them here, because he is so far away. If he will investigate in the right way, he will soon find that his friends can write to him, and that this is not a new thing, but a devil. The communication was signed "Thomas Vreeland," and the allusion in the last sentence was to the theory which the Rev. Crumrine entertains in regard to the source of spiritualistic phenomena. Wishing to obtain a sworn affidavit to the facts as set forth above, your correspondent forwarded to Mr. Gaston a short statement requesting him if possible to obtain the signature of Rev. Crumrine, in the presence of a notary public. In response to this request the following letter was received from Mr. Gaston:

"Crumrine would not subscribe to any statement. He holds that it is a fact that the communication came as claimed, but still holds to the diabolical origin, and does not want to have any hand in the spread of the doctrine. While he exhibits the slates and admits the fact, and will in his lecture, still he will then have opportunity to explain his theory as he goes."

Mr. Mansfield has just received the following letter from Cochranton:

"Dear sir, you are aware of this of the success with the test slates which I carried to Cassadaga, and to you through Mr. Gaston. The communication was signed by Thomas Vreeland. Do you know Mr. Vreeland, or any one who does? I do not know him. Where did he live, and when? Yours, etc., J. F. Crumrine."

To review the facts in this remarkable experiment, it may be summarized thus: Two slates were fastened together in such a way that it would be impossible to produce even a scratch upon their inner surface without disturbing the seals. The persons who fastened the slates together declare the seals had not been disturbed, and that an intelligent communication was found within the slates when they were opened. How did the writing get there? Certainly not by the agency of human fingers, or other physical means. The Rev. Crumrine believes it was the devil that wrote the message. Other people believe a disembodied spirit who once lived on earth did the writing. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." We read that on a certain occasion, when King Belshazzar was feasting with his thousand lords and their ladies in the royal palace, a man's hand appeared and wrote upon the ceiling certain ominous words. Are there hidden hands still writing messages for mortal eyes? GRAPHO.

In answering the above communication, the Rev. Crumrine admits the phenomenon—he could not do otherwise. The slates were sealed in Cochranton, Pa., taken to Lilly Dale, returned with the seals unbroken, and yet containing on their inner surface a long communication written under such circumstances and conditions as absolutely negatives your conclusion as recorded on page 8 of your report, i. e. "That the long messages are prepared by the medium before the séance; the short ones are written under the table, with what skill practice can confer," etc. In his newspaper article the Rev. investigator says, "I have been studying this subject for nearly eight years, and have accumulated about one-third of a hundred reasons for thinking it to be the devil, but I will not spoil my lecture by stating them

here. I will state them in full in the U. P. Church in Cochranton, next Thursday morning."

Now, gentlemen of the Seybert Commission, I know the Rev. Crumrine well. He is an educated Christian minister, possessing more than ordinary intellectual capacity, such as it is. He has investigated Spiritualism for eight long and weary years, and he has seen positive proof of the phenomena that you attribute to magic or legerdemain. He has the honesty to admit it, and attribute it to the devil, and of course a disembodied spirit. Now compare your puny investigations with his; your sage conclusions with his profound deductions; yea, compare his eight years' labor with the agonizing experience of your chairman, who for six long weeks wore a piece of Caffray's flypaper on his head, and who says that his "withers are unwrung" by his efforts to explain this, and the bow you have in well marked confusion before this Rev. Teacher of orthodox Christianity, who has solved the problem you could not unravel, and who has proven to his own satisfaction that it is not the work of a magician but the devil.

Gentlemen, the Rev. Crumrine is learned in biblical lore, and from his long investigation of Spiritualism is most likely better informed on the subject than the members of your commission can be. It is probable that he knows as much of spiritual philosophy as any man that ever lived who did not know more than he does. Is not then, his testimony as to the existence of the phenomena worthy of your profound consideration? Is it possible that the magicians of whom you purchased the secrets of spirit phenomena deceived you? or did they agree with the Rev. Crumrine that it is all of satanic origin? and is that the reason why you refuse to give the public what you purchased with a portion of the Seybert bequest? But the fact is proven. The phenomena exist. No human force known to science could have written the communication between the sealed slates, and whether it be the work of demons or spirits, is, under the present evidence of the case, the only question yet unsolved. You, gentlemen, are paid to seek for its solution. Dare you honestly perform the duties you have assumed? You should have no fears of the malign influence that wrote the slates. Remember this wicked thing that he did. The righteous should emulate the king of the jungle. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." James, 4, 7.

The law of evolution is a fact now denied only by the ignorant or unlearned. Scientists differ as to the extent of the application of this law, it is true, yet its fundamental principles are admitted by the learning of the world. Under the influence of that law man has progressed from savagery to barbarism, from barbarism to civilization, and from thence to Christian civilization. The taste and skill that first decorated the rude garments of early man with gaudy colors, was but the embryo of that genius that spread the beautiful frescoes of Michael Angelo. The rude huts of early savagery were the offspring of the same constructive skill that now erects the palace and cathedral. The law of evolution from a lower to a higher life, is as fixed and certain in its operations as the law of gravity or chemical affinity. As with the physical condition of man, so it is with the mental and moral. There was a time in the history of our race, even within the Christian era, when the tithes thought for the mire; the mire for the cassock, and the cassock for the people. That time is past, and men, developed by education, now think for themselves. The myth of demons and devils belongs to the ignorant past, and the followers of the Savior now serve him through love, not fear. The green earth and its landscapes, the hue and perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, and the affections of mankind, all prove to the thinking mind that love governs the universe as well as the destinies of our race; and the man whose morbid mental condition leads him to see demons and devils in ambush along the pathways of our race is truly an object of pity or contempt, as he may be viewed from the different standpoints of human life and experience. The beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism teaches no such doctrine, no imaginary horrors stain the white pages of its cheering creed; it makes no war on the enlightened religious belief of to-day, but only seeks to prove the truth of the fundamental principles of Christianity by demonstrating that which hope prays for and faith believes, yet is not certain of.

It is a fact lamented by both religious press and pulpit that infidelity is increasing in the world. A doubt of the existence of a future life clouds the mental horizon of many a thinking mind. Men can not believe what they wish to, but what is proven to them, and that they can not resist, if they would. Science is the executioner of dogmas and creeds, and in man's advancement on the pathway of evolution, that which satisfied the ignorant past is rejected by education and enlightenment. May it not be, then, that a Creator whose love is evidenced by every pleasurable emotion of the human mind, is now in accordance with his great law of evolution, giving to doubting man the demonstrative evidence of a future life, and teaching him by spirit visitations, "that if a man die he shall live again." Verily, "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Remember, gentlemen of the Seybert Commission, all men can not look upon death as the end of life as complacently as you do; but few men can take pleasure in the infidel thoughts you have promulgated in your report; few thinking minds can with pleasure believe, as your chairman does, that

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on;

And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

The truly Christian mind longs for immortality, and spiritual philosophy and phenomena afford the only positive evidence that all men can accept of its existence. If Spiritualism be true

"There's a land 'that is fairer than this,' and death and the grave are but the portals to a future life. Gentlemen, I would much rather believe with the Rev. Crumrine that spiritual phenomena are demoniacal in their origin, and that devils are sent all over the earth to convert infidels, than your cold truth of spiritual existence, than your cold truth of belief in utter annihilation. Yes! yes! I sincerely wish that millions of such spirits as the good preacher believes in were sent all over the earth on their holy mission of proving a spirit life, and hereafter I may be led to believe that his satanic majesty is not so black as he is usually painted.

Gentlemen, in conclusion, let me beg of you to continue your able investigations, and if in the end you shall ascertain that you were wrong and that the preacher is right; that it is not magic but the work and presence of the "evil one," do not, I pray you, conceal the fact from the world, but "Tell the truth and shame the devil."

Respectfully yours,

A. B. RICHMOND.

Meadville, Pa.

THE SPOOK OF SPIRITS.

Peter Cure and Wife, Honest Farmer Folk, Made the Playthings of Ghosts.

All Sorts of Weird Occurrences at the House Paralyze the Good People of the Country-side.

The following is from the Chicago Times of Sept. 27, and is a continuation of the narrative commenced on the second page:

The spook that made so much trouble in Peter Cure's house is not through with his earthly visitations. He returned and all day Tuesday was busy writing letters asking to be allowed to see his son Freddie. This particular spook was disinclined to visit any other house than that of Peter Cure, who, it was claimed, was the spook's own brother. The spook's son lived some distance away with an older brother of the spook, and the demand was made of Peter Cure that he bring his nephew into the house in order that the spook might have free communion with the young man.

If Peter Cure were the only one who had witnessed the actions of the spook, his neighbors might have thought that he had been in his cups, but not only Peter Cure but his wife, his children, and his neighbors have seen the furniture playing strange pranks without assistance, and they have no doubt that the place is haunted. They swear that it is. They have their own eyes to convince them, and they have seen potatoes, cabbage-stumps, cabbages, and butter-dishes playing leap-frog with each other. They have been pelted with stones, lids of fruit jars, and vegetables, and they knew they were not dreaming. Yet the place has not the appearance of a haunted house. It is a large, two-story frame building, which stands near the highway. It is just such a house as a prosperous farmer like Peter Cure usually owns. Back of it stretches the 320 acres of rich land, all in cultivation. All this Peter Cure owns and manages property besides in money and land in Chicago. He is a rich man, and he wonders much that the spirits of his dead relatives should come back to make life miserable for him. His father has been dead for thirty-four years, and he thought that was long enough to make him satisfied with his present quarters so that he would not want to visit the earth again. But his father came back, and brought other members of the family along with him. His father, mother, and one of his brothers worked him and his family for several days, and then left saying that they were compelled to go.

Peter Cure and his wife and children slept soundly for a few nights and then the spook of Frederick Cure came onto the scene. That particular spook raised the mischief and nothing could exorcise it so that it would not return. Some of the neighbors say that Peter Cure offered the priest at Mount Forest \$1,000 to rid his house of the spirit, but the priest wouldn't attempt to drive it out. Father Bruno of Blue Island went to the house two or three times, but he told Peter Cure and his wife that the spook was not an evil spirit and no charm could drive it away. So Peter Cure was compelled to entertain the spirit and allow it to have its own sweet way about the house.

Since the house has been haunted hundreds of the neighbors have visited the place. Many of them have seen strange things which have occurred. Others have not seen them, but have gone away and laughed at the rich farmer and called him and the members of his family worse than idiots. This has aroused his anger and he will say but little of his troubles. He has prohibited his wife from talking, but she has seen too much and says that she must believe in spirits hereafter, for no mortal being could do the things which have been done in the house lately.

The spook of her brother-in-law, Frederick, has robbed her of her sleep and her baking. It has been present in all parts of the house, turning the furniture and the household edibles topsy-turvy.

"The first spirits did not do any harm," she said. "But we have not had any sleep lately. When the rocks began sailing through the doors and windows without breaking them, and the dropping of the ceiling without any hand being there, I did not know what to think. Things went on from bad to worse. One day I was baking. After I had taken the bread from the oven it was spirited away. Then I took a cake from the oven and I said to myself 'I wonder if this will go the same way as the bread.' I turned my back, and when I looked again the cake was gone. We would find things after a time, but we would find them in places where they were not put. We learned that it was things all the time. If I was getting a meal, some one would have to be in the kitchen and some one in the dining room to keep an eye on the victuals or they would fly away."

"Had you ever believed in spirits before?"

"Never. No one could have convinced either my husband or myself that there was such a thing. I thought at first that some one was trying to bother us. But it isn't so. My husband always goes to his relatives and I do not see why they should come to bother us. We were talking about leaving the house, but my husband said he would stay as long as the roof staid on the house. But we did not know what to look for next. It has been doing something different in the house every day. First it would be in the kitchen, then in the dining-room, then in the parlor, and then up stairs. In the parlor the lace curtains were taken down and placed back on the pins. We learned that it was best to leave things as we found them for the spirit would replace everything. The curtains were put up again, but not as well they had been. The carpets were picked up and the chairs were made to stand on two legs. Then all the chairs in the room would be overturned on the floor. You can see how the house looks now. We have not dared to touch anything for fear it would be destroyed. The house is full of flies. We could not keep the screens in the windows. It would throw them down, and as often as we would put them into the window frames they would be thrown down again."

"After the spirit had placed anything in any one position it did not want to have any one touch it. We have had a good many things broken. The spirit took a picture from the wall and laid it on the floor. I picked it up and leaned it against the wall. When I saw the picture again it was broken. If things were left untouched they were not injured. Many dishes have been broken and the whole house has been in disorder. We would not know where to find anything. Several times one day I saw the wash-basin go from the sink across the room and light on top of the lamp chimney. After a little while it would go back to the sink. There was no one near and I know it was the spirit. Day and night something was being done. Very often during the day a stone or a cabbage stump or a potato would fall from the ceiling just in front of my

face. I have seen them falling from the ceiling and there was no one near to drop them. I could see them start about a foot from the ceiling. The chairs, too, were dropped from the ceiling in the same way. I have seen the chairs in the air within a foot of the ceiling and then they would drop to the floor.

"In the cellar everything was turned upside down. The vegetables were changed from one place to another and when in the cellar I would often be hit with a cucumber or a potato. Sometimes they would drop from overhead and at other times I would be struck from behind, as if some one had thrown at me. My preserves were disturbed. I went into the cellar one day and found the fruit jars standing in the milk. I put them back in their proper places and that caused the fruit to be ruined. Some of it had fermented, some jars had been opened and the spirit had taken out the juice and others contained milk, which had been poured in. If the jars had been left where I found them I would have had no trouble and I believe they would have been returned to their places."

It was a very eccentric ghost. It had a taste for sweets and it did not care who knew that it was prowling about the house seeking things to devour. Mrs. Mathilda Steffen, who is the Cure family's nearest neighbor, gave evidence that the spook had showered his favors and his stray vegetables on her. The first intimation she had of the supernatural visitor was one evening when she was visiting at the haunted house. She was looking over a German prayer book and pronounced the word "Gott" aloud. Just as she did so, she said, a stone dropped from directly above her and struck her on the hand, making her hand burn. She says that she saw the stones, vegetables, and furniture falling from an unseen hand near the ceiling and striking on the floor. She says that she took her baby to the house one night and laid him to sleep on some pillows on a chair. When she picked up the baby the pillows and other articles which had been in the chair were scattered over the room and the chair danced around and finally turned over, while the other chairs in the room were in sympathy and turned over at the same time. She says she went down into the cellar one day and as she was coming up the steps she was hit in the neck with a cucumber.

W. Mahoffey, who owns an extensive farm across the road from Cure's, says he has seen all these things, but can not account for their occurrence. All members of his family certify to the story told by Mrs. Cure and say they can not disbelieve their own sight.

Scores of people living in the vicinity say they know the things that have occurred as related, and those who are not Spiritualists are mystified. They do not know of any one who would be interested in playing pranks of such a nature. Some say that Cure's wife and daughter are trying to scare him so that he will quit drinking and go to church. Others say that Cure is the guilty party and is trying to scare his wife. Still others believe some one is trying to frighten the whole family for the purpose of buying up the place for less than it is worth. The adjoining neighbors, the Steffens, are Spiritualists, but no one suspects them of creating the disturbance. The trouble is all laid upon the unsubstantial shoulders of Cure's brother Frederick, who has been in his coffin for three years. Eli Dilley, who has seen the pranks, says that he does not know who is doing it but "the people in the house are not smart enough" to detect their neighbors.

Albert Reid is another who has been favored with the ghost's notice. He says that he was sitting in the house one day when the wash-basin, containing a bar of soap, lifted itself from the sink and floated across the room. A lamp stood on a bracket about eight feet from the floor. The wash-basin soared upward, hovered a moment over the lamp, and then roosted on top of the chimney, where it remained for a few moments, and then took a return journey to the place from which it had started. While wondering over this proceeding he says that a glass butter-dish floated through the room, passing directly in front of him. When the dish was directly in front of him it took a sudden in-shoot and broke to pieces against the wall.

The spook was tired with his antics last Sunday and retired to the other world. Before going west was left that the shade was that of Frederick Cure. The family had learned that this particular spook would answer questions, not with words, but by throwing or dropping something from above. Tuesday morning the members of the family were beginning to think they were free from their unbidden, unwelcome guest. One of the children remarked: "I wonder if Uncle Fred is here yet?" The hobgoblin had been so long about the premises that the children said very good terms with him and would have climbed on his knee and pulled his ghostly whiskers if they had had an opportunity. They were not afraid of him. Not by any means. A stray turnip might be wandering aimlessly about the room and strike them on the head, but they had never been hurt. Finally one of them asked, "Are you here, uncle? If you are, throw it!"

Crack! A stone as large as a walnut dropped into the fried eggs. Numerous questions were asked and answered in this way. Finally the question was asked, "Can you write?" A big rock was the answer, and paper being provided the ghost was kept busy writing all day. By this means he was able to make his wants known. Several quires of paper were used up and the writings are all preserved. The Times reporter was shown one of the messages in which "Uncle Fred" said he wanted to see his son Frederick, who, he thought, was afraid to come to the house. "Uncle Fred" is very substantial for a ghost. The marks of the nail are very distinct, and Peter Cure says the handwriting is that of his dead brother. No one saw the writing being done. "Uncle Fred" would write only in seclusion. If the family was up stairs the writing took place down stairs, and when the writing was done up stairs the family was in some other part of the house.

Peter Cure started for his nephew Tuesday evening and brought him to the house. There the ghost held long communion with his offspring in the flesh. No words were spoken, and the young man felt no ghostly arms creeping around his neck, but the ghost was satisfied and wrote good-by to all and vanished. Yesterday Mrs. Cure was busy putting her house to rights and getting ready to enjoy sleep and rest.

Catarra is caused by scrofulous taint in the blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and enriches the blood and gives the whole system health and strength. Try this "peculiar medicine." It is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Immortality Inherent in Nature is a poem of which the high scope and purpose may be judged by the title. Its author, Warren Sumner Barlow, was moved by high spiritual convictions, in writing it. His picture given in this elegant little volume, by a costly steel-plate portrait, preserves the fine personal appearance of Mr. Barlow. For sale at this office. Price, 60 cents.

"DOCTORING OLD TIME."

A Striking Picture—A Revival of Old Time Simplicity.

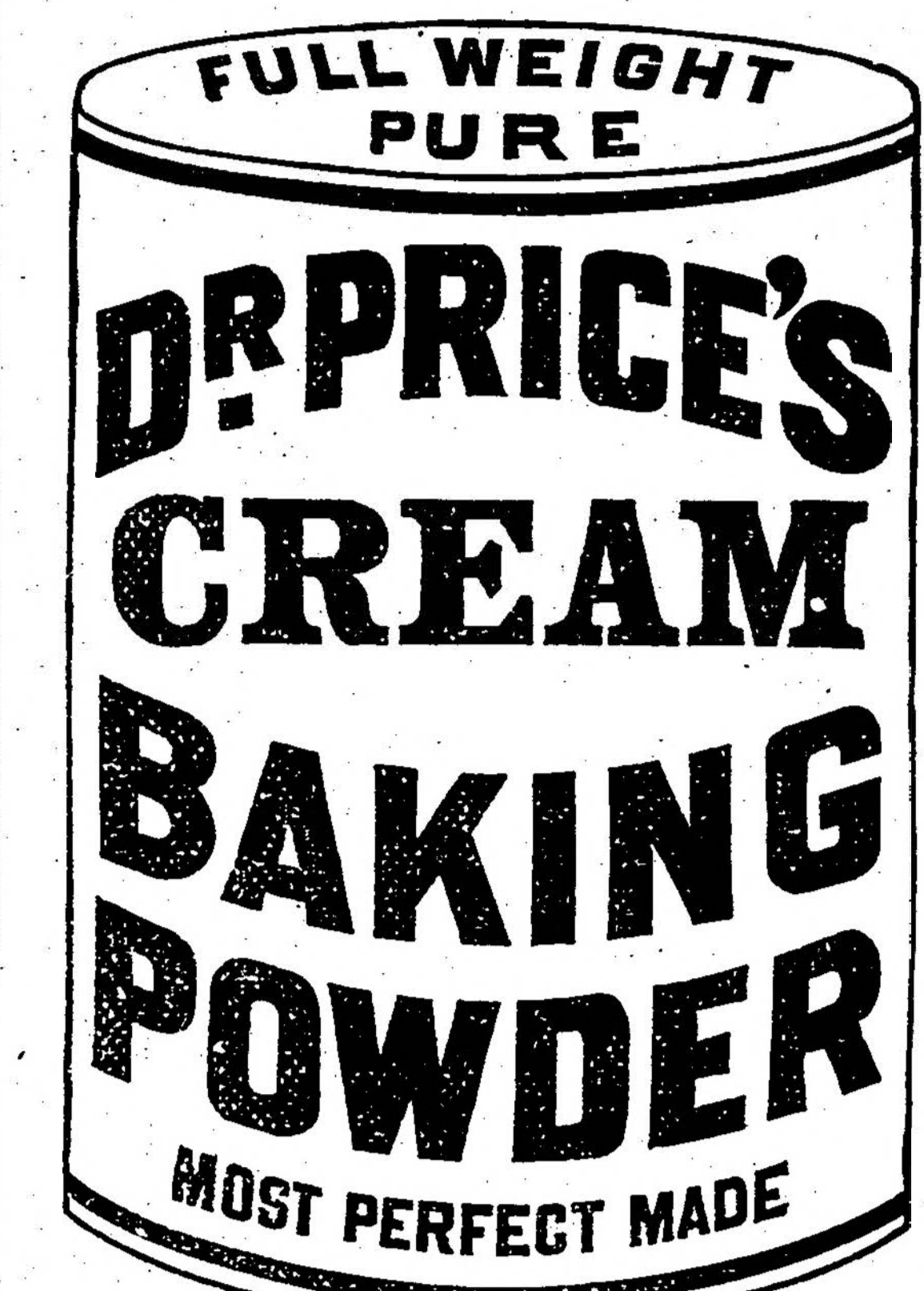
In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts' celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old-timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully cured. One of these clocks in this generation is appreciated only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version of the title, used for another purpose,—"Old Time Doctoring." We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country, has been for years investigating the formulas and medical preparations used in the beginning of this century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great-grandfathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets. They find that the prevailing opinion that then existed, that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," was true, and acting under this belief, our grandfathers used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain, has made these herbs less abundant and has driven them further from civilization, until they have been discarded, as remedial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure and founder of the Warner observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigations in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from which his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin remedies." Among these medicines will be a "sarsaparilla," for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," "Log Cabin extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream." Among the rest is also a "Log Cabin plaster," and a "Log Cabin liver pill."

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is dawning upon suffering humanity and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Although they come in the form of proprietary medicines, yet they will be none the less welcome, for suffering humanity has become tired of modern doctoring and the public has great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poisonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the prescriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of poisonous drugs, already prominent, will become more pronounced in coming generations. Therefore we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success.



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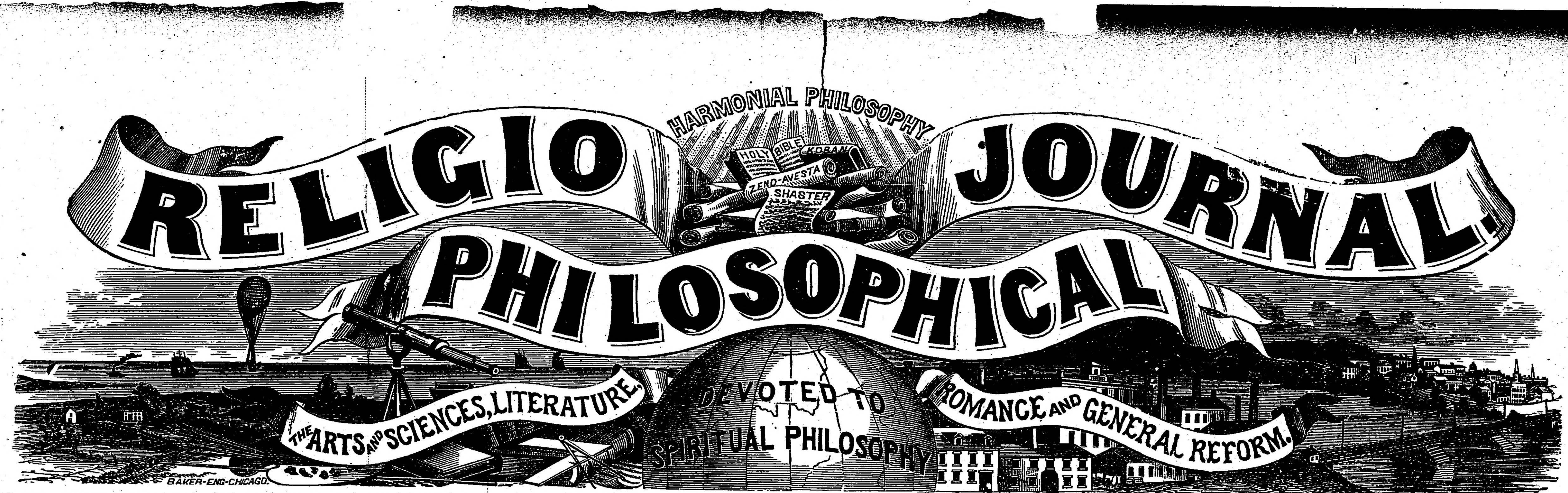
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VOL. XLV.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

No. 9

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of new Societies, or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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#### A DREAM.

A Discourse Delivered by Rev. E. P. Powell, at Utica, N. Y.

Reported in your morning paper of last Monday was a discourse on heaven and hell. It warned us against a light use of the latter word, although it seems to be entirely blameless to say heaven. Thinking over the momentous subject, and not being able to understand why it was more sinful to say Auburn State's Prison than Auburn Theological Seminary, or why a place of fire and brimstone should be more sacred than a place of music and joy, I fell asleep. I do not generally fall asleep over sermons; because I do not generally read them; nor was it in this case intended as a slight, for I concluded that all such questions really belong to dream life; and articles of faith of which no man in his waking hours, knows anything, ought invariably to be considered when asleep.

I am aware that the word hell has a rough edge to it like eldorado and charcoal, but if you will consider for a moment you will see that I was warranted in some unusual efforts to gain information concerning this unknown continent. I argued that to force a passage by dream was at least no more absurd than an effort to find the open Polar Sea by guess. At any rate I would make the attempt.

The result far exceeded my expectations. I dreamed that I went to hell. If you will go out on a clear night and look at the Constellation, Canis Major, or Great Dog, you will observe a fine large red star in the mouth of the Dog. This is the place so much believed in and classed by our preachers as one of the unmentionables. The word "sirius" is the Greek for "scorching hot," but I found that the only reason for supposing it to be a peculiarly hot world was this unfortunate name. It is warm enough to water melons, peaches and cucumbers which I found in great abundance everywhere; but it is cool enough to warrant wool clothing, especially for old people. I found Adam and Eve who are now quite alone in years, wearing furs, partly perhaps as robes of honor. A good deal of their clothing is woven from an exquisite vegetable fibre finer than our cotton. It is gathered from a sort of fig tree, which I was informed was the origin of the story about Adam and Eve wearing fig leaves, meaning only cloth woven of fig leaves.

The most common fruit is an apple, long and tapering like the finger of a lady, red in color and most delicate in flavor. I found it, however, rather too full of seeds for convenience of use. I was told that the seeds were brought by Eve from the garden of Eden, and that it was called paradise preserved. It is a peculiarly good fruit for marmalade.

I find myself drawn off at once to note the natural productions of the land because I had been led to suppose the people fed in the main on huckleberries, and were an ill favored set like those who inhabit Australia or the Sahara. On the contrary, a healthy, better looking lot of people I have never seen. This I was informed, was owing not only to the food eaten, but to the absence of that flesh-devouring theology which haunts our earth. If your globe could ever get rid of all fear of our world, and all desire for heaven, it would improve the health statistics wonderfully.

"Well," I said, "I shall go back and tell them what I have seen." "You had better not," they said, "for it might send us a tide of those very fellows who are now as anxious to keep away from us as we are to have them keep away; in fact, it is the bad reputation of our world that preserves us from a bad immigration." More than that they said: "That those who did come were

people who had no desire for rest, but were pleased with nothing so much as improvement."

They very kindly assigned Servetus to accompany me in a tour about the globe; and he was ordered to show me every possible favor in the way of information. Of course, I was a little curious to know if he was yet reconciled to Calvin, and this I asked him as politely as I might. He replied that he had never seen Calvin since he died. "He is not in this world," he said, "but in heaven." I begged his pardon for not remembering the fact. "He is," said Servetus, "with his God, and I believe they do not get on very well together; at least such rumors reach us occasionally."

"But where is the devil?" I suddenly asked, for to be honest, this charming country had wholly abolished the notion of my being in hell. "Neither is the devil here," said Servetus. "We had a change of government some hundred years ago, and as Satan was not quite agreed we packed him off to heaven. The fact is, when Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson came, they began to agitate at once for a republic. They told us what was going on on your globe and flatly refused to stay with us at all unless we would adopt a constitution and establish a congress. We couldn't afford to lose them, and the result was by overwhelming vote—a republic. The only difference being that our government covers the whole of our globe; but as Franklin and Count Rumford have perfected rapid transit, the assembling is easily accomplished. Our world," he said, "is a fraction over one hundred trillion of millions of miles in circumference, but it only requires three days to cover the distance."

I told him we had had several serious troubles with the working of our system, and enumerated women's suffrage, slavery, civil service and the effect of monopolies and the saloons. As for slavery he said they had the institution in a modified form.

The basis of their constitution read as follows: No man is born free, nor is he equal to a free man. But every man may be equal to a free man if he will. He only is free and naturally possessed of the rights of free citizenship, who has proved himself to be honest, intelligent, capable and desirous of the public weal. Those who fail of passing the civil examination as to these qualifications may demand another examination at the end of five years. Meanwhile such persons serve the state as unequals or serfs. Nothing is more absurd, he urged, than a republic based on the will and judgment of incompetent people and rogues.

As for women's suffrage, the ladies, he said, really outnumbered the men and ruled the place. But what was more, it was a principle of hell, that every one should have a vote proportionate to his real influence. How absurd, he said, for Tom Powers here, to have the same voice and power as Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln over them, pointing to the two who were walking under a grove of lindens. The result is, that the women have on the average, about two votes each, men averaging less than one—their influence being so much greater than men. As for Civil Service, he said, very few ever came to hell who couldn't read or write, and that anticipated some of the natural difficulty. The ignorant crowd went mostly to heaven, he assured me, being candidates everywhere for that place, as very well knew was the case on our globe. Furthermore, since the priests had baptized the murderers and all that sort, very few of them ever came there, and the whole, the population was so select, intelligent, educated and really elite, that it had not been easy for the Government to fall into the hands of the ignorant. As for the saloon influence, he asked me if I had ever known a whiskey peddler who was not "pious?" I told him I believed they did generally adhere pretty stoutly to some church, or at best, they believed in orthodoxy. "Very well," he said, "belief it is that settles the question at last. And so we are seldom bothered with such people. Those who do come are of a thinking sort, and are sent over to Tom Paine's Island of Common Sense, where they are allowed to debate from morning till night, and are thus kept out of mischief."

Of course I was curious to know who was present at the time of my visit, and was somewhat startled to hear that it was one of the Popes—Gregory the Great, and that in the Cabinet were Thomas Jefferson, Plus Antoninus, Paul, Daniel O'Connell, Humboldt and Martin Luther, all men of tremendous executive power.

"But, Servetus," I finally asked, "how comes it about that you who so loved God in your life, can endure a Godless world?"

Are you quite an idiot," he responded, somewhat warmly. "Do you not teach and believe that God is everywhere? that he is omnipresent? How, then, can there be a mighty world like this where he is not? I will tell you who is not here; your judging God, who is nothing more than a huge man. You, the people on the earth, following Calvin or a like sort, believe in a Being who goes about, who lives in a heaven, who visits you occasionally. You only profess to believe in an Omnipresent Soul. The real Spirit of the Universe is here as he is everywhere; and he is here more than in some places, only because we appreciate his presence and love him."

"But where is God," I asked, "the God that cursed Adam, and made a covenant with Abraham, and educated Calvin, and that wrote the Bible, and thus runs our churches?" "Oh, He," replied Servetus, "He is in heaven. It is up there, that huge star that shines with a sort of old gold look. There is so

much gold there, the world gets the color of it even in reflection."

"It's queer place. God has had an immense deal of trouble with his people, and as he rules by blood there, he has been a rough time. He began by getting angry with his own family 6,000 years ago, and he is angry at them yet. It is chronic difficulty. But poor fellow, we all pity him. Think of having a hundred sects from your world, pouring in their quarrelsome set on him all the time. The martyrs pull open their wounds and yell for vengeance; and the Baptists and the Presbyterians go there red hot with their quarrels, and you don't suppose they fall in love at once, do you?"

"But, Servetus," I said, "I supposed all folks that went to heaven were immediately changed and made to love each other." "I know," he said, "that's the dodge that's current in your world. Men are to fight, quarrel, beat, kill each other over their creeds; or then they are to be made good by force, if folks could only be made good by force, there would be good as stones and sticks. There is no power in the universe to make a soul good, but its own choice and practice."

"However," he added, "I understand that God is initiating some reforms lately, that will be likely to make a change for the better. (1) He has forbidden them to baptize in any stream of water used for domestic purposes. (2) To ring no more church bells. (3) That no one can be converted over five times. (4) That at prayer meetings there shall be no shouting to be heard outside the building. (5) That preachers convicted of preaching ten sermons without speaking one truth, shall be forever silenced. "The fact is, that heaven had become such a bedlam of contending sects, that there was a long time when, Revivalists were plying their trade at the street corners. Baptists were going on in the River of Life, and the notices of revival meetings were placarded on the white throne. At last, a Salvation Army was organized, and then the Lord put his foot down, and as I said, began a reform."

I was thunderstruck at such information, and plumply told Servetus it sounded profane. "No doubt," he replied. "Do you know, by the way, that nothing is so profane as facts?" "But," he added, "do you not see how people going out of your world are the same people still—with the same passions and pleasures? Bible worshippers who get together to argue God down, or pray him into terms, and who consider prayer as mighty to move God, won't give it over when they die. They expect all their actions to be endorsed, and they will be, and shout if they are not. In fact, heaven is a good deal like a prayer meeting, 500,000 miles square, every one begging or praising and singing."

All this while we had been traveling with remarkable speed through the air, Salvation Army utterly unexplainable to those who live on the earth, except to say that it is the result of the psychic power finally predominating over physical force, and levitating them. The bodies of the dead are lighter than ours, and their spirit strength is more completely organized. The tendency that way is strong in life, and on the earth. Mind is an historic product, so are morals; and they are steadily gaining propensities mastery. Speech is purely an earthly affair, and a coarse mechanical invention at best. In the life I found on Sirius it has developed into direct spiritual communication; a sort of mind reading, and equally mind speaking. The thought, and your soul is permeated with the thought, and your neighbor projects to you. You have at the same time, a sensation as of music more or less exquisite according to the nature of the soul that addresses you. The charm of intercourse with Servetus I can only compare to that ineffable prayer that flows through one who lies down by a shady brook in August, and dreams a poem, when birds and brook and insects are not quite heard by you, but all sounds float together in an idea and that idea is a rhythm, and you do not conceive a poem, but for a time you are a poem, your being set to unheard music. Such was my intercourse with Servetus.

Then said my guide as we went over a superb island covered with palms and vineyards, "that is Jesus's island." "What?" I said, "I, fairly staggered, "Why, Jesus of Nazareth," he said, "and one of the best fellows here. He is a little given to innovation, and is in some things of an impracticable turn; but his sympathies and seer of all those who are unable to work and of orphans. It is a delightful sight to see how the children date on him. There he is now, pretty much covered with the little ones; and Lazarus, who is as poor as ever, is leaning on that gate looking at him. Buddha has the next island, and though a good deal given to dreaming, he and Jesus are a splendid pair."

"Orphans," I said. "But," I added, "I don't understand; I thought Jesus sat on a throne at the right," etc.

"Nonsense," said Servetus, "he is the last one to sit on a throne while there is anything to do."

"But he is Judge of the world," said I, "who is going to preside at the Judgment Day?" "Bah!" said he, "not Jesus, why he couldn't kill a toad—say nothing of damning a man. Don't you bigots, full of crude zeal, think ever to make your carnival of damnation respectable by getting Jesus to preside at it?"

Suddenly, by what I have described as phosphenism, he called out to Jesus, telling him who I was, and what I believed of him. Instantly, as if my whole being were penetrated with music, a thrill of absolute harmony went through all space. I felt rather than heard the words: "I live to save and not to destroy. I am Love and Peace; and evil and sorrow I abhor. The grace of Jesus be with you."

"The fact is," said Servetus, "that when Jesus came here, as your creed says, he did it to preach to those in prison; he became so attached to the place that he went back, converted himself, and as soon as possible made our world his home."

"Then to worship Jesus," I said, "must be a great blunder." "Not at all," said my guide; "as long as he represents to you the most lovable and noble, you should by all means adore him. You do that approximately in a friend whose manliness you admire; you cannot too much honor and worship the good."

"But," said I, "God is a jealous God, he will not permit—"

"There, there, now," said Servetus, "none of your nonsense. The Infinite Good cannot be jealous of your loving the most good you can think of. Besides, if you worship a jealous God you worship jealousy, and will breed evil in your soul. It is a fact that a bad God is the worst of all mischiefs. The worship of a bad God on your little earth has been the bottom of nearly all your troubles and miseries. You never will be able liberally to worship the Infinite; and that finite which is most good, beautiful and true is your proper object of worship. By and by your world will learn to worship the best it has produced; and Jesus is one of the best. Earth has had a great many gods, and it has made them all; the best God is your best ideal. When you find what you feel is above you and a true object of imitation, worship that; but be sure that worship is not a thing of words but of work. Men foolishly have supposed sacrificing, praying, singing and dancing to be worship. Not a bit of it; the only worship of the good is to be good yourself. To do right glorifies the right, and nothing else pleases the inherently, eternally, Supremely Right."

"But, where," said I, "is the Lake of Fire of which we have heard so much on the earth?"

"Oh, that was put out long ago. It was a bad affair, and the sulphur fumes were a terrible nuisance. The place had been used by Jehovah and the Calvinists for purposes such as you have often heard of. But Satan was always doing something to ameliorate the condition of the world, and at last hit on the happy expedient of artesian wells. It was found that the centre of our globe was full of vast reservoirs of water; so we set to and pumped till we had flooded the lake entirely, and put it out. You know that your preachers have slowly given up the idea of literal fire. I assure you, this preaching began to modify when we began pumping."

"You see that our globe is now a vast archipelago. We have no very large continent, but some 70,000,000 of islands. Each one is noted for some peculiar industry, economic enterprise or social experiment. When a man invents a new machine we give him one island to experiment on. When a new theory is touched we give the philosopher one island on which to try the working of his scheme. That saves an eternal dispute and quarrel about what might be. Now, you have theorists like the socialists, nihilists, etc., that if you could seclude for a while, might practice on their plans among themselves and prove their value. For instance, you might shut up the Mormons on some island and let them try their scheme by themselves. You would find that when they lost the pleasure of proselyting they would soon become a host of Kilkenny cats. Proselyting is an expansive force. It is like letting off steam. Close the valves and the troublesome affair will soon explode."

"But, Servetus," I said, "your world was certainly once a very different affair. How did you work the change?"

"Well," said Servetus, "we had great difficulty so long as we worked on the principles in vogue with you. You have a vast system of so-called reform institutions. The whole of them are nurseries of crime. Your prisons educate criminals. Your other public institutions are largely of the same influence. Then you run your public schools in a reckless way, no careful moral training, and little chance for it; and your religious are none of them for the benefit of your world, only for some other. Your creed is to pronounce your world hopeless and condemned. Don't you see that makes a hell of it to start with? and it always will be a place where crime rules until science shows you that the priests and politicians instead of being the real reformers are the very ones that can't wish a reformation. Here," he added, "we began with the teachers and preachers and educated them in the fundamental principles of right. They are compelled now to teach only what they know, and not what they believe."

"Then for reformation we abolished all systems of shutting criminals in prisons, and began to educate in them a moral sense. Crime is based largely on undeveloped moral capacity. Of course we have had comparatively little difficulty, as the percentage of bad men coming here is very small, but because either of heredity or of environments. We give them good environments and then educate out their inherited evils."

"Our chief difficulty," he added, "is with the lazy louts who come here expecting to spend eternity spouting infidelity. They will not study nor work. They carry around

a box of dust and fling it up in the air till they can neither see nor can any one near them."

"What have you done with them?" I asked. "Well," said Servetus, "for a long time we did not know what to do with them. They honestly believed they knew it all; and most of them were really correct in theory, only they were purely cases of arrested development. They would go no further. Now, reformers are very likely to do just that; get one mile out of town and camp out at a mile stone, and want every one else to do the same. Others act as if bitten by gad flies, and go nowhere, and simply mistake motion for progress. They catch up every new notion and load it on until their minds are like the pack on Santa Claus's back, just before Christmas."

"Nothing in the universe quite so higgledy jiggle as a reformer that will not study."

"But at last we hit on a system of exchange with heaven. They were to send us man for man, of the prayer-meeting sort, the louts who believe in being saved by faith and abhor works, who spend their time on fire drill theology and psalm singing, and doing sundry other things for the glory of God, and we sent them our noisy infidel declaimers; it was not at all hard for us to convert the former or for them to convert the latter. What is wanted is generally to bring people of opposite notions together to wear off their prejudices."

Servetus told me and what I saw of hell vastly surprised me, and so I repeatedly told him.

"Well," he said, "and so was I surprised when I first came here. I expected to find it a great States prison like those in the United States, a place where criminals never grow better, but always worse, and where torture of some kind is eternal. Instead of that, I found the priests, the incorrigible criminals, the politicians, mainly eliminated, and as a result a steady reformatory movement in progress that will in time make a model world."

"But when an incorrigible does come to you, what then?"

"If absolutely incurable, a being in whom we can create no moral power, we seclude him in the Island of Regret, and leave nature to do her work."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Why she soon puts an end to him. 'The Wages of sin is death.' No law is more universal. Life is only the result of following in the line of truth, virtue and knowledge. Many a man on your globe has only a sense life that never reaches up to a moral will. Such perish before leaving you or soon after. To make their exit easy is the work of the State. Extinction is the work of nature—of nature in the person himself. If he will not live, or has no power to will anything but self-destructing vices, he soon vanishes. The attempted organism ends in disorganization."

"But there is far more hope for the very bad than would seem from the notions in vogue with your people," added Servetus. "A priest who should here say that human nature is essentially bad, would receive the great condemnation."

"What is that?" I asked.

"He would be compelled for three hours to feel the condemnation of the college of manly virtues. Phosphenism to him would be for those three hours as keenly terrible as to you it was delightful."

"That," said the guide, as we passed over a very white looking island, "is New Boston." The fact is, there was no living with those American Athenians until they were assigned to a special island. Here they had built an exact copy of the earthly Boston and had a splendid duplicate of Bunker Hill Monument, and the Commons, and the State House, and the old South and Faneuil Hall. Landing, I found Phillips addressing a mass meeting, on the anniversary of the Boston mob. Emerson had a new volume of essays in press, and Longfellow had just written an ode in honor of Pericles who was a visitor on the island. In fact here was the seat of culture, pure and simple; here were the Adamases, Otises, Quineys, and they issued the Atlantic Monthly regularly from advanced sheets.

All agreed that the moral atmosphere of hell was preferable to that on the earth; for, said Garrison, every slaveholder and every murderer and the intolerant orthodox are in the other place.

I had just entered into negotiations for a corner lot in this industrious and democratic town when I was shaken by my wife and sharply requested not to talk in my sleep. I told her she had lost the most gorgeous time she would ever get, and it was a bargain that was offered.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the house, just as faithfully as if we stood in the first rank of some great battle, and we know that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill.—THEODORE PARKER.

In the depth of the sea the water is still; the heaviest grief is borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the most impressive preacher at the funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength and they are the weakest however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—BOYCE.



## THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN CHEYNE-ROW.

A Seance with "Thomas Carlyle."

[In republishing the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Light of London says: "The following narrative, extraordinary in character, and quite graphic in style is one we think our readers should have an opportunity of perusing. We go farther and say that in our judgment it is something to be esteemed, and will, however, be read with interest, as illustrating what a leading daily in England is publishing in connection with Spiritualism."

The masquerade was busy at No. 24, Cheyne-Row, when we turned in from the embankment, and ladders were up in front of the house. It seemed as if the familiar old house, which has been rendered sacred by its associations with Mr. Carlyle, was undergoing an outside restoration. On examination, however, it was found that the men with the ladders outside were only arranging to insert a medallion bust of Mr. Carlyle in the front of the house to mark it out for the pilgrims who came to Chelsea from all parts of the English-speaking world. After standing empty for some years the house has now been occupied. Curtains are in the windows, and there are signs of life and activity much greater than those which were visible during the closing years of the old sage's life. The house itself has been renamed as Carlyle House, and it is now in the occupation of Mrs. Cottelle, who for seventeen years was Mr. Carlyle's next door neighbor in Cheyne-Row. Mrs. Cottelle is a Spiritualist, and she has at the present moment located in Mr. Carlyle's old home the original prophesies of the spiritual faith, the famous American medium, Mrs. Jencken, who is better known to fame as Catherine Fox, who when but three years of age first developed, together with her sister Margaret, in Rochester, New York, the phenomena commonly known as spirit-rapping. Mrs. Jencken has been a month in London, and has not yet given any public exposition of her extraordinary powers. There was something bizarre in the idea of a medium being located in Mr. Carlyle's old premises, and two of our representatives accepted Mrs. Cottelle's invitation to visit the famous place and its extraordinary resident. The following is the report of one of them:

"It was with mixed feelings that I rang at the door which when it was last opened I had seen close upon the familiar form of Mr. Carlyle. That was nine years ago, in 1879, and Mr. Carlyle had bidden me a kindly farewell as I left him on his own doorstep after a pleasant drive over Haverstock Hill. On entering the house it was evident that though the outer frame was there the whole interior had been changed. The garden behind, in which Mr. Carlyle used to smoke, still remains pretty much as it was in the old days when the 'cock's shrill clarion' woke the fretful philosopher, suffering greatly from insomnia, in his early morning, and the austere plainness of the historian's living-room has given place to the luxurious furnishing of a well-to-do person in the weatherly middle class. We went upstairs to the three windowed room in which I had first made Mr. Carlyle's acquaintance; and in which he subsequently breathed his last. The bookcase that stood at the side of the fireplace had disappeared, and the room, which in his time contained little furniture beyond a chair, a couch, and a couple of tables, was full of the elaborate nick-nacks and modern drawings, and a large oil painting of the Duke of Wellington hung on the wall fronting the windows. The fireplace stood where it did, and the windows were the same, but everything else was transformed, nor would anyone have recognized it as the same room as on that sunny November morning in 1879, which was the last occasion on which I was in the room."

"Mrs. Jencken is a lady of pleasant appearance, about forty-three years old (historical personages are not allowed to have any secrets as to their age). She bears little trace of the stormy and eventful life through which she has passed, living, as she believes herself to have done, in constant communication with the unseen world. Her peculiar gifts, whatever they may be, have been subjected to the closest scrutiny by Mr. Crookes, whose scientific researches have established his reputation on a sufficiently firm basis to justify our accepting his testimony as to phenomena elicited in the presence of Mrs. Jencken. "The mediumistic gift is not by any means an unimaged advantage. When she was a mere child, she and her sister were hurried away, concealed in a great wagon, from the house at Rochester, which was in danger of being mobbed by a rabble, which at that time was not unrepresented from the superstitious horror with which all rappings were regarded in the early days of Spiritualism. The house in Rochester still stands in which, as Spiritualists would say, the first manifestations of the new revelation were given to the world, and over the door is inscribed a statement that 'in this place Spiritualism first took its rise.'"

"Mrs. Jencken is now a widow, and is on a visit to this country, accompanied by her two sons. I expressed some natural surprise at the incongruity of holding a seance in Mr. Carlyle's old room. 'Oh,' said Mrs. Cottelle, 'I do not feel that Mr. Carlyle has ever left it. He is constantly moving about the room; you can hear him at times. On one occasion he was materialized before us, and I heard once more the familiar voice which I had so often heard in the old time when we were next-door neighbors. It is but nature that he should cling to the old place. There are strange creakings and knockings, as if some one was moving behind the furniture and the pictures, and these noises always remind me of his presence, and, indeed, we receive many communications from him.'"

"Materializations only occur in dark seances, and this was broad daylight. Mrs. Jencken was not a materializing medium. Any communication, therefore, which we might have with the Sage of Chelsea must be by writing, not *en vivo*. Before beginning the seance proper Mrs. Jencken suggested that we might hear the rappings at any place which we preferred. I went to the door and laid my hand upon it. Mrs. Jencken politely requested the spirits or the control to communicate their presence in the usual way. One of us stood on one side of the door and the other on the other. Therefore there was no possibility of the employment of direct material agency in producing the noises. They came, however, nevertheless, tapping, tapping, as if it were in the woodwork of the door. In response to her request a series of taps was heard. At times these knockings were said to be much louder than they were on the occasion of our visit, and before we left, as my colleague was leaning his head against the door there came a heavy thud, which made us all start, much as if some one had tried to kick the panel in on the other side. No one was visible and nothing could be seen as to the producing cause of this curious knocking."

"This, however, was but a prelude to the serious business which was to commence. About a curiously carved round wooden table

did not put our hands on the table or touch it in any way; neither was there any invocation or singing of mournful melodies such as are employed at some seances as a preliminary to the apparition of the spirits. A sheet of this foolscap was laid upon the table and a lead pencil. Mrs. Jencken sat facing the light. I was on her right, my confere on her left, while Mrs. Cottelle sat facing her, with her back to the window. Presently the knockings were heard under Mrs. Jencken's chair, and then again in the table itself. They were simply tapping such as might be produced with the finger nail. But Mrs. Jencken's hands were visible and motionless, nor was there any visible motion on the part of any of her members. Then she said, 'I feel like writing,' and grasping a pencil with her left hand she began writing upon the paper in front of her. What she was writing she said she did not know, and no human being could say what it was as she wrote, for the characters could only be read when held up to the looking-glass or through the paper from the reverse side. We watched the movement of her hand intently, and presently it stopped. I took the paper and held it to the light. The name of 'T. Carlyle' was appended as a signature to the message, although it must be admitted that it is somewhat difficult to conceive the grim old philosopher returning to earth in order to indite such a message as this:

"My friend, I rejoice to meet you. I have all that I longed for. Why do you not converse with your own loved ones, and have faith that they may draw near enough to enter into your sphere?"—T. CARLYLE.

"To think of old Carlyle coming back to hang round this table!" I exclaimed. Instantly there were knockings, and the left hand of the medium began writing. When the message was held to the light, behold the following reproof:

"Friend, be more respectful. I am no longer old; I am a young man now."

"We asked some more questions and then received the following reply:

"Let the departed rest. Their lives need no trumpet to sound their praise, and I feel very sorry that my poor wife was so badly treated."

"By whom?" we inquired. No answer. "By Mr. Frode?" it was modestly suggested. The response was undecided. "By yourself?" he boldly inquired one of the sitters. Again an undecided kind of knock left us in doubt as to whether he was lamenting remorsefully his treatment of Mrs. Carlyle, or whether he was merely wroth with some others who had treated her ill. Then came a pause. Mrs. Jencken again clutched the pencil, and began to write, 'I am here.' The signature was 'Elizabeth.' No one present admitted that they had known any Elizabeth in the flesh. I was gestured that it was probably Queen Elizabeth.

The pencil then began to write, 'I am sure you will greet me some time—Adelaide.' We were equally in the dark, but there was a suggestion of Queen Adelaide. Again the medium's hand was agitated, and she wrote: 'Perhaps you will know me better as Queen Anne.' We were Queen Anne, and many others, on the stage. One of the sitters stoutly protested that Queen Anne had never been represented in any drama on the English stage, as she was not a person whose career led itself to dramatization. Mrs. Cottelle, however, promptly extricated the control from the difficulty by suggesting that it was Queen Anne of Denmark, or Queen Anne of Cleves. Then after some further scribbles, came a message signed by an eminent poetess. It was to the following effect: 'You cannot forget me, meet me for a private message.' But in response to all inquiries as to when the message was to be delivered no answer was vouchsafed. A suggestion from me that all the other sitters be sent out of the room in order that should the private message should be delivered, was emphatically vetoed by the negative knock.

"It should be mentioned that the 'rappings,' whoever they might be, apparently followed with close attention the conversation that went on in the room, and would occasionally indicate an emphatic assent or dissent to a sentiment which might be expressed by any of the speakers. Mrs. Jencken explained that she had frequently written in languages which she knew nothing of, as the movement of her hand was purely mechanical. Among other languages, she had written Russian, and long conversations had been held in her presence in the Morse telegraphic alphabet, which she did not understand."

"She then grasped the pencil, and began writing. This time the message was addressed to me, and ran as follows:

"You will be very successful, my friend. Go ahead; accomplish your work. A great surprise is coming for you in a few days, and that will open the way for you to great events."

"It was signed 'Benj.' On reading it out I said, 'Who is Benjamin?' and all present began to recall the name of the friend of mine who may have borne that name. At last, 'I know of no Benjamin,' I said, 'unless it was Benjamin Disraeli.' Immediately three emphatic knocks indicated that that precise Benjamin was the control at that moment in the room. My confere intimated that he should have thought that I was the last man in the world to whom Lord Beaconsfield would care to receive, to which I replied that there had been mysterious knockings at his house when I visited, and he began writing, although there was no one in the house at the time. 'Possibly that was Benjamin's spirit,' suggested one. Instantly three emphatic knocks confirmed the accuracy of the surmise. 'How odd,' said I, 'the juxtaposition of Benjamin Disraeli and Carlyle! I remember well coming into this room when Mr. Carlyle was living. It was during the Afghan war, and I remarked that things were not looking well, when Mr. Carlyle, turning round, remarked with vehemence, 'And they will never look any better, sir, unless it please the Heavenly, or the infernal, power to take away this dauntless Jew, a man who has brought more shame and disgrace upon this country than any other man in the whole course of her history.' Such was his estimate of Lord Beaconsfield."

"A pause then ensued. It was suggested that we should write on a piece of paper the name of one person with whom we wished to communicate, and, folding it up, lay it on the table; then beside this piece of paper that we should write the names of half a dozen other people on paper, similarly folded, and then ask the control to state which piece of paper contained the person's name with whose spirit we wished to communicate. My confere did so, and wrote the names of half a dozen defunct poets, fixing in his mind upon Goethe as the particular spirit with whom we wished to hold 'sweet converse.' The medium touched different pieces of paper in turn, and asked whether that was the name fixed upon. Raps were given indicating that it was not, to the first and the second; to the third, three raps came, indicating that the right paper had been touched. Unfortunately, when it was opened it turned out to be 'Swift,' and not 'Goethe,' and a second attempt succeeded no better. It was then suggested that an at-

tempt might be made to indicate by rapping out letter by letter, the medium repeating the letters of the alphabet over and the control rapping when the right letter was reached. By this means the following message was laboriously rapped out—again from Lord Beaconsfield:

"I can help you in your present anticipation. You have a bright path to step in, entirely different from the present, my friend. You will not dislike the old Jew when your efforts are crowned with success.—BENJ."

"The old Jew, as he called himself, then disappeared, and all efforts to ascertain what particular path in life it was that I was to step along so brightly failed."

"Now," said I, 'I have received a telegram that an important letter is coming for me to-night. Can the control tell me whom that letter is from, or what its contents are?' This, however, was 'a stumper.' At last we were informed that—

"My message refers to the letter coming to-night. You will soon be called from London on important business.—BENJ."

"I objected that I could not leave London at present, whereupon 'Mr. Carlyle' returned and answered my question as to when I had to go by writing:

"Not until you can go with ease. You will have an offer.—THOMAS CARLYLE."

He then wrote:

"I am anxious to meet you again, my friend."

"And he wrote or spoke with us no more. My skeptical confere showing signs of ridiculing the performance, was told in compassionate charity that it was such as he who made the most fervent believers when their doubts were finally removed, as they certainly would be if they persevered and subjected the phenomena to a severely scientific test. Seeing that he was such a son of the century, I proposed to expel him in order that 'the spirits' might have free course to develop without the baleful influence of his scornful skepticism. To this, however, the spirits strongly objected. I appealed to them repeatedly to have him expelled, but they always replied 'No,' with such emphasis that I had to give it up. Thereupon the medium's hand was again agitated, and the following message was written by the poetess mentioned above:

"He is not to blame. He will some day believe when he has the evidence that he requires. When God's angels lift the curtain between them and him, and he beholds the glory that surrounds them, he will believe. First, he must have faith in God; then all the rest will be easy."

"Meet me, dear friend, some evening soon. I will fully satisfy your mind and my private message may give you, my friend, soon."

"Before this I should have mentioned, however, that a message came from the same poetess saying that she wished to deliver that private message to me, and that we were to put the paper with the pencil underneath the table when she would write it with her own hand. We obeyed her instructions, and initiated the paper on both sides to make sure that it was not removed, and the seance went on. Unfortunately, the poetess was not able to accomplish her benevolent desire of supplying me with an autograph letter, as the paper was as white when we took it up as when we laid it down. 'The spirits,' however, rapped out a message on the table to the effect that they had been trying to write, but could not do so, on account of the light. Then the rapping recommenced. 'Talk with me. I love you,' was the message addressed to my confere. He was much gratified, as he was the affectionate message was signed 'Mary.' He denied all knowledge of any defunct Mary. We were then promised miraculous manifestations, including winding up musical boxes and playing the piano by disembodied forms. 'Ah!' said Mrs. Cottelle, 'it was marvelous the other night when we had the spirit of Thomas Moore here, who accompanied himself on the piano, and sang one of his own songs, a manifestation which we agreed must have been extraordinarily thrilling.'"

"An astrologer, however, had been waiting for some time down stairs, and the seance broke up, Mrs. Jencken imploring us to come back some evening, when the manifestations would be held in another room, where they were much more powerful than in Mr. Carlyle's old sitting room. To this, however, we could not give a positive assent, and departed, wondering what Thomas Carlyle himself would have thought of the performance that was going on in the rooms sanctified by his presence during life."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, London, Eng.

## An Angel on Earth.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

That there are angels on earth, as well as in the Summer-land, I verily believe, and they are constantly trying to alleviate the suffering of mortals. One was recently described in the *New York World*. Her work is grand. At the foot of Battery Park elevated station under the stairs is a little red booth inhabited by a white aproned youth, with kindly blue eyes and a colorless, amiable countenance. At night the booth is buttoned up tight, and is only a red box, six feet by four, but every morning early the lid that is covered with marbled diletto, unbuttoned, is laid down, and displays within the pleasant face and smiling mouth of a young woman, with a pair of eyes that are as blue as the sky, and a pair of lips that are as red as the roses, and with which the aforesaid young man adorns his walls and satisfies his craving for the beautiful.

Half a dozen bookshelves, four newsboys and three men out of work come by and lunch on waxy, well-cooked food for sums ranging from 1 cent to 3. One newsboy, very flush, eats through the entire menu and plunks down a nickel, to the envious admiration of his fellows. A lot of newly-landed immigrants come by, and, seeing the food stop and lunch heartily, and are joyfully surprised at the bill. All sorts and conditions of men drift past, and the gentle-faced youth feeds them all—as many as 500 a day. There are seven of these stands—at Centuries slip, corner Grand and Center streets, Battery place, Franklin square, Tenth street and North river, Duane and West streets, and the headquarters of the best teaching of Confucius to Christ, if not from Christ to Coleman. If more can come out of it, if by seeking in this grand way we find and by knocking at the unknown door, there opens to humanity new and great possibilities, let us seek and knock though a whole world denounce the effort.

The allegiance to the cause of theosophy of Prof. Elliott Coues, the leading scientist of the Western Continent, the composer of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and Wallace, but proves that a profound theosophical and philosophical scholar has found the subject worthy of scientific scrutiny. Does Mr. Coleman really think that Prof. Coues can be "hoodwinked by tricks of jugglery?" He should have read Dr. Coues' earnest, indignant protest against the trickery practiced upon the public by fraudulent mediums and clairvoyants.

Washington, D. C. EUGENIE S. LAWTON.

The poor find these food stalls open all the year round, and even during the blizzard she managed to keep them supplied with the double allowance necessary to meet the great demands made on their resources. Every cent that she can spare goes into this charity, and she declares she could run just double the number of booths were outside aid given her. As it is, she has reached the limit of her own possible expenditure."

Mrs. Lamadrid is a skillful business woman and rigid economist, otherwise the charity would soon become impossible. Every day in winter she drives down from her handsome up-town residence to the kitchen in Madison street, and all through the hot Summer weather she leaves her pretty country home, at Bay Ridge, and comes in for an hour or two to see that everything goes well and transacts all the business connected with the work. She has made special contracts with grocers, butchers and bakers. There is a large kitchen in the basement, and the white-capped cooks, under her eye, weigh and measure everything carefully and make savory and appetizing the contents of the great pots and kettles simmering on the range. Twice a day food is packed and distributed by carts to the booths, where a charcoal brazier keeps things piping hot and warms the water in which every dish and spoon is carefully washed before every using, for Mrs. Lamadrid is determined that her charity shall be not cold, but as hot and clean as it is possible to make it.

Mrs. Lamadrid gives on Christmas and Thanksgiving Day grand free dinners in the Madison Street Kitchen, where elderly females, small boys and girls eat their fill of turkey and pudding. She is very anxious to extend her work and hopes for help to open more booths. Some of the stories that come to her are very touching. In an old garret near Duane street lived a young German artist who was studying his profession of engraver and etcher. He was too poor to live in the ordinary way and at the same time pay for his lessons, so he got permission to sleep in the unused loft of a store and lived sumptuously at the nearest St. Andrew coffee stand for 9 cents a day until he had learned his profession and got work, when he made him to thank the *quade frau* whose wise benevolence had been so great a boon to him. Two sisters who sewed for a living lived over all their hard times last Winter by eating at the coffee stand at Ann street, and many a waif to whom a hot meal was an unknown luxury two years ago now fares warmly and sumptuously every day. There is even a charming suggestion in the name "St. Andrew's Stand," for he was the apostle who carried the fragments of the miracle to the lepers and fishes among the people and fed the lean and patient Galileans. R.

## Mr. Coleman's Raid Backwards.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman, a frequent contributor to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is undoubtedly a devoted defender of Spiritualism; but Spiritualism should be synonymous with liberality towards, and tolerance of, differing opinions upon the subject of the "other side." Coleman's unwarranted attack upon a system of philosophy kindred to his own, has a strong flavor of intolerance. Be that as it may, if his profound research has unveiled to him that theosophy is "stupendous sophistry," he is right to give to the duped students of theosophy, the benefit of his investigations; but if theosophy is "stupendous sophistry," then any system of religion that teaches humanity "to control the passions, to eradicate faults and to cultivate the highest nature," is also humbug. If, as alleged, theosophy teaches that complete control of self, meditation and self-command lead to a more perfect understanding of the laws of nature on a higher plane, upon what authority does Mr. Coleman label so ennobling a system of philosophy "unmitigated rot?" Theosophists claim that self-knowledge leads to moral and spiritual unfoldment of the individual, and that this is the highest evolution, attracts higher unseen intelligences whereby communication with the unseen world becomes possible. Spiritualists also base their hopes of a future existence upon communication with spirits of the departed; therefore, if the theosophical edifice is "built upon the sand, when rains descend, etc., etc., fear the spiritualistic mansion will also totter. But when denunciation of a theory descends to a personal attack upon the character and life of its exponents, the author of the odious calumny invites criticism, and if it be severe he has only himself to blame, for the odium must, of course, recoil upon the hater. That is his Karma. Madame Blavatsky has spent a life time and a fortune, in the search for truth, and she gives to the world the result of her investigations; not as a system conceived by her brain and from which she seeks worldly emolument or honor, but as the herald of certain still embodied intelligences, that have commissioned her to make known in part, "The mystery of the ages." Theosophy is nothing new under the sun, except to Mr. Coleman.

Madame Blavatsky has never posed as an infallible model of theosophic truth, but men and women of the highest, social, moral, scientific and literary standing are proud to be reckoned worthy of her friendship. "His Unbelieved Acknowledgment" is a marvel of original thought, of literary, philosophical and historic research. The term "plagiarism" is a misnomer, for in every quoted passage the author is named. If her systems of philosophy is false, all authors on morals and ethics must fall under Mr. Coleman's condemnation, for to eliminate from the human character its selfishness, to teach the supreme control of the passions and the development of the higher faculties, has been the burden of the best teaching of Confucius to Christ, if not from Christ to Coleman. If more can come out of it, if by seeking in this grand way we find and by knocking at the unknown door, there opens to humanity new and great possibilities, let us seek and knock though a whole world denounce the effort.

The allegiance to the cause of theosophy of Prof. Elliott Coues, the leading scientist of the Western Continent, the composer of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and Wallace, but proves that a profound theosophical and philosophical scholar has found the subject worthy of scientific scrutiny. Does Mr. Coleman really think that Prof. Coues can be "hoodwinked by tricks of jugglery?" He should have read Dr. Coues' earnest, indignant protest against the trickery practiced upon the public by fraudulent mediums and clairvoyants.

That "the years teach much that the days never know," is verified in the lives of all great leaders of thought. Socrates, Galileo, Columbus and Stephenson proclaimed the truth amidst the persecution and jibes of their co-temporaries, and when the world caught up, their truth was acknowledged. The overwise multitude that to-day derides will in some to-morrow be the eager sycophants of achieved success. But where will poor Coleman be then?

Washington, D. C. EUGENIE S. LAWTON.

## The Absence of Religion in Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the JOURNAL of Sept. 8th, your correspondent, Mrs. Mary V. Priest, in effect bewails the absence of religion among Spiritualists after this fashion: "Now it seems to me if Spiritualism is a religion its expositors at Lake Pleasant were terribly remiss during the week of my stay there. Not once from the time of my arrival to my departure was an appeal made to the Infinite to shield and protect us from sin; not once was acknowledged as our father; not once were we called upon to join the speaker in gratitude to our Maker for his infinite love and goodness to us." She adds: "Can Spiritualism be called a religion with God left out of it?"

For one I should be sorry to call it a religion, knowing as I do that the Christian and all other religions have for a basis a blind and unreasoning faith. Alas! the day when the first "unusually devised table" was given as a revelation from God to the ignorant masses cowering in fear before the darkness of their own souls. These "revelations" have always been so devised as to give to the priestly mantle an odor of sanctity which enables the wearer to proclaim himself the "man of God," authorized to promise rewards and pronounce judgments. Thus has he terrorized the world and brought about a lamentable condition of slavery of which the slaves themselves will be the last to become aware.

It seems that even Spiritualists have not yet had enough of this. Many of them wander disconsolate around looking for some materialized, personalized shrine before which to prostrate themselves in that self-abasement commonly called worship. They can not magnify the Creator by extolling his attributes, but they minimize themselves by declaring that they, the very climax of his work, are unworthy worms, too vile to be crushed under his feet. What an odd humbug is this "worship" and how pitiable the condition of those people who must have something visible to the eye, as the Pagan, or something taking tangible shape in the imagination, as the Christian, for adoration. God is the spirit of the universe, and his worship can not be performed in words, nor is the bended knee more than an effort to abase the human form which should ever strive to stand more erect before its Maker.

She says that a speaker told them to "pray as the birds pray; pray as the trees pray." By this he intended, no doubt, to instruct his hearers to "worship" as the birds and trees worship. She thinks this impracticable, because not understanding the language of trees and birds we can not know how they pray. The birds are in union with the elements around them and they sing; call this praise if you will. They become hungry and use wing, claw and beak to obtain food, and is not mental and muscular exertion the only effective prayer that was ever known on earth? Here, then, in dumb creation we have the elements of a true worship, a gladness of innocence and an honest effort to obtain what is needed; so I think the man who told those people to worship like the trees and birds talked like a philosopher, though few may have understood him. When will men and women cease making gods and use their time and material in building for themselves a higher and better individuality? When will they learn that the Creator is absolutely unknowable, without kinship or resemblance to human organization, mentally or physically considered?

We know less of God than of trees and birds, and our instinct for worship is the surviving mildest of superstition which has followed the soul from the darkness of the dismal past. We are organized and therefore finite intelligences, with a mentality similar, and comprehensible one to another, while God is an infinite and therefore an unorganized intelligence, utterly incomprehensible to us. He can want nothing from us; we can do nothing for him. He is not a fountain of love and mercy. No where in all nature can be found any evidence that he is possessed of such sentiments as these. These are human; if there is such a thing as forgiveness it is human to forgive, for it is divine to exact the least farthing.

God is Truth and Justice in abstract. So far as we live in accord with his universal law he becomes concrete in us. Justice is better than Mercy, and Truth may live when Love is dead. FARMER LEE.

## Prof. Swing on Prayer.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Prof. Swing says many excellent things in his sermons, lectures and essays. The following from his pen, published in the *Evening Journal* of this city, should have a wide circulation:

Doctor Pierson, of Philadelphia, is busy stirring up the old debate and bewilderment about prayer. The Christian public has very generally settled down into a belief that prayer to the Deity for help should be made a full partner of man's energy in obeying the laws of the Creator. Prayer must not be separated from natural cause and effect, much less must it be expected to work against natural laws of sequence. The Christian healers when they cure fevers and broken bones by prayer not only proceed without human aid but they actually violate some of God's laws in their process, because it is a law of fevers that cold applications must be applied to the inflamed brain or organ or part and it is a law of broken limbs that boards and bandages must hold the two fragments of bone together until nature can unite the two ends. When a man has swallowed arsenic the law of nature is that if an emetic will compel the person instantly to throw up and out the substance he will live, because the cause of death having been removed, Christian science discards the emetic and the stomach-pump, leaves the arsenic in the stomach, and then invokes the aid of prayer and faith. Thus it asks prayer to become a regular violator of God's law. The laws of the Creator permitted a surgeon recently to remove a case-knife from a man's throat. He was practicing the sword-swallowing act and let the case-knife go. Very kindly, nature's law permitted the surgeon to remove the knife before inflammation had set in. The prayer-cure breaks all these kind laws of surgery and treats with prayer the stay or the journeyings of that instrument within the organs of digestion. Thus prayer is made a law-breaker, and to hold in derision the material works of God.

Dr. A. T. Pierson joins Spurgeon and others in this contempt for natural ways and means and acts as though the good Father in Heaven had made natural laws only to be used by infidels and skeptics. If an infidel by mistake takes a poison he must have it pumped out of his system, but if a Christian takes the same drug he need not use the cure prepared for the infidel—he can pray away all bad results. Rev. Mr. Pierson loves to dwell on the power of prayer and does not seem to know that his talk divides the house against itself. He quotes thus:



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 20, 1888.

## The Foxonian Catechism.

For several weeks past the New York papers have heralded the defection of the Fox Sisters and gloated over the expected downfall of Spiritualism in consequence of the revelations made and promised by Maggie Fox and her sister, Mrs. Kate Jencken. The ravings of these poor besotted women have been eagerly published far and wide as affording choice bits of sensationalism for a depraved press to feed the vitiated taste of an ill-informed public. The New York Herald of the 24th ult., contained a column in fine type headed "God has not ordered it." A celebrated medium says the spirits never return. Captain Kane's widow, one of the Fox Sisters, promises an interesting exposure of "Fraud." The account is of an interview with Maggie Fox who claims to be the widow of the famous Arctic explorer Captain E. K. Kane. It is not worth while to reproduce the mutterings of the wreck who represents all that remains of the once innocent and modest little girl. The reporter's story of her utterances shows her to be half demented and only fit for an insane asylum. One paragraph is sufficient to show the woman's mental as well as moral condition. After alluding to the Kane episode in her life she continues:

"When I recovered I was driven into Spiritualism again, and I gave exhibitions with my darling sister Kate. I knew of course, then, that every effect produced by us was absolute fraud. Why, I have explored the unknown as far as human will can. I have gone to the dead so that I might get from them some little token. Nothing came of it—nothing, nothing. I have been in graveyards at dead of night, having permission to enter from those in charge. I have sat alone on a grave stone that the spirits of those who slept underneath might come to me. I have tried to obtain some sign. Not a thing! No, no, the dead shall not return, nor shall any go down into hell. So says the Catholic Bible and so say I. The spirits will never come back. God has never ordered it."

Some months ago the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which Commodore Gerry is the head, took Mrs. Jencken's two boys away from her because her drunken habits unfitted her to perform a mother's duty. There is among Spiritualists as elsewhere, a class of mandarin sentimentalists ever on the alert for something that will pander to their diseased emotions and who are only really in earnest when assisting weak and incorrigible debauchees or criminals to escape the natural and just consequences of their acts. It was so in this instance. Maggie, between whom and Kate there has generally been an alliance as against others, but frequent quarrels between themselves, was in England at the time the children were taken from Kate. According to their own story a scheme was concocted between them by which Maggie was to forge letters in the name of Edward Jencken, the brother-in-law of Kate, to be used in getting possession of the boys. These letters and the interference of weak sentimentalists finally resulted in the boys being removed from the asylum, and Kate took them to England. It is claimed that friends rallied to Kate's assistance and raised for her \$15,000, but this is quite likely an exaggeration as to the money. It would seem from the evidence that while in England Kate and Maggie concocted a scheme for getting even with those whom they were pleased to regard as their enemies; and on their return proceeded to put it into effect with the assistance of opponents of Spiritualism and others who make money off sensationalism.

Mrs. Leah Underhill, the eldest of the three Fox Sisters, is well advanced in years and a woman thoroughly respected by respectable people. Her husband, with whom she has lived most happily for thirty years, is a well-

to-do and well known business man in New York City. She is a medium and in her presence the phenomena have been repeatedly witnessed under the most crucial test conditions by very many men and women prominent in their day as leaders in literature, art and science, and all the learned professions. Three years ago Mrs. Underhill published a book entitled *The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism*, which was edited by a literary friend of undoubted probity and personally knowing to much therein recorded. He vouches for the accuracy of the account in so far as he is knowing and so far as he could verify it. Mrs. Underhill tells the story of her experiences, and of the Fox family; introducing many remarkable instances of spirit manifestation and giving the names of the witnesses. No fair-minded person can read this book without being impressed with its substantial truthfulness.

Early in their career while yet mere children—Kate was only seven and Maggie nine years of age when the "knockings" first began—these girls were thrown in the way of temptations of every sort. Petted, praised and fêted, their heads were turned. Pressed unceasingly to exhibit their marvelous powers, the strain upon their physical and moral natures rapidly passed the danger line and they soon became inextricably involved in careers of deceit and dissipation. Kate seems never to have sunk to the depths reached by Maggie, and was temporarily saved by marriage to a talented young English barrister whose early decease again threw her into her old paths. In that book of fact and fiction, *The Love-life of Dr. Kane*, published by Carleton in 1886, (pp. 234-5) occurs the following passage which may be taken as published by Maggie's authority:

In August, 1858, she (Maggie) became a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Dr. Kane had often advised her to join this church, and many times had accompanied her to vespers at St. Anne's, in Eighth street, New York. The ceremony of her baptism, at St. Peter's Church, in Barclay street, New York, was now in this country and was attended by a large assemblage. The lady was attired in white, and was accompanied by her sponsors, her father and mother, and her youngest sister. The priest made the sign of the cross upon the candidate's forehead, ears, eyes, nose and mouth, breast and shoulders, repeating appropriate words in Latin. She was anointed with the holy oils, and introduced into the church by receiving the stole, a long white veil reaching to the ground, and a burning light emblematic of the faith. The occasion was the Feast of the Assumption, and the church and altar were decorated, the statue of the Virgin being covered with flowers.

For thirty years this woman has been under Romish influence, and during all these years she has been gradually going from bad to worse until she has sounded the lowest depths of woman's degradation. The marvelous powers of mediumship she possessed always afforded her a groundwork upon which to build deception and to impose upon the credulity of many and the friendship of many others. For thirty years Kate and Maggie have been a constant source of anxiety, and most of the time of chagrin, to Mrs. Underhill who exerted every energy to redeem them, until finally she felt obliged to give up the hopeless task. Several times, aided by her husband, she has established them in comfortable quarters on their solemn pledge of reformation, only to be disappointed by their early relapse. The Spiritualists of New York have borne with these two most unfortunate women, and especially with Maggie, as they would with no one else, because of their being the Fox Sisters. Time and again have leading Spiritualists helped Maggie out of the slums and put her in comfortable condition. Patience, pity and forbearance have proved of no avail. Now Kate and Maggie actuated by a diabolical spirit born of disordered brains, malice, envy and hatred, and quite likely urged on by Romish influences and inspired by conscienceless abettors have set about the vain and fruitless attempt of discrediting their own mediumship, declaring they have led lives of deceit and that Spiritualism is all fraud.

Fortunately their evidence can be impeached by the record. Hundreds of instances of the manifestations can be adduced as occurring in their presence and that of Mrs. Underhill from which every element of doubt, deception and error have been eliminated. Hundreds, thousands even, of mediums have been developed since the "Rochester knockings," many of whom have been and are far more remarkable in many respects than the Fox Sisters. To-day, in every large city and town and in hundreds of private home circles the grand truth of spirit return and manifestation is being hourly proven. Showmen, religious bigots, Romish priests, a sensational press, and all the other powers of darkness combined cannot smother the spiritual fire burning in millions of homes. There are grave and important lessons to be read from the lives of these two poor, unfortunate women, the victims of ignorance, passion and intemperance; lessons which need to be studied and heeded, but space does not permit touching upon them at this time.

Mr. Horace Seaver has been editor of the Boston *Investigator* since about the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, or possibly a little later. He is now, therefore, somewhat advanced in years, but still attends to the work he loves so well. Mr. L. K. Washburn, as a labor of love and respect, has compiled from Mr. Seaver's writings—for the last half century only—upon a great variety of subjects, some of the best. They are about to be handsomely printed, with a fine likeness of the veteran editor. The book will, no doubt, have wide circulation among free-thinkers.

A party who ascended Mt. Lassen, Cal., recently, became electrified, the hair of their heads standing out and sparks of electricity flying from their noses, and of their noses.

## "Better Late Than Never."

A few years ago the Protestant clergy of this country were unanimous in the conviction that prayer and Bible reading should form a part of the exercises in our public schools. It was understood, of course, that King James' Version of the Bible should be used, and that the praying and commenting on the passages read should be done by Protestant teachers. In the few poorly supported "infidel" papers, like *The Free Inquirer* and the *Investigator* only, appeared any word in favor of secularizing the public schools. A dozen years ago a movement for State secularization was inaugurated, which was strengthened by the names and the influence of many prominent men. This movement was the result of a sentiment which had been slowly growing and expanding in favor of guarding our public institutions from the evil spirit and baneful effects of sectarian teachings. Jefferson and Franklin, Judge Hertell and Judge Hurlbut of New York, and Abner Kneeland of Boston, among others had clearly expounded the principles of State secularization; but they were so far in advance of popular sentiment on this subject that their broad views and wise counsel could be appreciated by but a few, and years were required to make them the basis of a movement. The National Liberal League, organized in 1876, did much to bring them before the people, and but for the capture of that organization by a lot of cranks, fanatics, and frauds, its influence would doubtless have continued and been greatly augmented. The best men of the organization, those of real ability and influence, could see no connection between the separation of Church and State and a demand for the repeal of postal laws against the circulation of filthy books and pictures, and they withdrew from the association; yet they have continued the agitation from the platform and through the press, and it has continually gained strength.

But more than all other influences combined, the aggressions of Romanism, especially against our public school system, which have found their strongest justification in the fact that our schools have been controlled in the interests of Protestant sectarianism, have aroused the Protestant clergy to a consideration of the peril to popular education from the policy of maintaining any kind of religious teaching in schools designed for all, irrespective of religious belief. They now see that if the schools are not made entirely secular, they will in communities where the Catholic influence is in the ascendant, either become Catholic, or drive a large proportion of the children into parochial schools and soon lead to a demand for the division of the public school fund. It is not strange, therefore, that many of the Protestant clergy are now advocating on grounds of expediency what the despised "infidels" recommended and demanded, from principle, half a century ago. The article on "The Public School Discussion" by Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., copied into the JOURNAL last week from the orthodox *Congregationalist*, is, in view of the facts here stated, a most interesting and instructive paper.

## The Public Money and Sectarianism.

That the general tendency of the times in this country is to divest charitable institutions, training and industrial schools, and schools for instruction in the various branches of education, which receive aid from public funds, of all sectarian proclivities, is becoming more apparent from year to year. In Boston the struggle has been an exciting one, and the end desired by either contending party not yet fully attained. In Pittsburgh large meetings were held to protest against allowing the Catholics to use the city buildings for the purpose of holding therein parochial schools, and they were excluded therefrom. In this city the Catholics, as elsewhere, have been aggressive, and have succeeded in getting thousands of dollars from the county treasury, to assist in sustaining charitable institutions which are sectarian in character. Nor have the Protestants been entirely guiltless; they, too, have coveted the public money for the purpose of sustaining an industrial school at Evanston, which is not altogether unsectarian. While it is not in the hands of any one religious sect, "a morality is taught there," says the *Tribune*, "and the children are instructed in the way common to all the Protestant Evangelical churches. How far that is sectarian, it is for the courts to determine."

In the conflict which has been going on for some time past between the Church and the State, the Church was at first victorious here, but now the victory rests with the State. For many years the Girls' Industrial School has been receiving money from the county. These payments were finally stopped by the County Board because the school was really a part of the House of the Good Shepherd, a Catholic institution. The constitution expressly says the public money shall not be used for the support of sectarian schools. The school brought suit, and Judge Tuthill gave it a verdict for \$19,000, which it was decreed the county should pay. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, which overruled Judge Tuthill's decision. This decision of the Supreme Court will also affect the school for boys at Feehanville, a reform school managed entirely by Catholics, and really a Catholic institution, and a girls' reform school at Evanston run by Protestant ladies. Hereafter these schools, unless removed wholly from sectarian influence, will not receive any public money whatever.

## The Stock Company.

Progress of Subscription to Stock of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House—Subscriptions and Letters from Hon. and Mrs. Jackson and Rev. M. J. Savage.

It is now four weeks since the JOURNAL published the first announcement and prospectus of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. During this time the stock subscription of \$12,500 with which the first public notice of the plan began has increased \$1,800, making the total subscription to date of going to press with this issue \$14,300, something less than one-third the sum required. We are aware that politics and local matters just now engage the attention of many who are likely to subscribe and we do not grow impatient; still it does seem that \$50,000, which is a paltry sum compared with the aggregate capital held by the JOURNAL's readers, ought all to be subscribed in thirty days. Especially does it thus seem in view of the work done by the JOURNAL and its agencies and the crying need of the world for just such a Publishing House as is proposed—see prospectus in advertising columns.

Among the letters received the past week we select two for the representative character of the writers and the food for thought and stimulus to action which their contents afford. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were originally Quakers and left that sect some thirty years ago because they had outgrown its creed and needed a wider field for spiritual growth. Mr. Jackson is one of the best amateur astronomers in the country, besides being a public spirited and influential citizen of the beautiful little State of Delaware. Mrs. Jackson we may say in confidence is possessed of fine medial powers, which, however, are only exercised in the bosom of her family. Both these worthy friends have done and are doing much for rational religion and the better understanding of the higher aspects of Spiritualism. Here is their letter:

COL. JOHN C. BUNDY—Dear Brother:—Will you allow us to address, in a column of the JOURNAL, a few earnest words to its readers, touching the "Prospectus" lately issued in its interests, and entreating their earnest and prompt attention to it?

Does not every thoughtful, well equipped student of truth, in this our day of bursting light and restless activity, feel and know that the welfare and salvation of the human race, in its enlarged and enlarging powers for good or evil, depend upon the cultivation and realization of a more comprehensive, more rational and more scientific philosophy of life and duty than has yet been propagated to any general extent amongst men?

The days for the worship of myths and legends, or of respect for man-invented and absurd schemes of salvation, are past and passing.

The "Religion of the future," as has been so abundantly and beautifully set forth in the JOURNAL, must needs seek a purer, more practical and better assured basis, or fail to meet the enlarged needs of the world.

Should the hoped for "millennial dawn" ever open upon us it must come, or never, accompanied by such a broad, rational and practical religion as above alluded to; one main factor of which will be a demonstrated belief in continued and progressive life, and in a near and equally rational, practical and progressive Spirit-world. What can we do, dear fellow Spiritualists and readers of the JOURNAL, to promote such an advent?

Besides the individual work of each and all of us on every suitable occasion of our daily lives, we know of no better move for advancing such a cause than to aid with our means and influence, to establish the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on a stronger financial basis, with largely increased powers for work in the line of effort already so bravely and efficiently followed. Besides encouraging other publications of like tendency it is especially proper that such noble cause should have a representative, well endowed publishing house in the great Metropolis of the growing West.

Join with it, friends and contribute little or much according to your ability. We wish to urge nothing we are unwilling to do ourselves. With moderate means like many of you we have nevertheless sent in our names for a few shares of the proposed stock, and rather than see the enterprise fail, will strive to do more. Can you not at once join in and do likewise, well assured that your friends in the spirit-life will smile upon all such efforts?

Truly Yours,  
 J. G. AND E. JACKSON.  
 Hockessin, Del., Oct. 7th, 1888.

Every body who reads knows of Rev. M. J. Savage, the poet, preacher, psychical researcher and student of science. He has sturdily and rapidly climbed the hill of knowledge; always maintaining the courage of his convictions, loving truth for truth's sake regardless of its effect upon preconceived theological opinions. From the Presbyterian fold to a broad and liberal Unitarian pulpit, his career has been one continuous series of earnest endeavor and brilliant successes. Here is his word and deed of encouragement, offered as soon as he had scanned the JOURNAL's column's after returning from the summer vacation which he so much needed to recruit the stock of vital force lavished with such unstinted generosity upon his work during the past year.

COL. J. C. BUNDY—My Dear Sir:—Just home from Europe, I am buried beneath an avalanche of work, from which I hope to crawl out in time. I can, therefore, at present send you only a brief notice. But I beseech you to tell me how glad I am over your proposed step in advance. I know enough, through my own personal experiences, to feel sure that this psychic field is thoroughly worth exploring, and I feel equally sure that the path marked out by your spirit and methods, is the only way. You have so identified yourself with sense and honesty, that your victory will be their victory. I cannot help believing that, more and more, all clear-visioned and honest men will be with you.

I cannot think you will have any difficulty in securing fifty thousand dollars. If I lived in a world in which ministers got rich, I would take half the stock myself. I do take a good deal of stock in your general plan; but alas! it must be, for the present, spiritual in its nature, and I have not the power to make it material.

As setting a good example, however, I do hereby subscribe for one share, only regretting I cannot now take more. With all faith in you, and with all good wishes for your success, I am  
 Most Sincerely,  
 Boston, Oct. 8th, 1888. M. J. SAVAGE.

Friends of the JOURNAL and its work! Will you not seriously consider what these letters and those previously published teach as to the needs of the world and your duty—which should be your pleasure—in this important project? It is nearly impossible for Mr. Bundy to personally visit or write to those whom he knows to be well able to take stock in this enterprise in blocks of from five to one hundred shares each, and there are many such. His unremitting attention is unequal to the performance of the duties constantly pressing upon him in his office work. Neither should it require his personal presence or arguments to accomplish a work which belongs as much to his readers as to himself. Soberly but generously consider the subject; decide what you can do and then do it cheerfully and promptly! Rev. George Hepworth struck the core of the whole matter in the first paragraph of his letter published week before last, when he said: "In your Publishing House scheme, you are really taking the bull by the horns. Now we shall find out whether Spiritualists mean business, and whether their convictions reach down to those profound depths at the bottom of which lies the pocketbook." That is the way Mr. Bundy always does things. He never works by indirection, nor does he believe the world can be enlightened and carried forward to higher levels without strenuous effort and active material assistance and co-operation on the part of those professing interest in this enlightenment and uplifting. After having shown what the JOURNAL can do, by years of effort, and after having equipped with all that is necessary for the work except money, he now asks for that, not as a gift but to be put with his own into an enterprise to be conducted on strict business principles. How many will respond, and how much will the stock subscription be increased during the next week? The next issue of the JOURNAL will tell!

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. S. R. Stevens is lecturing at Topeka, Kansas. The *Daily Commonwealth* of that city, whose editor is a Spiritualist, in speaking of Mrs. Stevens says: "There are few such speakers on the platform anywhere."

Light of London, says: "Hudson Tuttle has contributed to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL a chapter from a work written by spirit dictation on 'Sensitiveness, as Illustrated and Proved by Psychometry.'" We trust that we may expect the work before long. The specimen is characterized by his usual insight, or, we should preferably say, by the insight of those who instruct him.

A journalistic fakir, who signs himself Fales-Curtis, and purports to write from New York, has been imposing some of his penter wares upon a newspaper syndicate. He attempts to tell something about the Dis Debars, Mrs. Wells and other exposed frauds in New York, but his only purpose seems to have been to grind out something sensational and sufficiently abusive of Spiritualism to make it sell. No Spiritualist or investigator need feel disheartened or even angry at such silly and transparent nonsense.

Cornell has this year the largest Freshman class that has ever entered an American university. It numbers four hundred. It has become a favorite seminary for graduate students, and has this year one hundred of these enrolled. That co-education of the sexes has proved successful may be inferred from the fact that the large college building for women is overcrowded and many girls-students have had to find lodgings in private families.

"If matters should come to an issue and a free fight," says the *Christian Register*, "the Methodists alone in this country outnumber the Catholics; and we can offset the Methodist vote against the Catholic vote, and leave all other religious denominations as a superfluous majority." This as a bit of pleasantry is all well enough, but the issue is not to be settled by such. To pit one religious sect against another would never settle the principle underlying the conflict, and no one knows this better than our esteemed contemporary.

A correspondent from Baltimore, Md., writes: "Our meetings were resumed last night, with a large attendance. Mrs. Walcott has not yet sufficiently recovered to admit of being entranced to lecture; but in her normal condition, made an interesting address. Mrs. Thos. Gales Forster, also in a very happy manner gave her experience at Onset camp last summer, which was very acceptable and highly gratifying to the audience. Our friends hope to hear from her again."

The JOURNAL announces with sorrow, and sympathy for the afflicted family, the serious loss in the household of Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Mills of Saratoga. The death of two lovely grand-children within twenty-four hours and that of their father a few days later, by that dread disease diphtheria, was a stroke most heartbreaking indeed. But the pain of these sudden transitions was greatly mitigated in the case of the dying father by his spiritual experiences, when during his closing hours his dear children who had only just entered spirit life came to him and were able to make him aware of their presence. Dr. Mills is a fine medium and the stricken family are sustained by their knowledge of Spiritism.



The JOURNAL has seen a letter from Mrs. Rosamond Owen Oliphant, dated the 29th ult., in which she states that her husband is rapidly improving in health, and has found an American publisher for his "Scientific Religion," the English edition of which was lately noticed in these columns. The JOURNAL congratulates Mr. Oliphant on his improving health, and hopes for an early and complete restoration. The world has need of such men at the present time, even though it is obliged to stop short of the goal to which he would lead them.

J. Clegg Wright is lecturing this month in Haverhill, Mass. In November he will lecture in Cleveland, O., December, Chicago, Ill., and January, Troy, N. Y. He can be engaged for the months following. He has been engaged for the following camp meetings next year: Lake Pleasant, Queen City Park, and Mississippi Valley camp meeting, Clinton, Iowa. Some camp meeting dates are not yet taken. The Cleveland debate on Modern Spiritualism and Christianity, between Mr. Wright and Elder Bartlett will come off about the end of November. Arrangements are in progress.

Mrs. Mary F. Lovering of Boston, and well known there as an active worker in Spiritualist meetings and philanthropies, passed through Chicago last week on her way home from an extended trip across the continent and on the Pacific coast. She visited the Yosemite Valley, the big trees of Mariposa, and Santa Cruz, extending her journey into old Mexico on the South and to the British possessions on the North, coming home via the Northern Pacific, and spending six days in Yellowstone Park. Mrs. L. expresses herself enthusiastically in speaking of her summer's experiences, and returns home with expanded ideas of the resources and possibilities of the west.

Charles Dawbarn's lecture last Sunday evening before the Young People's Progressive Society, on the "Lessons to be Drawn from Modern Spiritualism," was an excellent one throughout. He not only illustrated the grand truths that flow from Spiritualism, but pointed out the numerous evils that might possibly arise from too implicit reliance in what spirits say who had not been fully tested. Mr. Dawbarn's unvarying rule is to try the spirits. His methods of investigation have been keenly critical, and the lessons he draws from modern Spiritualism are well calculated to throw a flood of light on questions not yet fully settled. He would treat a spirit controlling a medium the same as he would a mortal, giving respectful and candid attention to what he might communicate, but no one should ever bow in reverence or worship to one who has simply risen to a higher plane of life.

Speaking of the article on the 2nd page, entitled the "Haunted House on Cheyne-Row," Light of London, says: "This we say with strict reference to the general type of messages purporting to proceed from the great ones of the earth, of which the *Pall Mall* séance is a fair representative. We would not be misunderstood. We have no doubt as to the possibility of communion between the world of spirit and the world of matter. We have no doubt as to the fact that the identity of communicating spirits has been proven in certain cases by a chain of evidence strong enough to hang a man. We have no doubt whatever that spirits do systematically guide, instruct, and direct some men, and educate them with a definite purpose and end in view. But we are not therefore bound to welcome the platitudes of any chance spirit who may choose to drop into a séance-room. Nor are we excused by virtue of our belief from a careful scrutiny of evidence and a weighing of the intrinsic value of such utterances as purport to come from the world of spirit."

Giles B. Stebbins was in Chicago last Tuesday. He has several engagements to lecture on political subjects in Illinois and Indiana. New York City is to spend \$850,000 this year in improving the building occupied by her charity charges and providing them with more wholesome diet.

#### General News.

Tennyson will spend the winter in Italy.—Mrs. John A. Logan sailed for Europe last Monday.—Tasner Schleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, is dead.—Mrs. Lyman Beecher has given \$80,000 to the Baldwin University.—Lexington, Ga., had not had a fire for twenty years until last week.—The best lithographic stone now comes from Bavaria and costs 40 cents a pound.—In his memoirs General Sheridan tells of Bismarck emptying a flask of brandy at one drink.—Mr. Graham, of Pine Creek Station, Pa., has the best collection of coins in this country.—St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, which has been building for over thirty years, is finished at last.—Dr. Tanner, who achieved fame as a faster, now wants to test his vitality by having himself sealed in an air-tight casket for two months.—Charles Henderson, formerly a rich man and a companion of Jay Cooke in the famous Northern Pacific tour, died a pauper in a fishing camp at Bad River, Wis.—Gen. Francis A. Walker has been engaged by the City of Boston to deliver a eulogy on Gen. Sheridan.—The Rev. Dr. W. E. Boggs has been elected Chancellor of the University of Georgia. He is a brother-in-law of the Rebel General R. L. Lawson.—Michael Gorman killed Charles Johnson in New York, July 4, 1885. He has just been released from Sing Sing after serving thirty-two years, eight months and twenty-one days, having been pardoned by Gov. Hill.—Col. Joseph M. Bennett, owner of the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia, has given \$25,000 to the Methodist Episcopal Orphanage.—Gen. Grant's widow has purchased a new residence on West End Avenue, New York, at a cost of \$168,000.—Two of her sons and their wives will live with her, and Mrs. Sartoris is expected to make long visits.—Mrs. G. suffers much from asthma.—Mrs. Reb. Seth of Elkton, Ind., celebrated her 100 birthday lately.

#### COINCIDENCES.

[The series of coincidences now being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 488 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names of witnesses or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincidence may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp for reply—which will do as far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

Mr. Otto Wettstein, of Rochelle, Ill., in discussing, "some strange things" in the Chicago Tribune, Sept. 9th, 1888, says:

"Strange presentiments" also come under the category of a mild form of superstition, and result from circumstances apparently strange, which are not strange. Thinking of an event liable to occur at any time, or liable not to occur is not a presentiment, but a simple mental process, which becomes a presentiment when the event thought of occurs. To illustrate: I have occupied my present place of business—the identical store—for 21 years. Thoughts of robbery and fire have often haunted me during this time. So far these calamities have not overtaken me; therefore I have not yet had a presentiment. My thoughts have been neither strange nor prophetic. Should I, however, some evening while meditating on the probable risk of fire and robbery a jewelry establishment is ever subjected to, actually have a presentiment, my store would have to be robbed or consumed by fire; otherwise, of course, it would be no presentiment. Thoughts are not strange. Fires and burglaries are not strange. But when the thoughts and calamities happen in certain successive superstitious people, ever revealing in realms of mystery, imagine a relationship between the two and call it a 'strange presentiment.'"

"Dreams are realized about as often. Hundreds of thousands of dreams alike delight and haunt humanity nightly, yet how rarely do we realize the vanished phantom? That thousands dream dreams is not strange; why in the name of reason is it strange, then, when in a world of ever-varying circumstances these occasionally correspond to our dreams?"

"People have forebodings and anxiety when contemplating a long journey. This is simply reasoning from existing causes to possible effects. There is nothing strange about this, but it is strictly consistent with intellectual culture and philosophic thought. Thus impending dangers haunt thousands who yet proceed to their journey, and return well and happy. They thought of numerous as the sands of the sea, vanish and are forgotten, and in the absence of the dreaded calamity imagined but never realized never become presentiments. But if in isolated cases the calamity foreseen actually occurs, it is heralded all over the country as a 'strange presentiment.'"

"The morbid fascination of the masses for 'strange things,' and the anxiety of some papers to pandering to this pernicious taste by dishing up daily the most absurd stuff, as 'Strange Case of Faith Cure,' 'Providential Escape,' 'Haunted Houses,' etc., is truly deplorable, and as the press is supposed to deal only in facts and is the main factor in educating the people in breadth and scope of sense and knowledge, it should do its utmost to suppress all items tending to excite the ridiculous credulity of the people and pretending to relate certain strange things or events which, however, are not strange when duly explained."

From all of which it is very evident that Mr. Wettstein never has experienced a genuine "presentiment," nor has he carefully collated the facts in the experience of those who do have them. Scientific philosophers, in attempting to explain away psychic phenomena, show a singular aptness in selecting cases, and examples that may be accounted for as liable to occur under the action of physical laws; and then declare that all the others are like them.

They delight in boasting of the facts of science, claim that they will not accept anything which cannot be proven, and when proof that is, and always has been satisfactory to the majority of men is offered, they, like the immortal Helmholtz, refuse to hear of it, declare it is quite impossible, saying, "I should refuse to believe the evidence of my senses rather than believe in any such delusion as mind acting on mind without the intervention of the senses. Thought reading, super-sensuous perception, or whatever you call it, is all chicanery—" which is only another proof that great men are not always wise. The argument of this great philosopher is just as foolish as that of Luther in regard to the earth being round. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? More hope of a fool than of him." Suppose we apply Mr. Wettstein's explanation, which does not explain, to cases like Nos. 10, 12 and 13 of this series of coincidences.

—12—

A gentleman in Michigan sends the following:

I had been to San Francisco, and was, so to speak, "coming in on the home stretch" between Chicago and Detroit. Entering the smoking car, I found it crowded. Glancing around, I noticed a gentleman take his feet from a revolving chair, and motion me to take it. He explained the fact of his feet being in the chair, by saying he had a nervous affection of the limbs, which rendered him uncomfortable unless they were elevated. As it happened, I had just been visiting a family, a member of which was afflicted with a particularly distressing case of paralysis, that had been neglected in its early stages; so that the stranger's remark aroused my sympathies, and I urged the advisability of seeking proper medical advice, which led us to discussing various modes and systems of healing, including old and new "Patheis," magnetic and massage manipulations, and the theory of "metaphysical" healing. Finishing my smoke, I returned to my seat in a rear car. An hour

later, when I left the train, my newly made acquaintance sought me on the platform of the station, and presented his card and asked me to correspond with him. Gratiified to know that after half an hour's conversation, any one would care to see or hear of me again, I cheerfully assented, and we began a correspondence that has lasted four years, with no indications of weariness on either side. It was not until some two months afterward that the gentleman wrote to me that the cultivation of my acquaintance had been a deliberate action on his part, pursued to see what would come of it.

The night before meeting me he had in a dream seen a form and features corresponding to mine, and received the impression that one bearing them would become interwoven into his life. He awoke with a satisfied feeling, saying to himself, "Well, who is it, and when shall I see him?" He was at the time heart-stricken, with soul bowed under the burden of a recent bereavement, and he somehow felt that the one whom he had seen in his dream, would in some way prove a comfort and solace to him.

That it may not be thought that it might be some accidental or fancied resemblance that I bear to the one he saw, I will say, that I am one who "carries weight in life;" there is no shadow like mine in the town I live in. We each feel that in this case there had been "a Divinity that shapes our ends," that guided us in that accidental meeting, which has led to so much for both of us. I know I threw my whole self into the friendship, that I might not fail in any mission that might be in it. Aside from the satisfaction and enjoyment that has grown out of our friendship, there was a part of the dream that has been fulfilled in a way, and relating to an experience too sacred to be related in public; but which could be revealed to any one who in the interests of psychical research would desire to make further inquiry.

Although there may be decided favor of romance about my narrative, it is only an episode in the experience of two staid and reputable middle-aged gentlemen. In my own experience, such episodes have been very few, but it was not a new or exceptional one to my friend. On various occasions, in times of trouble and perplexity, he has been shown the path to go in these "visions of the night."

He was at one time in the publishing trade in Chicago, when a change in the postal laws was made that threatened to severely

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Next Sunday Charles Dawbarn will lecture before the Young People's Progressive Society at Avenue Hall, 159, 22nd street. His subject in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, will be "True Manhood." In the evening, 7:45, "Science of Spirit Control." Mr. Dawbarn is not only an original thinker, but he has the ability to express his thoughts in a clear and forcible manner that never fails to carry conviction to his hearers. Those who neglect to attend his lectures, will miss a rare treat, and fail to have in consequence that knowledge that will render them richer intellectually and spiritually.

#### Woman's Work.

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In the exposition of the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, of Spiritual Ethics, of Religion posited on science, an independent, intelligent, honest and judicial fair press is indispensable. By all odds the most powerful far reaching and influential agency. Without a newspaper, the most eloquent and logical lecturer or writer would have but a comparatively limited field; with its aid he can reach into thousands of homes and wield a world-wide influence. What is true of the lecturer and writer, has equal force with all the various agencies for the betterment of the world.

The Spiritualist Movement has reached a stage where it imperatively requires an able press, a higher standard of culture in its teachers, a more orderly, dignified and effective and business-like propaganda. A system aimed at method of investigating phenomena and recording results is gradually being evolved, and needs to be further developed. A well-organized and endowed acuity for the instruction, care and development of sensitivities and mediums is almost indispensable to the development of psychic science. The keener the apprehension and broader the comprehension of causes, the better able are we to deal with the perplexing social, economic, political, and ethical questions now vexing the world; and in no other direction is there such promise of progress as in the study of cause as in the psychical field.

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For evidence of being a desirable repository of his trust, in this connection it may be well to call special attention to the desirability of having a stable, well-managed and confidence-inspiring corporation to act as trustee for those who desire in the interest of Spiritualism to make donations during their life-time or after death. One of the important purposes of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House is: To receive, hold, use and convey any and all properties, real, personal or mixed, and all bonds, promissory notes, agreements, obligations, and choses in action generally that may be bestowed upon it by bequest, gift, or in trust, and use the same in accordance with the terms of the trust when imposed, or discretely when the bequest or gift is unconditional.

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### Voices from the People. AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

#### CHARITY.

A beggar died last night, his soul  
Went up to God, and said:  
"I come uncalled; forgive it, Lord;  
I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven:  
"Son, how can this thing be?  
Are not my saints on earth? and they  
Had surely succored thee."

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said,  
"Live holy lives of prayer;  
How shall they know of such as we!  
We perish unaware."

"They strive to save our wicked souls,  
And fit them for the sky;  
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat,  
(Forgive!) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spoke out of heaven  
In wrath and angry pain:  
"O men, for whom My Son hath died,  
My Son hath lived in vain!"

—Arthur Symonds, in the *Woman's World* for October.

#### Instantaneous Versification by a Little Girl Who Lives at Kenwood.

The Chicago Tribune of Oct. 7th, says:  
Kenwood has a poetry prodigy. She is a girl of 12 who rattles off rhymes as fast as she can make her pencil wave. Her father and mother and grandfather reside at the corner of Forty-seventh street and Greenwood avenue, where a Tribune reporter called to get a sample of the prodigy's skill.

"Come in and sit down," said Mrs. Seward, "May would rather play than do anything else, and I shall have to hunt her up, as she is out with some of her school friends."

May's grandfather, Capt. Binford, came in and talked enthusiastically about the little rhymer.

"I don't know just what to make of May," said Capt. Binford, rubbing his hands. "She's only a little school-girl, and there isn't one of her relatives that can write verses or pieces, so she can't inherit it."

"Born in her, most likely. You know poets are born, not made."

"Yes, to be sure. But May doesn't care much about reading nor study. She keeps up with her class, but that is all."

"How long has she been at this sort of thing?"

"I don't know just when she did begin it. But think when she was about 10 years old. One evening we were away, and when we returned we found that she had written a few lines that rhymed. At first I would not believe that they were hers, and to test her I said, 'May, if you can write on that subject write something about the little clock up there; and she did.'"

"Without much thought?"

"Yes, it only took her a few minutes, and after that she wrote several stanzas on 'Kenwood' which were published in the *Hyde Park Journal*. Once in a while the notion seizes her that she must write some poetry, and then nothing can stop her. She gets paper and pencil, and in a few minutes there's your poem."

Mrs. Seward now appeared with her little daughter. May has dark brown hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. She is rather small for her age.

"And so you are the little girl who writes poetry? Do you think you can write some for me? I don't want anything long, but just a few lines."

May looked doubtful, but expressed herself as being willing to try, if a subject were given her.

"Well, now, what might you like to write about—let me see—how would 'flowers' strike you?"

She procured pencil and paper, and in a few moments presented her caller with the following lines written in a child's irregular hand:

When the May flowers are growing all,  
By the old and time worn wall,  
When the waters are rippling free,  
Then my heart will merry be.

O, I long for the green leafy bowers,  
And I long for the finest flowers,  
O, give me the peach and apple-blossom too,  
And all the beauty that Nature can strew.

"That is well done, and what else can you write about?"

"Of course," put in her grandfather, who is exceedingly proud of May, "you know she can only write about things she has seen, and it would not be fair to ask her to write on subjects she knows nothing about."

"Choose your own subject, then."

"Here is something that she wrote the other morning before breakfast. She came down in great hurry, snatched up writing materials, and would not stop until she had finished."

And the proud old Captain drew from his coat pocket a manuscript:

THE BROOK.  
As I sat on the banks of the stream,  
Watching the bright rays of the sun gleam,  
Watching the waters as they glided along,  
Each singing within itself a merry song.

Beautiful birds flew swiftly past,  
But stopped at the water to last,  
To drink of the cool, fresh water,  
And roared again, with a sweet twitter twat.

They seemed to thank God for the water,  
In their own way, twitter, twitter, twat.  
O, how pleasant is the beautiful brook,  
To see its great beauty you have only to look.

O, pretty brooklet, rippling along,  
Let nothing in life mar your sweet song;  
Always give water to the sweet little birds,  
And to all the sheep and cattle herds.

On the spur of the moment May also wrote the following:

"BABY SLEEPS TO-NIGHT."  
Near a neat and beautiful cot  
Runs a clear brook, rippling with lot,  
Many daisies and white flowers grow,  
By the brooklet as it murmurs low.

The children pick them along the bowers,  
Little hands filled with sweet white flowers;  
Then tired at last, at rest of sun,  
The day is passed and home they run.

The katydid is singing its sweet farewell,  
The busy bee is humming to its homelike cell,  
Under the clear heavens and stars so bright,  
In this happy home baby sleeps to-night.

In many little cribs blue eyes are sleeping,  
Shining stars their watches keeping,  
While the brooklet ripples along in its beauty,  
Ever doing its faithful duty.

Peace reigns in this happy home by day,  
At night in little cribs the children stay,  
Then the young mother with heart so light,  
Is happy—for baby sleeps to-night.

In the little crib she sees the dimpled chin  
Of her sweet babe, so free from sin;  
Thanks God in her heart with delight,  
She is happy—for baby sleeps to-night.

#### Intelligence of Animals.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
After reading the article of G. J. entitled the "Intelligence of Animals," I decided to relate an instance of my own observation occurring a little more than two years ago. A Mr. Jones of Marchess, Mich., owned a small Scotch Terrier dog. One day while several men were at work repairing a barn for him, we noticed the dog was down the lane some forty rods, barking furiously, and one of the men remarked that he had treed something. In a few moments he stopped, and looking up we saw him coming with something in his mouth, which proved to be an old two-quart tin fruit can. He brought it up near the barn, laid it down and began to bark at it, when one of the men went to it, picked it up and shook out a gopher, which the dog caught. Did the dog think, or what caused him to bark the can up and call for help?  
H. L. CHAPMAN.

#### Mrs. Watson at the Temple.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The subject of "Death and After-Life" drew another large and intelligent audience to the Temple to hear it discussed from a spiritualistic standpoint by the noted speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson. The field of thought involved in its consideration, is as broad and diversified as the arena of the universe; and although of necessity in one brief lecture, traveled over rapidly, its exploration was by no means of a superficial character as evidenced by the wonderful array of facts presented to the understanding of the hearers. The varied phenomena of the spiritual and material worlds, touched by the magic finger of inspiration, sprang into life before her auditors, and gave testimony in favor of her declaration that there was no such thing as death, the economy of nature. To say that the lecture throughout was a masterpiece of logic and eloquence would convey to your readers no adequate sense of its wondrous beauty; and it is very much to be regretted that no reporter was present to make record of the fund of wisdom embodied in it.

I am well aware that I shall be derided by pseudo-critics for daring to couple the name of Mrs. Watson as a popular lecturer with that of the renowned R. G. Ingersoll; but I have, nevertheless, the courage of my convictions, and do not hesitate to affirm that in all that constitutes true oratory she is the peer not only of the above-named gentleman, but of any of the other prominent lecturers who have become famous on the rostrum.

The word death to Col. Ingersoll, has all the significance that has been attached to it through past ages; to Mrs. Watson, it simply means change, or in the vocabulary of psychology, science, is synonymous with evolution; her not at all in the vast domain of the infinite but continually undergoes this marvelous transmutation in the process of development. Every grade of life upon the planet, every so-called inert molecule is subject to this law, and in obedience to the mandate, leaps to a higher condition, and takes upon itself a new and more perfect form. Up in the stellar depths new worlds spoken into being by the voice of God, emerging from the womb of nature, pregnant with infinite possibilities, in the procession of the stars and take up their solemn march through the heavens. Old worlds, hoary with age, furrowed with the scars of battle, written all over with the history of our species, drop behind and are lost in the darkness of seeming death. Change, tireless, persistent change, is the law, universal and eternal. The human body, worn out and pulseless, steps into the welcome shelter of the tomb, to be resurrected again in some form of beauty. The granite rock, gigantic which has been the storms of centuries, crumbles at last to mother earth, and feeds the roots of the forest monarch whose lofty branches sweep the skies. The chrysalis, all unconscious of its gorgeous future, sleeps content in its narrow cell, until awakened by the thrill of a new life, it bursts forth into the world of flowers, a full fledged butterfly, beautifully symbolic of the new birth of the human soul into the higher life through that wondrous change called death.

Matter, co-eternal with spirit, is moulded into form to give expression to the thoughts and purposes of the Infinite; and, as we cast our eyes abroad over the face of nature, we are struck with the fact that the stars, ranging away into the deep blue beyond, are lost in wonder of the beauty, the incomprehensible grandeur of the marvelous revelations. Every grade of life upon the planet, from the lowest order of organic beings to the highest, is subject to the law of evolution, and all the diversified forms of beauty that meet the eye, all the sweet sounds that greet the ear, the fragrance of the rose, the stinging of the thistle, the joys and sorrows of life, the varied emotions of the human soul, all are but manifestations of the potentialities inherent in the Spirit of the universe, the incarnation, as it were, of the thoughts of Deity. The poet weaves his sweet song of praise, the sculptor chisels the models of his busy brain, he reveals their beauties to the gaze of man. The architect builds the temple of his mind, and the grand proportions long before its cornerstone has been lifted from the quarry. So, before the birth of the sun and stars, they existed as a thought of God, but only in obedience to the fiat of omnipotence, were the suns and stars, buried in the womb of time, put forth their creative energies in the service of the Infinite. As the great wheel of evolution turned upon its axis, new conditions arose, and the throbs of a living pulsation thrilled the heart of the universe, and the first dim rays of intelligence spread over the earth.

The birth of the human soul into the higher life is in harmony with the supreme law of order established in the beginning, and so gentle is the change in many instances, that the transition is scarcely noticed. There is no death, but simply a step upward under the benign influence of the same divine law of evolution that controls the material world, and the law of adaptation holds good there as here.

Nature is bountiful in her provision for the wants of the new-born babe in mortal life; and her beneficent hand reaches across the border-land into the after-life where the needs of the spiritual body are met as well as those of the material. The spirit, freed from the physical body, emerges into the new life with all its powers quickened and intensified, and the same emotions and attributes that controlled its destinies here, pertain and adhere to the brighter career upon which it has entered. No longer subservient to the gross needs of the corporeal body, it is no less human, and feels the pulsations of the heart of humanity, with the same sympathy, though clothed in the shining robes of immortality. Infinite wisdom points the way, and into the path thus chosen, it directs its footsteps, and marches to the music of the spheres up the mountain side of endless progression.

The above, Mr. Editor, conveys but a very imperfect idea of the line of thought followed by Mrs. Watson in her lecture; and to assume that I have been a constant recorder of her words is untrue; but do great injustice to her as well; for it is universally acknowledged by those present to have been one of the ablest efforts of her life.

San Francisco, Sept. 24th. A. RIKER.

#### A Mother Sees Her Spirit Child.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In looking over the pages of the much loved RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of which I have been a constant reader for many years, I often see suggestive and touching incidents of spirit presence from correspondents. I am confident none of them are more suggestive than the incident I am about to relate which was told me by my dear friend, Mrs. M. in whom I have the greatest confidence. Mrs. M.'s husband had been sick for several weeks, but she had no idea that he was in a dangerous condition, until one morning she was buying herself about the sick room when she suddenly felt a firm but gentle pressure upon her shoulder, and thinking some one had come into the room unannounced she quickly turned and lo! there was the perfect form of her spirit child who passed over thirteen years ago that day, with his little arms outstretched to her mother, and her eyes turned toward her father in an appealing and longing gaze. The child's form was visible but a few moments, but long enough for the mother to see it distinctly. She was very much overcome, and with difficulty reached a chair unobserved by Mr. M. She had not been thinking of her baby that day nor did she think of its being the anniversary of her darling's transition, until after she recovered from the shock. She was consoled, by the thought that her dear little child had bowed upon its father, that she had come for him, and her convictions were realized later the same evening when the tired body gave up its spirit to higher and better possibilities. Mrs. M. is not a Spiritualist, she has been a church member for many years and never paid any attention to the philosophy. She is now anxious to know more, and I earnestly desire that she will take measures to seek and understand more of this truth, which is constantly giving so much comfort and assurance to those in need of sympathy.

Chicago.

Mrs. Dorothea Dix has given \$500 to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to erect in Boston a drinking fountain for animals.

Grand Old Man Gladstone and Lord Wolseley have sent their autographs to Miss Mary Lee, daughter of the late Confederate General, for her album.

#### A Lady Sees Several Spirits.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some fifteen years ago I had the following experience. It is one of many which came connectedly, and involve a world of mystery, and baffles every effort to find out all we would be glad to know about the laws and conditions which produce them. I was lying awake in a happy frame of mind when I was surprised to see sitting at the foot of my bed a woman whom I knew to be alive and living in the town of Grand Rapids. Then on the opposite side of the room (which was about eighteen feet square) I saw a lady friend who had been a teacher of mine and who had been dead five years. She took a chair, sat down and spoke to me, saying, "Tell father—"

I was expecting to hear more, but another woman, my mother-in-law, who had been dead ten years, appeared by the side of my teacher friend, and said, "Hurry," laying her hand on the shoulder of my friend, who arose from the chair. My mother-in-law took the chair to show herself to me, but did not say anything. At the same time appeared in the hall doorway two more women, a lady who had done business for me in her life time, and who was well acquainted with the woman who sat on the foot of the bed. The other man was my husband who had been dead ten years. The man bowed to me and smiled, and then disappeared quickly, except the woman on the foot of the bed. I looked at her, and she began to go a little at a time, here and there. The whole expression changed from a real life to a sort of fixed, mechanical, artificial make-up business for me in his life time, and who was well acquainted with the woman who sat on the foot of the bed. The other man was my husband who had been dead ten years. 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## MY MOTHER.

Sweet and pale with placid grace  
As she now I'll draw her face,  
Though years of sorrow have left their trace  
Upon my dearest mother.

Her lovely eyes, so true and bright,  
Seem heavenly in their wondrous light,  
Soft wavy hair of silver white—  
Ethereal loveliness—my mother.

She's everything that's pure and true,  
Godliness, virtue and modesty imbue,  
Her gentle nature through and through,  
She's my ideal—my mother.

Ever the same through years and years  
Of clouds and sorrows, heartaches, fears,  
So little sunshines, so many tears;  
Yet always the same sweet mother.

It has ever been and will ever be  
The greatest of all friends to me,  
How a being, human, could be so free  
From sin, as she—my mother.

Loved by all, warm friendships won:  
Enemies, she numbers none—  
God will reward such an one,  
My faithful, loving mother.

No adjective adequate to rightly name  
The depth of goodness, her honest claim,  
All words are idle that I frame  
I need but say—she's my mother.

—L. G. Still, in Inter Ocean.

## Danger of Race Conflicts in the South.

This total want of possible assimilation, this social estrangement, causes this attitude of antipathy or quasi-hostility between the two races, North as well as South, the only difference being that in the latter section, because the negroes are more numerous, the manifestations of this suppressed antagonism are unavoidable, more frequent, and are characterized by more intensity and more serious results, because both races, whatever be the provocation, regard them as the incidents of a struggle for supremacy and domination. They may enjoy long periods of calm and peace, but the sudden outbursts of violent political, religious, educational, social, or what not, may at any moment arouse the passions of race hatred, and convulse society by the outbreak of race conflicts. For New England preachers, sentimental writers, or Republican politicians to produce serious and surprise at these occurrences, is only a profane protest on their part against the logical results of the work of God, and an insolent demand for a revision of the laws of Nature. The real cause for amazement is the consideration of the segregating conditions surrounding Southern society, and the inflammable material upon which its superstructure now rests, that these conflicts have not been in our country more frequent and more bloody.—Senator Everts in the October Forum.

## A General Tie-up

of all the means of public convenience in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employees, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

## Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Investigators: containing special instructions for the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirit's Book, by the same author, containing the principles of spiritual doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, \$1.60, each, postpaid.

The Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family life, extending over a period of twenty years, and presented in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, reduced from \$2.40 to \$1.50, postpaid.

The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, \$1.00, postpaid. The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, by E. S. Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

## The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale, and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to \$1.00 and is now at \$1.00. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

## Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tube. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. N. B.—For catarrhal diseases peculiar to females this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 10c, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

The question how long man has lived in America, and what were the surroundings of the primeval inhabitants, will be discussed in an illustrated article, entitled, Paleolithic Man in America, by W. J. McGee, in the November Popular Science Monthly. The author is thoroughly acquainted with the evidence on this subject, and has the happy faculty of presenting it in an attractive style.

Have You Catarrh?—There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich. For trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

Caleb Foote has just retired from the Salem (Mass.) Gazette after a continuous service in the office of seventy-one years, during sixty-three years of which time he was editor and part proprietor. This record cannot probably be equalled in the United States, if, indeed, in the entire history of the profession.

The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investigators. A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington, Minn., *Advance* says:

The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters with a few words, so that very little "power" is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question as to whether 'spirits' can return and communicate. We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price, \$1, postpaid.

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I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in return of my old complaint. —Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terrebonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

## For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults. —Mrs. E. G. Elderly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding from the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever." —Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

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The phenomena witnessed through the mediumship of Home were true remarkable both for their nature and variety and above and beyond all because of their certainty. No question of deception, delusion or error is admissible or will be suggested by any candid reader. A concise history is given of the results of experiments made with Home by Prof. Crookes. The scientific tests applied by Prof. Crookes are fully detailed. The testimony of "mediums" is given; reference is made to the eighty séances held by Viscount Adele, including the medium's *transit through the air at a height of seventy feet from the ground*, a phenomenon witnessed and vouched for by Lord Lindsay, Lord Adele and Capt. Wynn.

The confirmation of Crookes's experiments by Prof. Von Boutevrou is given. A witness testifies that Home refused an offer of \$10,000 for a séance; always declining to sell his gifts, money was no temptation. Séances with Empress Eugénie, Napoleon III., Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, Emperor William of Germany, John Lubbock, William Howitt and a host of others are concisely given. Home's acquaintance with Alexander Dumas and other historical characters, his expulsion from Rome; the early friendship and continued confidence of Bishop Clark of Rhode Island—extraits from the Hartford *Times* whose testimony to astounding phenomena is repeated, together with a kaleidoscopic view of his struggles, success, marriages, freedom from guile, altruism, devotion, faith and goodness and his importance as a factor in the Modern Spiritual Dispensation, all combine to render the book both fascinating and inspiring as well as eminently valuable.

Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of this book can be given; it must be read before its importance can be realized. The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine heavy, super-calendered paper and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America hence the book will be sold at a low

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## A REVIEW

OF THE

## Seibert Commissioners' Report

OR,

## WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE

BY

A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.,

A MEMBER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BAR; AUTHOR OF

"LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD LAWYER,"

"COURT AND PRISON," "DR. CROOK'S CALM

"TWIN BROOK," A LATELY PUBLISHED STANFORD, N. J.

"A HAWK IN AN EAGLE'S NEST," ETC.

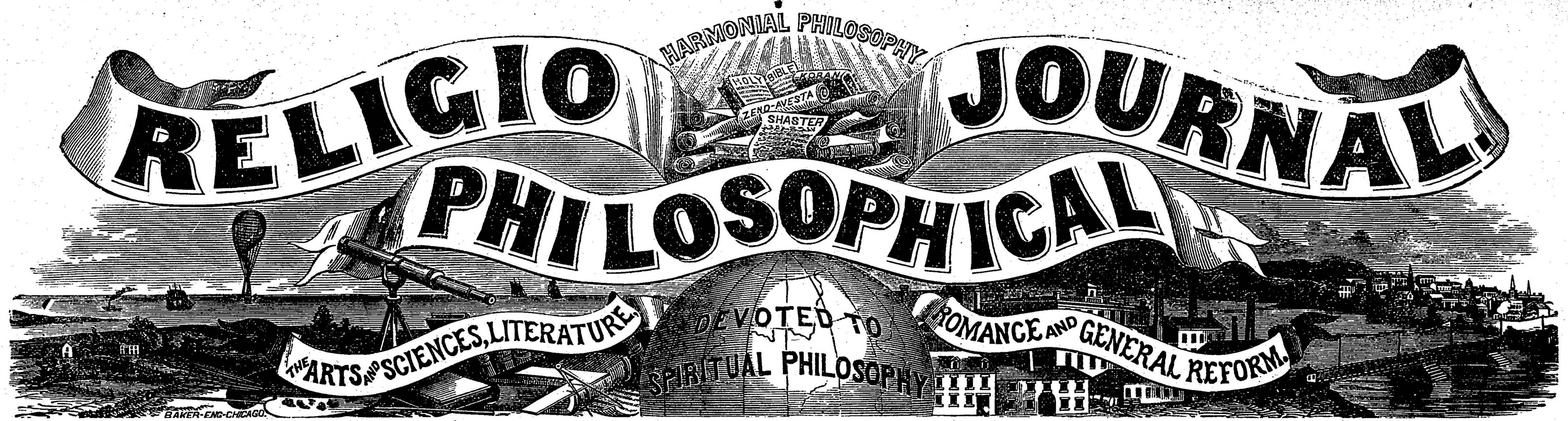
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After a happy and appropriate introduction of the subject by all present, the author, who has been the guest of Mr. Seibert, the author gives in the first chapter his own letter to the Seibert Commission, Chapters II, III, and IV, are devoted to a searching criticism of the Report of the Seibert Commission; Chapter V, treats fully of the Seibert Commission, Chapter VI, Chapter VII, Chapter VIII, Chapter IX, Chapter X, Chapter XI, Chapter XII, Chapter XIII, Chapter XIV, Chapter XV, Chapter XVI, Chapter XVII, Chapter XVIII, Chapter XIX, Chapter XX, Chapter XXI, Chapter XXII, Chapter XXIII, Chapter XXIV, Chapter XXV, Chapter XXVI, Chapter XXVII, Chapter XXVIII, Chapter XXIX, Chapter XXX, Chapter XXXI, Chapter XXXII, Chapter XXXIII, Chapter XXXIV, Chapter XXXV, Chapter XXXVI, Chapter XXXVII, Chapter XXXVIII, Chapter XXXIX, Chapter XL, Chapter XLI, Chapter XLII, Chapter XLIII, Chapter XLIV, Chapter XLV, Chapter XLVI, Chapter XLVII, Chapter XLVIII, Chapter XLIX, Chapter L, Chapter LI, 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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**WHAT IS THE MEASURE OF A MAN?**  
J. E. WOODHEAD.

The satisfaction derived from the pursuit of scientific research is due to the fact that in each of the various departments of nature like causes, acting under like conditions, always produce like effects.

Any member of the mineral kingdom can be analyzed and classified according to certain established formulas, which act invariably. Any combination of metals which have been found to make a certain new metal, or compound, will always produce that result. Any chemical which has been found to produce a certain action when brought in contact with a certain metal, will always duplicate that action, no matter when, or where, or by whom tested.

Relying on this invariability students have classified metals, labeled each of them, and given the formula by which each and all can know them, wherever found, and each metal is found to preserve its characteristics, and respond to the test, no matter in what part of the earth it may be found.

In the vegetable world we find the same varying regularity. Each plant has been found to require the same combinations of soil and certain conditions of heat and moisture; these being given, we always obtain the same plant and flower and fruit, no matter who may be the gardener or where his garden may be located.

The same law of uniformity controls the animal kingdom; certain species are found to require certain conditions of temperature and subsist on certain kinds of food; and each individual member of that species is found to require the same conditions of food and temperature. The tasks of elephants having been found on the frigid plains of Siberia, scientists declare that at some time Siberia had a tropical climate and produced the same kinds of plant and vegetable life that are now found on the plains of India; and no one presumes to dispute the statement, although it would seem to the non-scientific mind as much of a miracle to give Siberia such climate and conditions as to create the tasks (*de novo*) and place them in Siberia, which act of creative fiat has been revealed given as a reason for finding certain shells of sea fishes imbedded in tops of mountains far away from the ocean.

Relying upon this uniformity of nature, scientists declare that each member of any tribe or species will conform to all the requirements of its species. Any one who desires to angle in his own fish-pond can follow the directions given by pisciculturists and be sure of catching, five years hence, just such a fish and of just such a weight as he may to day decide upon.

Each atom of matter is identical with each and every other atom of similar matter, and in its ultimate analysis all matter is resolved into identical monads. Therefore, given a certain number of monads and certain conditions certain results are sure to follow. Examining the life, habits, and surroundings of our undeveloped savage brother, biped, we find the same law holds good, with perhaps very slight exceptions. Each member of the Eskimo tribe will construct his hut and sledge, just as his fathers have done before him, and as his brother does to-day; he will wear the same skins, eat the same oil, prepared in the same way as all others belonging to his tribe. Barring accidents, he grows to the same stature and avoidropols as his brother; if perchance he is sick, he calls in the tribal medicine man, who performs the same incantations, and doses him with the same potions he has his brothers and his fathers before him, and in due time he gets well, or if he does not, the fault lies with

him, and not with the system which experience has proved will and does cure Eskimos.

Following this law of like causes producing like effects, and certain conditions being inherent in certain forms of matter, and of life pertaining thereto, we must scientifically predict that the same law holds good when we examine the biped who claims to be civilized and enlightened. Scientifically, he is a protoplasm and a chemical affinity, governed solely by the law of expediency, has come up through great tribulation, and attained its now exalted position through the operations of a certain combination of circumstances, called the "survival of the fittest."

Dissecting him we find him compounded of the same animal, vegetable and mineral atoms, and these atoms holding the same chemical relations to each other as similar atoms do in other combinations in the various kingdoms or departments of nature, and therefore subject to the same laws of chemical affinities. We may find his bone to vary somewhat in texture from the bone of his brother mammal, but it does not differ from that of any other civilized human biped. The same is true of the blood globules and each and every other part of this civilized biped. Therefore reasoning from known and invariable laws governing all the various departments of the material world, scientifically we can claim that each and every portion of climate, food, clothing and temperature pertaining to the good and well being of one civilized man, should pertain to all of his kindred or tribe. Investigation and experience having shown that certain articles of food prepared in a certain manner, eaten in certain quantities at certain hours of the day, combined with a certain amount of physical exercise, followed by a rest and sleep for so many hours, will produce in a certain number of years a man of a certain size and weight; and continue the life of that man for a certain number of years. Then the same should be true of all other men of his kindred and tribe. Do we find this to be the case? Why is it that all the laws of nature are turned "kopy-turvy" when we come to apply them to civilized and enlightened man? Viewed scientifically, this highly developed man, being the culmination of nature's handiwork, in him all her laws would find the most favorable conditions for harmonious action. But experience finds no harmonious and consistent action; it is all friction, irregularity and disagreement. One who has proven his superiority over his brothers by accumulating more possessions than one hundred families need is ordered by his medical adviser to live on bran, and that don't save him. Another with all his wealth, cannot find satisfaction in the ratish and must import a cook at a salary of \$10,000 per year, to prepare something that may perchance bring back recollections of a lost appetite, while his Chinese laundryman is getting fat on "pusley." The Briton will think he is starving unless he can dine on roast beef, or veal pie, while the Frank is delighted with a dish of soup and the leg of a frog. The Jew will drink beer or the gallon, and the Scot take his whisky regularly, and each of them "live long and prosper" while their Yankee cousin will tumble into a drunkard's grave before he has lived out half his days on only a fraction of the whisky consumed by the Scot. One will make a good meal on a cup of coffee and a liberal portion of pie, rise up refreshed blessing the hand of wife or daughter that made it; while the Judge's neighbor—can not eat even a small portion of the same pie without suffering two or three days, all the while calling on his medical brother for relief. So it is not to be wondered at that when the medical brother cries unto him for protection, and the grant of a monopoly to those who can pronounce a certain medical shibboleth, he says, "Not so, brother, until I can eat pie and not suffer."

Many persons eat peppermint drops, and enjoy them, thinking them good and wholesome; but years ago, on a Sunday morning, in a little village church, in England felt faint after eating some of these drops. Why and how is it, that a son of that woman can not avoid a slight feeling of a similar faintness, on smelling a peppermint drop in Chicago, forty-eight years afterward? Why can the odor of codfish take away all the appetite, and prevent one member of a family eating at that meal, while each other member will eat the codfish with the relish of an epicure and declare the odor delightful?

It is not a satisfactory explanation to call this an idiosyncrasy, governed by hidden laws, of which we are ignorant. How can a protoplasm and a chemical affinity, or flesh and blood, have an idiosyncrasy? And how can the same body, acting under same conditions of climate, exercise, and food, during a series of years develop a series of idiosyncrasies? It would seem to require a better explanation than this to account for the fact that two children of same parents, nurtured and reared under same influences, partaking of the same food and listening to same instruction, will develop, one into a butcher, and the other be unable to bear the sight of blood, without fainting, and if unexpectedly taken into a slaughtering pen, would be overcome by nausea, and be unable to partake of food for that day; nevertheless a few days afterward will eat with a relish, and no after inconvenience, the same blood, which, under the same conditions, will flow from a freshly carved underdone roast.

The oldest tradition we have of the human race says: "Behold, I have given you every

herb-bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life I have given every green herb for meat, and it was so."

The beast and the fowl and the creeping thing hath kept his heritage, but the civilized man has undertaken to improve his to suit his own fancy until he has practically lost it, and now can not find anything that is to him good.

A few years ago a man received a wound which healed in such a manner as to allow the operations of the stomach to be observed and noted. Physiologists were delighted at this opportunity to learn the hidden secrets of this wonderful digesting laboratory, and soon tabulated a series of facts as to the process and duration of the action of the acids of the stomach on various articles of food, and to find that their table of facts applied only to the particular case in which the results were noted. Other stomachs showed very decided inclination to act after the dictates of their own sweet will.

Before a baby with the colic medical science stands as helpless as the baby itself, and can only offer a poison that will numb the nervous organization of the baby and render it unconscious of its pain.

With all this conflicting testimony of man in his normal state, we find a far worse condition in certain abnormal states to which he is more or less subject, and which are called disease. In all other departments of living states of matter, we can readily trace any disarrangement to its cause, apply a certain remedy; and harmony is the result; but when friction occurs in the operation of the human machine, after all our progress and investigation, we can only "guess"; if we guess right, well and good. The guesser is looked upon as somewhat better than other men, and is given a title; he thereupon prides himself on his wisdom and makes the same guess, when he finds another like condition, but finds that this time the guess is all wrong. After a series of guesses he finds that what is good for the parson will not do for the squire, and that which acts to a charm in the case of the blacksmith quickly changes the environment of the blacksmith's wife, and there remains only so many pounds of animal matter which must be quickly removed or it becomes the home of myriad forms of new life, which soon reduce it to its former constituents, leaving the sorely perplexed guesser as amazed and astonished as Dore's old man who killed his hen to get her golden eggs.

Tracing the history of medical science back to the voodoo of the savage, we find a record of what is now called medical superstitions; and yet the record shows that the superstitions effected the cures so long as they were believed in, and were during their day and generation just as scientific as Pasteur's theory of inoculation.

[Since the above was written the following denial of Pasteur's theory is given by Mr. Watts whose occupation is to take care of all superfluous dogs and other beasts which have survived the period of their usefulness in Boston.]

SAYS HYDROPHOBIA IS A MYTH.

The writer asked him yesterday how it was he avoided getting bitten by a rabid dog now and then.

"I can't avoid it," he replied, simply. "Look at my hands; you can see for yourself they are covered with scars, many of which have been inflicted by what people call 'mad dogs' and their kind."

"But if so, why have you not had hydrophobia?"

"Because there is no such disease," said the doctor. "What you call hydrophobia or madness in dogs is merely a sort of fits, brought on by worms, constipation, over-heating, or various other causes. High bred animals being of a more nervous temperament, are more likely to run crazy with it in summer than ordinary ones. Under such conditions the poor brute loses its head and tears about, snapping at whatever comes in its way. It will never chase you, as is vulgarly supposed, but will keep right on blindly, without seeing or knowing where it is going, until stopped with a bullet or club. If it bites any one, that person is likely to die from a complaint propagated through the imagination—by causes not at all understood—the most important symptoms of which are convulsions and an abhorrence of water. Now it is quite certain that many have died of a trouble apparently identical who never were bitten at all, while I, who have been fairly lacer-

ated a hundred times by mad dogs, am as well as possible. This I attribute simply to the fact that I have never permitted myself to be frightened by trifles of the kind. Statistics show that since Pasteur's alleged discoveries, more French people have succumbed to hydrophobia than ever before in the same length of time. I have no doubt that his operations are responsible for the increased death rate. Every scared person that comes to him who is not subsequently taken with fits he counts as a cure, while the few resulting cadavers are not thought worthy of scientific consideration. As an example take the case of the children who were sent across the water some time ago for treatment by means of a subscription gotten up for their benefit. One of the boys subsequently died of hydrophobia, but the dog that bit him is still alive and kicking."

Learned men of this day delight to recount the absurd superstitions of our ignorant ancestors and talk of the advance of medical science, and yet scientifically their course today are the result of the same sort of superstition, and none of them are any more effective or permanent than those occurring at "Our Lady of Lourdes."

Scientifically, when a certain drug is found to produce a certain effect when given to the man described in the scientific formula for man, the same result should always follow when given to any other man in like condition. The flesh, bones, blood, and tissues of one civilized man are identical with those of other men of his kindred tribe, and are subject to the dominion of the same laws.

Knowing as we do that these laws of the material world do not act with unvarying regularity when applied to our physical bodies, we can not lay the blame on nature, all of whose workings we find to be perfect and unvarying, and if we desire to continue the scientific we must recast the formula given as the scientific of what man is. Do we not, in fact, find him to be a protoplasm and a chemical affinity, plus, something else—some unknown quantity—which dominates and controls the action of that chemical affinity and protoplasm, causing it in its ultimate expression to differ from each and all other similar collections of atoms of matter, so long as this unknown quantity continues to dominate it?

Experience shows that whenever this power realizes its dominion, it raises the atoms of matter composing its particular body to a greater or less degree above the known laws controlling such atoms, as shown by Dr. Tanner in his forty days' fast, and many others similarly remarkable. On this hypothesis, it is not clear how and why it is that "many men of many minds" are as various in the physical expression of their thought as they are varied in their thoughts, of which their bodies are the outward and visible expression?

To a certain extent, therefore, each man is separate and distinct from all other parts of nature, resulting solely from the action of this unknown quantity; through this he becomes a world within himself, becomes a law unto himself, which he enforces as he will.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that medical men are obliged to guess, when called upon to repair the machine? The arrangement of which is not caused by any fault in the machine, the trouble being in this unknown something presuming too much on its power, defying all restraint, and acting contrary to those principles which experience has shown ought to guide and direct it. Wonderfully powerful as it is, there are limits to its capabilities when acting in accordance with its own wishes and desires, and harmony with its own body, and by bringing this power into a proper understanding of itself and its dominion. To claim that this can be done by a dose of calomel, or quinine, will one day be declared to be the most foolish of medical delusions. May it not, therefore, be scientific to say that these abnormal physical conditions are the result of wrong thinking, and that like effects follow like causes here, as in all other departments of nature?

\*VALUABLE MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS.—We are not so sure that cheap quinine is such an unalloyed blessing. It has come about that nearly every family now has its quinine bottle, that it is sold at many general stores, and that the doctor rarely meets an invalid who has not been thoroughly dosed with quinine. The drug, when taken continuously or excessively, is an injurious one; and its therapeutic value is greatly exaggerated in the popular mind. The value of quinine in "colds," bronchitis, ephemeral fevers, anorexia, general malaise, and various other minor ills, is most problematical.—*Medical Record.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**FRISCO FRAUDS.**

J. J. MORSE.

The professional medium is not necessarily a hindrance to the progress of Spiritualism; nor is his occupation, *per se*, disreputable. On the contrary his existence supplies a great need, and his occupation can be fraught with great good. As a class, professional mediums have assisted in the extension of Spiritualism beyond all other agencies, except, perhaps, the press.

Unfortunately professional mediums are divisible into two classes. The strictly and undeniable honest, the noble army of martyrs, on one side, and on the other side the questionable, who run the gamut of weakness from carelessness to dishonesty. From these latter have arisen the deplorable results that the secular and spiritual press have so frequently chronicled.

There is yet a third class to be considered, that of bogus mediums, persons utterly devoid of psychical powers who simply masquerade as mediums; skillful impostors who fasten upon credulous dupes. These do more harm than even those mediums who are traitors to their functions. They have been possible because of the ignorance, carelessness and superstition still lingering in our midst. For some years they have reaped a golden harvest, but their days are doomed. Spiritualists are awakening to the character of these ghouls and vampires. Their present pains, resulting from past imprudence, will lead to future carefulness. The end is gain. A righteous indignation would adjudge these spiritual pirates to the States Prison, but an awakened watchfulness will deprive them of their opportunities, driving them to other fields of chicanery, or, perhaps, and better, causing them to earn bread honestly.

Outside of Boston no other city has been, surely, so badly cursed as this of San Francisco. Audacious, brazen, cold-blooded, damnable impostors, cunning as the fabled Satan himself, have "materialized," "glorified," written, "spirit photographed," "oil painted," worked the "test racket," and generally held a psychological "witch's Sabbath" every day in the week, with matinees on Sundays, for some years past in this city of hills. Professional mediums of the weaker sort united forces with these brazen cheats, with the result that a virtual "trust" was formed, and all who were not in "the ring" were simply frozen out! On every hand the evils were admitted and deplored. Private indignation did not rise to public condemnation. The tide of fraud kept on rising though, but notes of alarm from rational and fearless Spiritualists had aroused attention. The Psychical Research Society was formed and the result has been most of the rascals have dispersed east, north and south. Spiritualists thus broke up the gang of knaves; to them, then, belongs the credit of arrest.

Now comes the San Francisco *Daily Chronicle* that has for some days past been regaling its readers with a minute and circumstantial account of "how it's all done," evidently written by an expert. Chemistry, sleight of hand, mechanics, stage craft, and humbug of the most vulgar sort, are all disclosed as the stock in trade of these villainable tricksters—all tending to show that the untrained observer or uneducated believer has been at the mercy of a set of sharpers who have dubbed themselves mediums (?). In so far as the *Chronicle* has thus exposed the cheats it has done good. For so much it can be thanked and endorsed. A careful reading of its articles, however, discloses an underlying purpose. It loves the public less than it hates Spiritualism and its pertaining! In no case will its columns admit the other side—that our facts are real. Its articles are a systematically lump of dupes and swindlers. If its desire for all the truth was more apparent one could endorse it more. It did not even begin its work until our own people had set the example!

In public and private there is mediumship enough in San Francisco to outweigh all the fraud ever practiced here. Our duty is twofold: to expose the false, to present the true. Phenomenal mediumship is a fact. It can not be gainsaid; like Bangor's ghost it "will not down," no matter who commands. In wild shriek against fraud, the sweet, low voice of truth is at times entirely drowned. The frauds of Frisco are but the scum and drift driven in advance by the rising of the tide of truth.

It is well these exposures have come. It is well Spiritualists initiated them, and that the *Chronicle* followed suit; but it will be better if Spiritualists and mediums take it all to heart. The one to use reason and cool judgment, the other to be content with what the spirits can do unaided. Fellow workers, on us rests the honor of our cause. Let us respect it. Let us sustain the truth of mediumship, and then mediums must needs preserve their integrity, for genuine mediumship must mean honest mediums.

San Francisco, Cal.

#### The Peoples of the World.

The comparative tables of the population and area of the various countries of the world, taking them with their dependencies, which appear in the new edition of the Statesman's Year book, have been compiled from Prof. Levasseur's statistics furnished to the International Statistical Institute, and may be described as presenting odd facts in a new and striking light. In point of area the British empire stands at the head of the list, the number of thousands of square miles being 9,239, Russia following closely with 8,844. Though the Chinese empire is but a little less than one-half as extensive as its neighbor in population, China, with her 404,000,000, tops all the countries of the earth. The British empire comes next with 307,000,000, and Russia with only 104,000,000; while France has but 71,000,000, the United States 58,000,000 and the German empire 48,000,000. The comparative rates of increase of population of the European States since 1800 also yield some instructive results. Thus, while the United Kingdom has since that period risen from 16,250,000 to 37,000,000, Russia in Europe from 25,000,000 to 38,000,000 and the German empire from 27,000,000 to 47,000,000 (including Alsace and Lorraine). France has only advanced from 33,000,000 to 38,250,000. Prof. Levasseur estimates that between 1710 and 1874 the entire population of the world about doubled—the figures being 682,000,000 at the former and 1,391,000,000 at the latter period.—*London Daily News.*



## The Disabilities and Limitations of Sex.

When the system of co-education was first proposed, the wise in their own conceits said, it cannot succeed: the girls will necessarily fall behind their classes. The experiment proved the reverse. Then it was said, The girls may compete with the boys in the rudimentary branches; but in philosophy, the languages, the higher mathematics, they must fail. The girls, however, by taking the prizes in these higher branches, soon proved their equal capacity. Compelled to admit the facts, it was then said, If the girls pursue this course of collegiate study, it must be at the risk of a lamentable physical depletion, not only for themselves, but their descendants.

When, however, it was proven that the girls in colleges, with regular employment and intellectual ambition, were more healthy than those in society, and that a larger proportionate number of young men fell behind their classes on account of ill health, then these wise ones, driven from all their supposed strongholds, betook themselves to the realm of speculation, and declaimed on the general "disabilities and limitations" of the feminine element in humanity.

The possibility of any limitations of power in the opposite sex never seems to occur to any one. The sphere of that half of the race is supposed to be boundless, and its capacity illimitable. Those who declaim on the inequalities of sex show themselves as ignorant of the principles of life as would that philosopher who should undertake to show the comparative power of the positive as against the negative electricity, of the centrifugal as against the centripetal force, of the attraction of the north as against the south end of the magnet.

These great natural forces must be exactly balanced, or the material world would relapse into chaos. Just so the masculine and feminine elements must be exactly balanced, and redound the moral and social world from the chaos that surrounds us. One might as well talk of separate spheres for the two ends of the magnet as for man and woman: their true place is together everywhere. Having different duties in the same sphere, neither can succeed without the presence and influence of the other. To restore the equilibrium of sex is the first step in social, religious, and political progress. The tendency in past ages has been to exalt the masculine portion of humanity, because, in the infancy of the race, superior physical strength made man more valuable in supplying material resources and in doing the rough work of the world. Hence, those who could fight with wild beasts, hew down mighty forests and rocky mountains, build pyramids and guide the engine of war, did not appreciate the more refined work of mother, wife, sister, daughter, nor the gentler influences continually flowing out from these, softening the asperities and mitigating the miseries of life.

The tendency of the masculine element is centrifugal, to boundless exploration, to endless change, to the nomad life. The feminine is the centripetal force, that has made the family, the tribe, the community possible. This element is not necessarily in the form of woman: it predominates as well in the most refined, intellectual men; it is the repository of the religious sentiment, the conscience of the race. Its voice sweet and clear has been heard in all ages, above turmoil, conquest, and persecution; but its protests against violence and injustice have been too often unheeded and forgotten.

All the talk we hear about the "limitations of sex" is outside the realm of science and philosophy; but, as women are handicapped in these off-putting assertions of their "disabilities," it is well to consider the data on which they rest.

"You must admit," said quite a well-informed woman to me not long since, "that we are handicapped by Nature,—that we have many disabilities, and are very circumscribed in our limitations." "True," I replied, "all living things have their limitations. The fish cannot fly in the air, the bird cannot swim in the river. Sick men and women are alike handicapped by disease and suffering. But every living creature in its normal condition can fulfill its destiny. The healthy, well-developed woman has no 'disabilities.' 'Her dress is certainly one,' said a slender being, buried in a velvet cushioned chair, absorbed in a piece of flimsy embroidery. 'Her dress!' I replied. 'A woman is not born with petticoats, high heels, lapped ribs, and a dozen girdling snakes in her waist. Such disabilities are of her own choosing; they have nothing to do with the normal woman in freedom. Our judges in the Supreme Court of the United States, and our priests and bishops in gown and surplice, could not in such attire run a race, play base ball or cricket, or do any grand and lofty tumbling in a gymnasium, but who would reckon these robes of state as 'the disabilities' of these professions?" "But," said another, granting what you say on this point, you must admit that motherhood is a disability." "Do you call it a disability," I replied, "to give life to an immortal being?"

The "Magnificat" has been chanted for centuries round the globe. A prominent place is given to this hymn in the vesper of our churches, both Protestant and Catholic. This song of praise by the Virgin Mother in thankfulness for the Incarnation, and uttered while she yet the tabernacle of the Holy Ghost, exalts motherhood to be woman's chief honor and glory; and yet, in direct contradiction to this dogma of our faith, motherhood is regarded as a "disability," and spoken of as such, perchance, by the very lips that join in the "Magnificat" every Sunday in our temples of worship.

There would be more propriety in enlarging on the "limitations" of the male sex, because man cannot be a mother, than of the sex that possesses that sacredly. Surely, maternity, which calls forth some of the most tender sentiments of the human heart and quickens into life all the dormant forces of woman's being, is an added power and development, and not a "limitation."

"But it unfits her," says another pertinacious reasoner, "for much of the world's work." "Yes," replied, "and it also fits her pre-eminently for much of the world's work, a large share of human legislation would be better done by her because of this deep experience. Every special calling has its special advantages and disadvantages."

The student, the author, and the statesman, have all their limitations. As their profession does not develop the muscular system, they are not fitted to dig for gold and coal in the bowels of the earth, to dive to the ocean depths for lost treasure, or to guide balloons above the clouds. They cannot rig a vessel, go to mast-head in a storm, make a steam engine, or run up and down a fire escape to save trembling women and children in the hour of danger. They cannot cook their food, mend their clothes, nor with their own hands make a comfortable shelter. Behold their "disabilities and limitations"! Neither could the cook, the tailor, the aeronaut, the

fireman, the miner, the diver, fill the position of the student, the author, the statesman. It is only in very exceptional cases that these classes interchange employments. Women have shown themselves capable in emergencies of doing everything that man has ever done in all the higher departments of intellectual achievement as well as in those employments where physical strength is needed. With proper drill and a dress adapted to the work, there is nothing required of a human being that woman cannot do. The two things that Horace Greeley declared impossible for a woman were to pilot a ship across the sea and sing bass in the choir, yet she has in several instances accomplished both these feats.

In choosing our employments, we must all alike accept the limitations necessarily involved; but there is no reason why custom and public sentiment should handicap its victims with an indefinite number of artificial disabilities that have no foundation in nature. It is impossible to estimate the extent to which civilization has been blocked in all ages by the repression and persecution of the feminine element in humanity.

ELIZABETH CARY STANTON.

## DR. E. W. H. BECK.

Close of a Useful and Eventful Career.

The death of Dr. E. W. H. Beck, which occurred Saturday night at nine o'clock, brought to a close the career of one of Carroll county's most widely known and highly respected citizens. Dr. Beck had been a sufferer for months, and the community, his family and friends were prepared to receive the final decree. He passed from earth, surrounded by his loving wife and children, as quietly and peacefully as darkness melts into dawn.

E. W. H. Beck was of German Scotch descent, and was born on the 18th of January, 1822, in Lewistown, Mifflin county, Penn. In September, 1834, his father left Lewistown, and emigrated to Pickaway, O., where he remained three years and six months in the occupation of a farmer. He subsequently lived six months in Covington, Miss., and on the tenth of October, 1838, moved to Indiana, and locating in White county, built a hotel the following year in the town of Monticello, and began his operation. The subject of this sketch, during his first eighteen months in Indiana, occupied the time in farm work, hunting and dealing in skins and furs. In 1840, in his nineteenth year, he assisted in steering the first flatboat, loaded with flour and bacon, out of Monticello, on the Tippecanoe river, and down the Wabash, Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to New Orleans. In the winter of 1842-3, he attended lectures at the Ohio Medical College, Cincinnati. The succeeding fall (1843), he started to Philadelphia to attend lectures, but his supply of money failing him, he stopped at Lewistown, Pa., and passed the winter there, reading in the office of Dr. Culbertson. Returning to Monticello in 1845, that year he came to Delphi, Carroll county, and associated with Dr. Samuel Grimes, began the practice of his profession. At the beginning of the Mexican war, he assisted Robert Milroy and William F. Persons in raising the company that reported second to the Governor of Indiana. Unable to go at that time, because of the absence of Dr. Grimes, four weeks later, in August, he joined the company at the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and was commissioned assistant surgeon of the First Regiment Indiana Volunteers, acting in that capacity until January tenth, following, after a rigid examination of six applicants, he was one of two chosen to act as assistant surgeons in the general hospital at Matamoras, Mexico, to which position he was immediately transferred. He entered the Medical University of New York, and was graduated from that institution in March 1848. Receiving the degree of M. D., he again entered upon the practice of his profession at Delphi, in full partnership with Dr. Grimes. March 4, 1850, with others, he crossed the plains with an ox-team, and after practicing medicine in California four months, returned to Delphi in the spring of 1851, and has remained here ever since, actively engaged in his profession.

On the 23rd of October, 1848, he was married to Frances M. Milroy, youngest daughter of Gen. Samuel Milroy, who, in his day, was not only one of the most prominent citizens of Carroll county, but of the State of Indiana. Five children have been born to them—Alice J., Larry G., Genevieve J., Francis L. and Walter M.

On the 5th of October, 1861, Dr. Beck was commissioned a surgeon in the Third Cavalry Regiment Indiana Volunteers, holding the position about ten months, when he was promoted to surgeon of brigade. At the end of six months more he was in turn made Surgeon in Chief of First Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, and placed on Gen. Buford's staff, the corps commander being Gen. Pleasanton, who was succeeded by Gen. Sheridan. In his three years' service, Dr. Beck took part in ten important battles: South Mountain and Antietam, Md.; Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Beverly Ford, Upperville, Second Bull Run, Wilderness and Spottsylvania, Va., and Gettysburg, Penn.; in thirty-one engagements, and in thirty-six skirmishes. At Antietam he had a horse shot under him. At the battle of Gettysburg, on the first day's fight, when the Union army was being driven out of town, having established a hospital in the Presbyterian church on Baltimore street, he was operating on wounded men, and though a half-hour before he could easily have escaped by fleeing, as a number of surgeons had done, he heroically resolved to remain with the suffering soldiers, and was made a prisoner by Lee's incoming forces. Immediately with two assistant surgeons he began operating on wounded rebels—a stratagem, which, when the provost marshal arrived, saved them a visit to Andersonville or Libby. Laboring almost night and day on the wounded of both sides, until the morning of the fourth of July, his imprisonment ended by Gen. Lee's evacuation of the town. Although a non-combatant, the part he played in the turning battle of the war was of exceptional importance. His position within the enemy's lines enabled him, about midnight of the third of July, to suddenly discover the quiet withdrawal of the rebel sentinels from their posts, the silent departure of bodies of soldiery for the rear, and the erection of barricades across the streets—evidences that Lee was beaten, was in the act of retreating, and was covering his retrograde movement. Assured of these facts by a careful examination, he ran into a private house, picked up a white bolter-slip, and waving this before him, ran up Baltimore street toward the Union line to give notice of the enemy's action. As sharpshooters covered the street, and had orders to keep it clear, this was a dangerous task; but he accomplished it in safety, gave his information to Gen. Howard at three A. M., and so

enabled that officer to push forward his forces open a brisk fire, and capture five thousand men of Lee's rear guard. There is a memorial to be found in the files of the *Congressional Record* at Washington, shortly after the battle, calling attention to Dr. Beck's gallantry on that occasion.

At Gettysburg, Dr. Beck amputated the shattered leg of a young Union lieutenant, then an entire stranger to him. Twenty-two years after, when commissioned by Gov. Gray to place the Third Indiana Cavalry monument on the field of Gettysburg, he was surprised to learn the young lieutenant was none other than Col. W. W. Dudley, ex-Commissioner of Pensions.

In childhood and early manhood, Dr. Beck was a firm believer in the orthodox religious views of the day and age. Becoming skeptical and materialistic in thought and independent in belief, about 1854 he began the investigation of the phenomena known as spiritual, and reading every thing published on the subject, pro and con, he became a firm believer in the harmonical philosophy and in spirit communion, under fixed laws and conditions—a belief he adhered to the last as theological, scientific and rational.

The funeral services were conducted from the family residence, Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. Mr. Joel Tiffany of Hinsdale, Ill., a prominent Spiritualist, delivered the funeral discourse. All the Odd Fellows' lodges of the county, and the G. A. R. attended in a body, following the remains to their last resting place in Odd Fellows' cemetery. The most over for the deceased was very large and in itself was a splendid tribute to the good man who had passed away. Dr. Beck's life is inseparably connected with the history of our county. Peace to his ashes.—*Delphi, Ind., Journal.*

## A Sermon by Professor Tving Criticised by a Theosophist.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A certain Chicago divine—the most learned, popular and vaguely mysterious Prof. David Swing—has generously condescended not only to discourse upon the spiritual and metaphysical with eloquence and erudition, but in that discourse sweetly and sublimely asserts, that from henceforth he will allow it to exist somehow, somewhere, within the circumambient ether, by and with his most gracious permission.

"Dear flock, little children, we will not deny this vast unstudied country whose ways and means are unknown to us, but we will assume that the harm and no bad thing in assuming that the world of the supernatural may be near our own. The two empires may in some manner overlap. Our senses are grand for many purposes, but they are powerless away from what we call the physical sphere. As God lies beyond them so does the country of God. It may be near; it may be far. This is certain: that it should stand untouched by our fondness for superstition."

So teach David, the divine. Behold a spectacle for gods and men and the monsters of the deep! Come up come up all ye creatures of the air, the earth, and the deep waters and listen unto David, for he is rich and great and wise; and when he standeth before his congregation even the Sunday sun softens to a sacred glow through the tinted windows, and round him rustle the soft swish of rich silk, purple and fine linen, and the waves of a faint breeze as he gently adulation beareth his musical ministering. He telleth them of the limitations of libraries; of learned men, and wise men; explains to them all the possibilities of the universe; unites the divided empires of science and religion without effort and without philosophy; defines the powers of the human senses, and sets the bounds of attainable knowledge. More! he tells them where dwell the unseen and ungraspable and unapproachable country, which must forever remain intangible, incomprehensible and untouched. David of old was great, but a greater than that David is here.

But David is a priest, and in spite of his timid deference to stern rationalism and science, he walks the way of all priests since the world began, and says the same old things with the modern vocabulary of the heterogeneous differentiating and ungraspable. So his sentiments come from the pulpit in every age and in all climes, when the pews represent rich pastures, and the sheep gather in great herds with silver bells, and clad in fine wool and cloth of gold. The voice of the priest comes thundering down the ages, and ever it is the same message in all lands and languages.

"We have the sum of truth. We will tell you the limits of your powers, and what you shall learn, and what you shall not learn. We will lead you through the only path to paradise, the only true and living Lord, for only we, his priests, can enter the holy of holies, and learn the 'mystery' which in all ages has been hidden in God."

A strange fatality forever overtakes the prosperous church and popular priest. They always become deaf and blind; blind to all the startling "signs of the times," and deaf to the ceaseless change; and fondly fancy that the stately walls of their beautiful churches will somehow enclose and protect them against the surging seas that sweep all other ephemeral forms of thought and men to destruction. Pray tell us, David the divine, who gave you warrant to assume that your Christ is the only Christ?

If you have a good library (secreely closed against the sheep) you will find the history of a score of Christs, as well supported by the so-called miraculous and supernatural as your especial Jesus; and if numbers prove anything, with as many millions of believers. The very best scholars of Europe and the Orient, all own such libraries and serenely acknowledge the claims of the various divinities.

By what right, except that of the most presuming arrogance, do you assert that "the realm of the supernatural (there cannot be such a thing as the supernatural) is unstudied and its ways and means wholly unknown to the books and wise men of this world"? Who gave you the authority to tell the people that God lies outside the physical sphere, and that the place of the supernatural must remain unknown? Hark to those outside the softly carpeted pews, outside the walls, outside the gates. There are not only thousands, but millions of them, and they are gathering voice that soon will roar like the thunder of the elements, and the truth that they are spreading, but cannot tell, will gleam like lightning round the world, and sweep all before it, with the rushing torrent of many waters. The world outside the pews, a world of science and progress, a world of reasoners and radicals, a world of spirit seekers and spirit scornors, cries out with one mighty voice:

"We are sick unto death of priests and their platitudes; of the narrow old creeds; of the old timid terrors; of all you blind leaders of the blind. We neither need you

nor heed you, but pity you, pass you. We cried for bread and you gave us a stone. Listen, David. You delude none but the most stupid of your sheep."

Millions of people have found out more about their own souls and the realm of its powers, than you and your cloth can ever tell them, and the grandest discovery of modern times is, that every man can pilot his own soul without the aid of church or priest. Millions of people roam boldly and boldly in the fearsome land that you call supernatural (because you do not use the term scientifically), and they constantly bring to light new facts and laws to add to the domain of science, and forge shining links in the golden chain that binds the visible world to the invisible, the material to the immaterial, and all in all about the feet of God. They no longer whisper in terror-stricken tones: "Let be—this part of the universe is not for thee. Have faith and trust in what you long to see." No! but they call in joyous accents, "Come! come and see! investigate, weigh and prove. Your daring thought and hope are but the prophecy of your coming knowledge."

Hundreds of books have been written and are being written about the "untravelled, uncharted" kingdom from which you would exclude your tender lambs. These books tell of wonderful and easily proven truths about your "indefinable empire," and scholars and scientists have written many of them, and keep writing them, though the priests still keep up the farce of playing to the pews that they do not exist; but the farce is at an end, and the world, and the curtain rung down upon the actors.

Flammarion, the great French astronomer, sweeps the skies with his telescope, and following the mighty march of suns and satellites, with piercing eye descends a distant orb, unknown, unnamed, and plucks it from the abyssal void, to beam a shining star in the glowing galaxy of wheeling worlds on worlds, still chiding to the young-eyed cherubim. The world of science openly applauds the wise and tireless astronomer, forgetting that for much less than his holdness Galileo was tortured and murdered not so long ago.

But double daring is this man Flammarion, for not content with roaming the whole expanse of the untouched and untouchable supernatural country of the priests of the time of Galileo, he dares and scorns the priests of the nineteenth century who arrogantly widen the borders (though they still define the bounds) of that fast receding land. He enters the domain of the super-sensual saying: "Here I saw this astral form. There I clasped this luminous hand across the river of doubt, and if you learn the laws of this new realm, as I have, you, too, shall perceive the intangible, as easily as I find the stars in the vast empyrean." He boldly sails away to preside over a congregation of spirit-seekers and spirit-knowers gathered in Spain, though David swings his censor of doubt and blows his trumpet of protest with all the rest of his timid, time-serving brethren. Baron Reichenbach spent years in studying and writing about a mysterious odic force, and so proved his assertions that to-day the Academy of Sciences not only accepts his facts, but also those of Mesmer, and surpasses them both in daring experiment with the invisible forces that were once in the possession of priests and magicians. Wallace, Crookes and Hare, giant luminaries of the scientific world of England, and brave and dauntless Elliott Cues, no lesser light of America, pile marvel upon marvel, wrestled with their physical and psychical senses from the so-called world of the intangible and unknowable and write book after book, that ponderers about themselves hoarse with warning and denunciation. Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Buddhism, Voodoism, Theosophy, reincarnation, and every sort of psychical thought and daring run riot throughout the literature of the day.

All round this green earth, from Thibet to San Francisco, from New York to Buenos Ayres, from London to Melbourne, thousands and thousands of people, in public halls and private homes are testing the powers of their psychical senses in the land of the spiritual and the supernatural, and finding the supernatural a real existence, and all these creatures subject to laws of increasing subtilty, but always beautiful and sublime, as the boundless glory of nature, through whose passing pageant the soul of the universe manifests himself to his children.

Hundreds there are, still wiser and stronger, the elder brothers and sisters of the race, who dwell serene on mountain heights of knowledge and wisdom, waiting for us to come up higher and gain the psychical senses, which are as certain a possession of the soul as the hearing ear, as seeing eye, as feeling hand, as the common dower of the mass of undeveloped humanity.

"Old things are passing away and all things are becoming new."

Even the trammelled priest of to-day uses the vocabulary of science, and patronizes the increasing power of reason, toleration and love. But always and ever, your true priest, in the presence of liberty, charity and reason, is a coward, trickster or protestor, and sees his coming doom in that dread trinity.

If any new religion shall rise from out this chaos of decaying and dying creeds, it will be led by the boldest, wisest men the world has ever seen, and they will be scholars, prophets and heroes, and they will differ from all their religious leaders in that they will neither claim nor have any authority, nor hold any avenue of knowledge closed against their followers. The world outside the pews wants a religion so wide and deep in sympathy and love divine, that its believers can suffer with the bleeding heart of every Christ crucified upon a cross, though he cries and dies among Mexicans, Aryans or Jews.

We want a philosophy so subtle, satisfying and profound, that it shall combine all the wisdom of Hermes and Homer, Plato and Socrates, Marcus Aurelius and Boehme, Saint Augustine and Chrysostom, Spencer and Hartmann into one hospitable and harmonious whole.

We want a creed so tolerant, broad and sweet, that it can embrace and comfort alike the soul of the Brahmin, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jew, Christian and heathen.

We want a Bible within whose pages we shall find the pearls from the Lotus of the Buddhist, the gold from the fire altars of the magi, the light from the crescent and the star, and the perfume from the mystic rose of the virgin and the child. We enough want teachers wise enough and brave to tell the meaning of the wondrous Sun Myth which shines forever with majestic radiance through all the clouds of changing names and passing priestcraft, of all the civilizations of Chaldea, Egypt, Greece and Rome, till it burns and glows a conscious living presence, within the heart of every son of God who knows the Christ.

S. E. H., F. T. S.

New York.

## The Supernatural in The Church.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just been reading a Sermon by Professor David Swing, upon "The Supernatural in the Church." He says: "We are bound to conceive of a power outside of our material world, and it is as real as the potencies around our feet. That vast, unstudied country, whose ways and means are unknown to our books and wise men. That outer land which we call infinity. That mighty fact is the reason why the idea of miracle may perform its office in the career of mankind."

To this I take exceptions, for "That vast country outside our material world has been studied," and is not altogether unknown to our "wise men," or to our books; and the idea of miracles has been exploded by many of our reliable scholars and scientific men. The time was when every occurrence that could not be explained by the learned men who were in authority was called a miracle. The manufacture of gunpowder was at first called a "diabolical miracle," but when the knowledge of its composition and manufacture became general, it was no longer regarded in that light. Healing by the laying on of hands, restoring the sight to the blind, and the hearing to the deaf, were considered wonderful miracles in the days of Jesus, but to-day, among Spiritualists, this is a common occurrence, and no longer miraculous.

In the 16th chapter of Mark, Jesus enumerates the wonderful things which those should do who believed on him. In the 14th chapter of John he says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." It is evident from this, that Jesus did not consider his works as miracles, because all that believed on him were promised that they should do the same, and greater works also. Church history informs us that these works were done for some three hundred years. Now, if in the days of Jesus he had sent a telegraphic or photographic message from Jerusalem to one of his disciples at Galilee, and got a reply from him, and only these two understanding this method of communicating at a distance, it would have been considered one of the greatest miracles of the age. What was called a miracle and still is so regarded, has ever been considered as something outside of, or contrary to, law.

Astronomy tells us that the stars are suns, which are centers of systems like our own, of which the sun is the center. These systems of worlds are, without doubt, inhabited with sentient beings, and all governed by one supreme power.

James in his Epistle, in speaking of God, says: "With whom is no variableness or shadow of turning." Therefore in consideration of all this, I believe that God, the great Infinite Over-soul, always works through natural and fixed laws, and never violates or breaks a law to perform a miracle. When, sometime in the future, all these laws shall have been discovered, as were the laws of gravitation, mesmerism, steam and electricity of the telephone and the phonograph, then there will no longer be any miracles connected therewith because we shall understand them; therefore we do not believe in miracles in the general acceptance of the word.

It was no uncommon thing for certain sensitive people to see into what Prof. Swing calls, "That vast unstudied country." Not only in the New Testament times, but also in Old Bible times, we have numerous instances of this in the open or spirit vision of the ancient seers. Balaam's eyes were opened and he saw the angel with a drawn sword. The Woman of Endor saw the spirit form of Samuel. The young man was on the mountain with Elisha, "And Elisha prayed, and the young man's eyes were opened;" in other words he became clairvoyant, "and he saw that the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire." There are plenty of other instances, both in the Old and in the New Testament. The discerning of spirits or clairvoyance was one of the best gifts; Paul urged his followers to covet it, and that gift to-day is quite common.

Prof. Swing also says: "There is no conflict, because the idea of God lies outside of nature's entire spectacle." I think there is a great conflict between this idea and that taught me in Sabbath School, as well as those I gather from the Bible. The Psalmist says, in the 136th Psalm, 7th to 10th verses: "Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

The Bible teaches distinctly that God is omnipresent. That surely does not mean that he is outside of nature's entire spectacle. Paul, when he stood in the "midst of Mars hill," and preached to the men of Athens about God, among other things, said: "For in him we live and move and have our being." "For we are also his offspring." If this is so, then we are emanations from God, therefore a part of him. How, then, can a correct idea of God lie outside of nature's entire spectacle? He then makes the statement, "The resurrection of man comes after the laws of matter have brought him to a narrow bed under the grass." He also says: "Solomon exhausted the religion of materialism before our age came up to the problem, and cried out 'Vanity of vanities.'" In the verse before that, Eccl. 12: 7, Solomon also says: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." This to me does not look very much as though Solomon thought the resurrection came after the form of man was consigned to its narrow bed under the grass.

The fact of the matter is, the spirit is very seldom buried in the grave with the mortal part of man, and never when the change we were taught to call death, has really taken place. It is too true that sometimes people have been supposed to be dead, and have been pronounced so by the attending physicians, and have been buried or placed in tombs, and the discovery has been made afterwards that the change had not taken place, and they had been buried or placed in the tomb while alive. The resurrection takes place at the time of the change called death. There is overwhelming proof of this. There are a great many (I think I might say hundreds) seers or clairvoyants to-day who have witnessed this change, seen the spirit leave the mortal body, and have also seen the friends receive and welcome the new-born spirit on the other side of life. This change, or death as it is called, is what Jesus had reference to when talking with Nicodemus. He said: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," allying to our birth into the mortal; "and that which is born of the spirit is spirit," referring to the change called death, but which is in fact simply the birth from the mortal into the spiritual, or into a higher condition



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## Ingersoll and His Imitators.

Without doubt Ingersoll is an original genius. There are many kinds of originality. That of Ingersoll is originality of expression, of phraseology. His religious thought, for instance, is old and common place, the thought that the Boston Investigator has been giving its readers for half a century, but the language in which he reproduces this thought is his own, and it has a boldness, directness and simple beauty and eloquence which invest it with interest for thousands for whom, if presented in ordinary language, it would have no attraction. Ingersoll intensifies religious discussion with wit, irony, sarcasm, comical illustrations, with sentiment and pathos, with poetry and eloquence. He has never contributed an original thought to literature, but he has taken the thoughts of others and put them in a language which gives them to ordinary minds the semblance of originality of ideas as well as of expression. Ingersoll's intellectual range is limited, with no power of abstraction, and is incapable of making large generalizations. He thinks in images and expresses himself in word pictures. His thoughts are simple as his language. He can understand Paine's "Age of Reason," but not Spencer's "First Principles"; he can appreciate Burns' poetry, but not Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." His thought is surface thought, without the comprehension of average minds, while his feelings are aglow with heat and give to his words interest and force.

Some of his orations or portions of them will long be read, not because of their thought, but of their rhetorical beauty of expression, pathos and eloquence. Some of his earliest writings are the best, because they are the most natural, the most direct, the freest from imitation and affectation. In some of his later essays and orations there is such an evident attempt to give them the measure and rhythm of verse, that their effect is impaired. An able critic says: "Dickens' style in dealing with peculiarly sensational incidents wherein he seemed to mingle prose with poetry in a sort of congested blank verse is effective enough in that particular kind of literature, but it does not bear imitation. The real beauty of many of Col. Ingersoll's most pathetic compositions has been greatly marred by an evident imitation of this style. He is so much of a man, and in many respects so original, that it seems surprising that he should betray such a weakness. Real, wholesome, and manly way, will stir the soul more surely and effectively than if it is cut up in mandarin, metrical sentences, interspersed with elegiacs." The critic, continuing, speaks of this style of composition as "peculiarly adapted to the narration of the imaginary death of little children or love-sick maidens in sentimental novels," and adds rather severely, "It is a weakness of some novices with the pen to give full play to their sentiment or their emotions upon the slightest provocation. In the offices of well conducted journals these effeminate tyros are figuratively speaking, taken by the ear and taught practical journalism in a way that sometimes makes them retire behind the door and weep over the hardships of this world. Sniveling in print, especially in dealing with current events of the day, is always disgusting to the ordinary, practical every day reader."

Despite his deficiencies and defects, Ingersoll possesses the merit of originality, which consists mainly in simplicity and pictures-

queness of expression. As a thinker on abstract subjects he is a child. As a wit, as a coinor of phrases, as a popular orator, he ranks among the first of his class. The best evidence of this is the number of his imitators, who naturally imitate unwittingly, his weaknesses rather than his really original work. Scores of lecturers and hundreds of writers are trying to commend themselves to the public by employing as far as they can Ingersoll's style,—his wit, his extravagance of statement, his dogmatism, his pathos and poetry, his uniqueness of expression. They generally succeed only in revealing their own superficiality, ignorance and weakness. "Genius," said Emerson, "is always the enemy of genius by over-imitation. The English divines have Shakespeareanized now for centuries." The weak young poet who imagines he is second only to Shakespeare, succeeds best in imitating that which is of the least value in the greatest of all poets. Whatever there is good in his writings is simply to substantiate reproduction of the master's thought and phraseology.

If one steps into a Liberal meeting where disciples of Ingersoll hold forth, he is pretty sure to hear declamation, in the style, as far as possible, but without the individuality or wit or spirit of the original. One quotation must suffice here to illustrate the truth of what we state.

At Courtlandt Palmer's funeral, Dr. R. Heber Newton spoke after Ingersoll had given his oration, a few words of praise for the dead. This was done by request of the wife of the deceased that he would speak with Mr. Palmer's consent expressed before his death. But one of Ingersoll's disciples goes into hysterics and imitates Ingersoll's lyrical style, his "congested" blank verse, in the following ridiculous manner:

"Hypocrite he loathed, And yet here, kneeling beside his bier, is one who believes he is damned—an everlasting convict for his unbelief—or else this clergyman is a mocking hypocrite, who does the service of a master's not, which he himself discards and holds as naught, except as it may serve to lash into subservience the weaklings of the pack. A hypocrite at Courtlandt Palmer's grave, babbling of God's life, is a greater lie than the memory of that truthful man than one who truly thinks that he is lost, who sees no loophole for the good and great by which his creed may yield, or stretch, or break, to cover all mankind and set at naught his very deity. There is no middle ground. He is a hypocrite and sells his soul for place, or to his mind, his friend and brother is lost forever, to himself and us, and he deserves the whip and lash, the scourge and thunderscrew of a world of pain, where angry furies and gleeful demons join in endless devilry. There is no middle ground."

"The Christian creeds are true and our loved one is damned, or they are false and hold their million dupes by fraud and pretence, such as good men scorn and Courtlandt Palmer loathed. There is no middle ground."

"This preacher, mouthing over Courtlandt Palmer dead, is but an insult to the name of friend. Integrity of mind must damn his fraud and integrity of heart must damn his deceit. In either case he is not fit to stand erect by Courtlandt Palmer's grave, nor kneel thereat—except in shame and grief for his unworthiness to touch the shoes of him who else is within. My heart is all too full to write to him with wish. There are no words at present at my command to give the gorge of indignation force and scope. How dare a Christian wag his tongue at such a time and place as this, and read a service which holds only threats for the friends of the one he called his friend? Can impudence and cruelty add one graph to this?"

The author of this precious piece of composition, from which these concluding passages are taken, is a liberal lecturer and writer, whose highest literary ambition is apparently to follow Ingersoll in thought and style; and so there are thousands who, when they speak or write, consciously or unconsciously, reproduce Ingersoll in their strained and inartistic way and imagine that they have genius akin to that of the man under whose psychological influence they feel and act, think and write and speak. George Chalmers who was led to abandon preaching after hearing Ingersoll, for two or three years was a worshiper and imitator of the brilliant orator and wit from whom he drew his illustrations, style and inspiration until he came under the psychological influence of a siren, whom he called the "mother of his soul," and for whom he abandoned wife and children. He compared Ingersoll with Shakespeare, and Ingersoll, keenly susceptible to flattery, returned the compliment by certifying that Chalmers was one of the greatest thinkers on this planet. Of course the weaklings who try to become second Ingersolls have but a short career, indeed but few of them attract more than a passing notice, but for the while they enjoy their worship and their rhetorical and oratorical performance as much as the Christian zealot enjoys praise and adoration of his Savior.

On the first page of a liberal paper of late date, one of these worshipers has a "Tribute to Col. Ingersoll," which begins as follows: "Grandest than all the ancient heroes dead—grandest of all the poets living—grandest than the world in which he lives, is Robert G. Ingersoll!" A few more sentences will show how thoroughly this writer is psychologized: "When he passes to the valley of the shadow, there will be none to fill his place; none like him to battle for the weak against the strong. None regret more than I that he is growing ripe with years. . . . His loving life will soon be run and the grandest man of the grandest century will be laid to rest on mother nature's bosom, where the summer's zephyrs whisper, where the golden sunbeams smile, where solemn trees in benediction hold their outstretched arms, and where the stars watch. . . . The devil will get an overdose of science and the first thing the church knows, he will be dead. Christian sympathy will bathe with tears his cold, pallid cheeks; Christian hands will strew his casket with immortal flowers, and tenderly, reverentially, deposit his hallowed dust in the empty sepulchre of Christ!"

One cannot take up a liberal paper without seeing articles written like the above in imitation of Ingersoll's style and manner. Of course they lack the genuine ring, but some of them like the extracts we have given, are enough like the original to enable one to see

the influence under which the articles are written. The result is a great deal of weak writing, wordy but without points, without clear or solid thought, occupies space which should be devoted to something sensible and instructive. This Ingersoll craze among even the class of liberals who are the most influenced by him will have its run, and disappear; at present it is at its height and serves to illustrate the influence of a single mind, not only in changing convictions, but in forming a popular ideal of style and taste, and making one personality dominant over multitudes. Ingersoll has helped many to think; let them not remain where his thought leaves them, but advance beyond, acknowledging his worth, without being dwarfed by his limitations. Higginson says, "Every great religious personality first helps the world and then hinders it." This is true to some extent of every genius. It is those lacking individuality chiefly who are narrow and imprisoned by imitation of some other man. The courageous, independent soul rises above such influences and asserts himself, and not another.

A highly appreciative audience greeted Mr. Dawbarn at Avenue Hall, 157 22nd Street, last Sunday. He always has something new and original to say, and he says it well. In his after "lecture upon 'True Manhood'" Mr. Dawbarn showed the grand powers that inhere to humanity, and that man has actually built barriers to bar his own progress. By illustrations from natural history and scientific discoveries he proved, first, the real limitations to mortal progress that belong to earth life; and then pointed out and denounced the artificial limitations erected by man himself. The lecture sparked with happy hits, and led the deeply interested audience, step by step, to the demonstrated conclusion that without modern Spiritualism manhood must remain far below its own possibilities. The evening lecture was a most profound and scientific demonstration that human immortality and spirit return are founded on natural law. Much that has seemed mysterious in spirit control of mortal mediums becomes quite plain under such explanation; and many a question by the perplexed investigator will never again be asked by those who listened to Mr. Dawbarn's lecture. Whilst we call it profound and scientific, it was at the same time a tale told with a charming simplicity that delighted the attentive audience. Next Sunday is the last of Mr. Dawbarn's present engagement. He will lecture upon "The Future of Modern Spiritualism" in the afternoon, and in the evening his subject will be "Universal Law." Those not present will have lost an intellectual feast.

The Universal Exposition of 1889, at Paris, promises to be one of the largest and most successful of the world's fairs held in recent years. Elaborate arrangements for the reception and display of the exhibits are well under way, and unusual facilities both for the transportation of goods from this country and their care are assured. The French government extended a formal invitation to the United States to take part in the exposition. The invitation was accepted by a joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the Governors of the several States and Territories were requested to invite the people to assist in the proper representation of the products of American industry and of the natural resources of the country. The President was directed to appoint a commissioner-general and an assistant commissioner-general, to make all of the arrangements for exhibits and represent the government at the exposition. The Commissioners have established their headquarters in the Mills Building, 35 Wall St., New York City, and are now busily engaged receiving applications and perfecting the details for a complete representation. The exposition will open May 5th and close October 31st, 1889, and there will be no charge for space occupied by exhibitors. The commission will forward and return all articles received free of freight charges. Goods of exhibitors who are unable to go to Paris or send representatives, will be cared for free of all expense, except that of unpacking and repacking. There will be no duties to pay except on goods that are sold or consumed. The French regulations state that all objects exhibited will be protected against piracy of inventions or designs.

Dr. James Martineau, the ablest and best known living Unitarian minister, in a recent address given at the English National Conference of Unitarians, advised the Unitarian Churches in England to adopt the Presbyterian Order and revive the old name of "English Presbyterians." It should be remembered that most of the English Unitarian congregations sprang from the English Presbyterians. The change now proposed is in the interests of the ministry of the denomination. "A sustentation fund," "presbyteries," and a "general assembly" over all, form a part of the plan. The management of the fund and the admission of persons to the ministry would be subject to what Dr. Martineau calls "the English Presbyterian General Assembly." Rev. Brooke Herford, the English Unitarian minister now preaching in Boston, commenting in the *Unitarian Review*, on the scheme says: "That any such plan, if adopted and carried out, would strengthen our churches and help to elevate the ministerial standard, there can be little doubt." But Mr. Herford thinks it impracticable. If it were not, he could doubtless, with the ecclesiastical proclivities bequeathed upon to give it the weight of his influence. Dr. Martineau is now an old man whose increasing conservatism is not in ac-

cord with the progressive religious thought of this generation. We are glad that there is no prospect of a Unitarian hierarchy in this country, and there is probably little danger that one will be organized in England, great as Dr. Martineau's influence has been in the past.

Rev. Dr. Woodrow, the clergyman who taught evolution to the students in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., and was removed and made Professor elsewhere, has gained a decided victory. The Seminary students were forbidden by the trustees, under pain of expulsion, to attend his lectures. The Presbyterian Synod in its late session, Oct. 17th, by a vote of 73 to 45 condemned this action, and decided not to confirm the election of two Seminary Professors until next year. Two vacancies on the seminary board of directors were to be filled, and two anti-Woodrow men were defeated and two Woodrow evolutionists elected. This triple victory does not settle the matter, as the Synods of Georgia, Florida and Alabama will have it to fight over and a division of the church may come. It would seem that Southern Presbyterians are evolving beyond their old and narrow dogmas. Move on, brethren, Spiritualism stands in the distance, and your march is that way.

Androgynous George has finally worked his way as far east as New York, where he is foraging for provisions and recruits to his "Order of the Sacred Heart." At the friendly suggestion of Mr. A. B. French the speckled pulpiteer essayed to fill a vacant date at Cassadaga, but even the very elastic conscience of that Management couldn't quite stand such a dose and he was snubbed. He however succeeded in supplying Mr. French's place at Hazlett Park Camp. The "Mother of his soul," having been left to shift for herself, is making a still hunt for prairie chickens in Minnesota. It is astonishing what fervid saints a rapid youth and blasé old woman do make when they graduate from the connubial state. George Chalmers as a private citizen trying to live down his follies would be entitled to sympathy and respect, but as one who essays to teach the public morals and religion he is only entitled to pitying contempt.

It cannot be denied that Lord Baltimore's institutions at the outset were deserving of all praise. But it is a historical mistake to imagine that Maryland was a Roman Catholic community for a long period. As early as 1639 occurred a revolution which put Protestantism in the ascendancy. "On the 1st of August, [1639]," says Scarf, in his *Chronicles of Baltimore*, "the government of the province was seized by the Protestants without bloodshed, and they put an end to the Roman Catholic rule and domination." (P. 26.) In 1717, we find an act of the colonial legislature, imposing an additional duty of twenty shillings on all Irish servants, being Papists, to prevent the growth of popery by the importation of too many of them into the province, and also twenty shillings per poll on all negroes." (P. 16.) Still later, in 1723, we have a statute providing the punishment of boring the tongue and branding the forehead of any person who should deny the doctrine of the trinity. (P. 17.)

The President of the Bay State Sugar Company at Boston, states that the company has made an "economic business arrangement" in order to "reduce the proportion of sugar to the consumption." Now the fact is the refinery of the company was shut down by order of the trustees of the sugar trust in order to lessen production and so keep up prices at such figures as the trust chooses to exact. "Economic business arrangement" is a new phrase for a combination and conspiracy against the public for the purpose of escaping the effects of fair competition, while enjoying the advantages of the high sugar tariff. Many workmen are thrown out of employment, and of course higher prices for sugar will follow. How long must the people submit to spoliation and robbery by men who are united under the name of trusts to make themselves suddenly rich by defrauding the public?

A Linnæan Monument Association has been formed in Chicago to raise funds and make arrangement for the erection in Lincoln Park, of a fitting monument to the illustrious Swedish botanist. Linnæus was one of the great men of science, and he belongs to every country and to all future ages; but the fact is quite compatible with that pride of race and ancestry which has moved our fellow citizens of the Norseland to honor their famous countryman with a memorial in an environment which he would have admired and where the people as they visit the public gardens can contemplate the character of the great Swede.

"Dr. Keeler, the manufacturer of alleged spirit photographs, is in town looking over the field. Whether he finds a gold mine or a police court will depend upon his ability to sustain his claim and demonstrate it to people free from emotional insanity. The town now has a two-penny "spirit" photographer, the insignificance of whose trade has alone saved him from trouble so far; but it won't do to tolerate two of the trade at the same time, unless one deals in genuine goods.

The Rev. J. L. Seudder of Jersey City takes a materialistic view of Heaven. He says: "The Bible says there is a river in Heaven, and I firmly believe that there will be swimming and yachting there too. We as spirits will ride on horseback there, too."

## Maggie's "Big Toe."

New York must have its weekly sensation. Talmage, J. L. Sullivan, Diss De Barr, Mrs. Wells, "Prof." Hermann and Washington Irving Bishop having become chesnuts, the genius of its sensation mongers is put to the test and proves equal to the trial. The psychology, physiology and anatomy of Maggie Fox have been public property for a generation, but Dr. C. M. Richmond and his allies in their extremity seized upon her big toe as being of sufficient size and strength to knock Spiritualism "higher than a kite," as was said to have been done with Beecher's "Life Christ," some years ago by Tilton. The grand tongue-and-toe exhibit took place last Sunday evening and as a sensation was a success.

The high-low-tariff anything-for-spoils *Tribune* of this city, edited and managed by Joseph Medill and his son-in-law Patterson who is the son of a Presbyterian D. D., published in its Monday morning issue a lengthy telegraphic account of the performance under the following heading:

"Mrs. Fox Kane's Big Toe. It serves to interest a large Audience in New York. The Founders of Spiritualism Exposing the Fraud they Originated in 1848—One of the Noted Sisters shows how Spirit-Rappings are Produced by Throwing a Little Enthusiasm into her Great Toe—A Strange Spectacle—The Audience Excited."

The following excerpts are republished from the *Tribune's* account:

When Mrs. Kane appeared on the stage she was greeted with cheers and hisses. She put on her glasses, curtsied to the audience, and read slowly and in a voice trembling with emotion her confession. Her sister, Kate Fox, sat in a box with John A. Stevens, and applauded.

"That I have been mainly instrumental in perpetrating the fraud of Spiritualism upon a too credulous public, many of you already know. It is the greatest sorrow of my life. When I began this deception I was too young to know right from wrong. I hope God Almighty will forgive me and those who are silly enough to believe in Spiritualism."

Dr. C. M. Richmond, who is managing the expose, invited doctors to come upon the stage. Three doctors knelt down, took hold of Mrs. Kane's big toe, and assumed a grave air. They then declared that they could hear rappings which were produced by the toe. Mrs. Kane finally stood up to let the audience hear. As she remained motionless, loud, distinct rappings were heard, now in the flies, now behind the scenes, now in the gallery.

The dispatch closes with the stereotyped paragraph which with little variation has been appended to hundreds of newspaper accounts of attacks on Spiritualism.

It was the general opinion of people who were in the Academy to-night that the confession of the two founders of Spiritualism and the complete exposure of the tricks of mediums and this form of swindling, and that it can never recover from the crushing blow. The Spiritualists in the audience almost frothed at the mouth with rage as they left the building, and muttered furious threats against their foes.

Of course every body will readily understand that a debauched wreck of a woman can easily manipulate her big toe so as to produce "loud and distinct rappings in the flies, behind the scenes, and in the galleries." Any ordinary toe could do that much; such an experienced one as Maggie's must be, ought to have been reported as having produced rappings heard distinctly on Brooklyn Heights, over in Jersey City, and to have frightened Talmage and his faithful henchman, Dr. Tucker, medium and clairvoyant, into a spasm of candor. Some such account as that would have been worthy of the dignity and character both of the reporter and the toe, and worth wiring to Chicago.

The JOURNAL gave its rationale of this latest venture of the "Fox Girls" last week, and need not now repeat it. That Spiritualists will learn a lesson from it which they will remember, is the hope of the JOURNAL. Had the long-time teachings of the JOURNAL been heeded, no such disgraceful performance would have been possible. When spiritualists learn to demand a high moral standard in mediums and scientific conditions in the exhibition of the phenomena; when they cease to condone and tolerate the immorality and mendacity of mediums, then will such weak creatures as these "Fox Sisters" cease to be regarded by the public as representatives of Spiritualism. Have not the Spiritualists of New York City and the country generally had about lessons enough? Is it not about time that people calling themselves reputable and sensible should cease to consort with mendacious, dissipated and tricky mediums however great may be their psychic and medial powers? These Fox women are no worse and no better than many others who are now petted and fêted and defended; and who when it serves their purpose will turn upon their present followers and spurn them with equal contempt, and fully as robust mendacity. The only safe road is that which the JOURNAL has for years pointed out in language not to be misunderstood.

"Long John" Wentworth, who finished an eventful career last week, was the best known citizen of Chicago. He was six feet and three inches tall and large in proportion. His intellectual strength and business ability, were very marked and he died leaving a large fortune, innumerable acquaintances and very few friends.

"Twilight," the paper projected by Dr. H. F. Merrill as a means of transmitting messages received from spirits, through his mediumship, to their friends on earth, has made its appearance, and fully meets the expectations of those who have looked for its coming. It contains thirteen messages from a like number of ex-carated spirits, and gives the names of those from whom messages will appear in the November number. We wish the paper a success commensurate with the great work it has to do, and which this issue gives assurance of its being able to accomplish.—*Banner of Light.*

That this man Merrill was detected in gross deception at the Lookout Mountain camp in July last and ordered off the grounds by the management, seems not to be remembered by our aged contemporary.



## GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Clegg Wright has been giving a course of lectures at Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie is speaking in Boston to full houses. She is engaged at the Spiritual Temple for this month and November.

It is expected that J. J. Morse will lecture for the Young People's Progressive Society of this city the first Sunday in November.

Prof. Swing receives the attention of a Spiritualist and a Theosophist in this week's JOURNAL. Both correspondents seem to get the best of the accomplished pulpit essayist and constitutional doubter.

Mrs. Ada Foye is filling an engagement in Boston crowded houses; the *Banner of Light* reports that on her first Sunday there was not standing room for all who desired to witness her tests.

Gerald Massey is again in this country on a lecturing trip. This talented speaker has a long list of instructive lectures and ought to be kept busy. He may be addressed care of the Snora House, 203 W. 13th street, New York City.

A Boston correspondent writes: "There are Independent Club lectures in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 3 p. m. Speakers: Nov. 11th and 18th, Gerald Massey of England; Nov. 26th, Dr. Frank Rose; Dec. 2nd and 9th, Isabella Beecher Hooker."

Charles Dawbarn, who has been lecturing so successfully in Chicago, starts for California next Monday morning. He intends to purchase real estate there, and sometime in the future will make it his permanent home. The Spiritualists there should hear some of his radical lectures. He has something new to say.

Spiritualism appears to be moving steadily forward in Peoria, Ill. They have a working society there, with J. M. and Mrs. M. T. Allen as speakers and mediums. A Children's Progressive Lyceum has been organized also. J. Madison Allen, Conductor; Mrs. M. T. Allen, Guardian of Groups; John M. Palmer, Librarian; Miss Angie Widmeier, Musical Director.

A correspondent wants "to know the JOURNAL's opinion of Dr. Stansbury's spirit photographs." They are shallow, barefaced frauds, but so long as the fool-crowd waxes luxuriously such fellows will reap their harvest. The JOURNAL doesn't feel called upon to continually protect soft people. A severe singeing sometimes hardens their mental fibre and makes them passably sensible.

Hudson Tuttle is astonishing the people in his section with masterly addresses on Tariff Reform. The local press says he deals with the subject in a strictly non-partisan way and draws immense audiences composed of all shades of politics. His versatility was well known in his own country, but his mastery of this subject, and eloquent presentation of it, seems to have been a new revelation to his friends.

## Letter from G. H. Brooks.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On my way to Washington, I spent the last Sunday in September in Pittsburg, Pa., and with the assistance of brother C. O. Pierson, formerly of this city and the conductor of the Lyceum while here, organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum, with him as conductor. It started out with a great deal of enthusiasm, and with a large attendance. It has a fine array of leaders and teachers, and is destined to do a world of good. Mrs. Gladding was the lecturer for the month of September, and had been greeted by full houses.

Our meetings and lyceum here opened the first Sunday in October, with a very good attendance. It induces the inspirations of its former conductor, Mr. C. O. Pierson, but all have made up their minds to work with greater zeal and determination, and make the lyceum a success. I was elected to fill Mr. Pierson's place. Our evening meetings are increasing in attendance. Our socials every Tuesday evening, in one of the prettiest little halls in the city, are expected to be full of interest, and build up the social life of the society. I trust great good will be done through this means.

Washington, D. C.

G. H. B.

## General News.

A Rich vein of zinc ore has been found at Galena, Ill.—Elias Hallowell, a wealthy quaker farmer living near Marion, Ind., committed suicide recently while insane.—Judge Brown of the Supreme court of Baltimore has retired from the bench after a long and remarkable career.—George Milner, a prominent farmer near Columbus, Ind., died recently from injury received by falling down stairs.—Miss Elvira De Plae, a 14-year-old St. Paul girl, has announced her intention of marrying John Stuart, a burly negro.—The unveiling of the Grant statue in Lucas Market Square, St. Louis, was witnessed by an immense throng.—The family of William Means, president of the late Metropolitan Bank of Cincinnati, will settle the indebtedness of that institution.—Jonathan Grimes and a man named Johnson, both well-known citizens of Minneapolis, were recently ejected out of \$5,000 by bunko men.—Emperor William arrived at Potsdam last Sunday.—The city of Bremen formally entered the German Zollverein last Sunday.—It is officially announced that Lord Dufferin has received the titles of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava and Earl of Ava.—The French comic paper *Grelot* has been seized for publishing an insulting caricature of Emperor William in Italy.—Oscar Lenx, the explorer, expresses the same opinion as Lieut. Wissman regarding the whereabouts of Stanley—namely, that he has joined Emin Bey.—The beet-sugar manufacturers of Saxony unanimously passed resolutions declaring that the sugar-bounties convention was incompatible with their interests and likely to injure the beet-sugar industry.—Dr. Peters, in a lecture at Berlin, said that the rising in east Africa had a close connection with the mahdi movement. It was a struggle of Mohammedanism against invading Christianity.—The Emperor of Germany has bestowed the order of the Black Eagle upon his wife.—The recent death of Mr. William Gifford Palgrave deprives the world of letters of one of our most graceful English writers.

## Roman Catholic Influence in America.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The address by Rev. J. W. Hamilton at Tremont Temple, Boston, as published in the *Boston Herald*, should be read by every Spiritualist, Free-thinker and Church member in the United States. His address was a reply to the recent statement made by E. C. Carrigan in defense of the school board, with regard to Schoolmaster Travis and Swinton's Outline of History. In the course of his remarks the reverend gentleman said:

The population of Europe, as divided in respect of religions, is given as follows:  
Roman ..... 149,000,000  
Protestant ..... 74,000,000  
Greek Church ..... 25,000,000  
Jews ..... 4,500,000  
Mohammedans ..... 5,500,000

And:  
"The well informed philosopher  
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,  
And hopes in spite of truth."

No intelligent person is without a "wholesome fear, of the growth of the Roman Catholic church anywhere. It was Lord Macaulay who wrote: "Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her (Rome), and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The hardest and most fertile provinces of Europe, have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned, by skill and industry, into flourishing gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets." [Applause.] This same Catholicism advances to America with the same stealthiness of tread and blighting breath with which it has entered other countries, where it has gone without armies and warlike conquests. I will not be accused of using partisan words, if I quote the author so acceptable to members of the school committee. Rev. Dr. George Park Fisher of Yale College. In his "History of the Reformation" says:

"Protestants adjure the principles on which the codes of its tolerance were framed. How is it with their opponents? It is true that thousands of Roman Catholics would declare themselves opposed to those measures which the Protestants condemn. Their humane feelings would be shocked at a proposition to revive the dungeon and the fagot as instruments for crushing dogmatic error or an obnoxious ritual. But the authorities of the Church of Rome do not profess any compunction for the employment of these instruments of coercion in past ages, nor do they repudiate the principles from which persecution arose, and on which it was justified. So far from this, one of the pet theories of the age which is thought worthy of special denunciation from the chair of Peter is the doctrine of liberty of conscience. The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the fires of Smithfield will cease to be justly chargeable upon the Church of Rome when this church authoritatively disavows and condemns the principle of coercing the conscience and inflicting penalties upon what is judged to be religious error, which was at the bottom of these and of a long catalogue of like cruelties."

It is now claimed that already 10,000,000 of Roman Catholics have reached this country, and there are priests who were prophesying that the papacy will yet control the United States. I am not unmindful that there are Roman Catholics who are friendly to all our American interests. I remember that Bishop J. J. Keane was reported to say, at the recent banquet in Charlestown of the Total Abstinence Union of America: "Here, in the presence of the American people and in the sacred shadow of that shrine to American liberties, I say that that man who says that in the aims of the Catholic church there is anything antagonistic to the principles of our government, that man lies. [Tremendous applause.] It is a comfort to know that not every lie is an intentional violation of the truth. [Laughter and applause.] There are lies that come only from ignorance, and as our blessed Lord said, I say, 'Forgive them, they know not what they say.' I pledge you that from our university of learning shall go forth only devoted friends to American liberty." [Loud applause.]

But if, in the Roman Catholic Church, bishops and doctors differ, whom shall we believe? This question needs no answer—the Pope, infallible, as matter of course and force. In the encyclical letter of Pius IX. (Dec. 8, 1864), addressed to all Roman Catholic bishops, the opinion is denounced as erroneous and most pernicious that "liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man, and that this right, in every country, should be proclaimed and proclaimed by law." The encyclical of Pope Gregory XVI. is quoted, in which this opinion is called an insanity—"deliramentum." It is among the errors which Pius IX. declares are to be abhorred, shunned as the contagion of a pestilence. This figure of a contagion or a plague has always been used as a description of heresy, and lay at the foundation of the treatment of heretics, with the inference that in this case the disease was held to be guilty and deserving of extreme penalties. The syllabus of Pius IX. connected with the encyclical (X. 78) condemns in countries where the Catholic Church is the established faith the allowance to others than Catholics to "enjoy the public exercise of their own worship." The syllabus (X. 79) denounces as corrupting the opinion that civil liberty should be granted to every mode of worship, and that there should be freedom of speech and of the press with regard to religion. The Dublin Review (January, 1872, p. 2), speaks of the opposition of liberal Catholics to what is called "persecution," i. e., "the laws enacted and enforced for the suppression of heresy during the ages of faith." The Review adds: "Now it is undeniable that for the existence of such laws the church is mainly responsible."

I asked the editor of the Boston *Pilot* the other day if they intended to have their own Roman Catholic instruction in the public schools when the time came that there was a majority of Roman Catholics in the city and a majority of Catholic children in the schools, and he said: "That is precisely what we shall do." I replied that I thanked God we do-day live under a State constitution, and not under city ordinance. [Prolonged applause.] I am here to assure the timid men and women whose refinements, marriage relations or business engagements embarrass their honest convictions, that the hour is at hand when they will be compelled to think and act on these things. I am here to say that the State constitution forbids sectarianism in school affairs. If two-thirds of the citizens of Boston were Roman Catholics, and nine-tenths of the children and every member of the school committee were Roman Catholics, I would go to the Legislature and ask them to elect a State school committee

until at least the majority had grown sufficiently strong to take possession of the State and change the constitution. [Applause.] Men and women, who hold positions in public offices and elsewhere, come to me and tell me they agree with me on this question, but dare not say so.

Judge Fallon says: "It will soon all blow over and things and the schools will go on as before." But will it blow over? [No!] You and I are to answer this question. I am here to counsel against all violence, and in favor of peace, but to

AGITATE! AGITATE! AGITATE!!!

As a brother minister in a State near by has well said: "All that is valuable in our civil and religious heritage has been secured by peaceful agitation [applause], by the growth and consolidation of public opinion, whose force, ultimately, no authority can defy or resist; and such gains are like houses built on the rock." Agitation will be followed by education and education will express itself in the voice of the people. This voice is our public opinion, and the public opinion of a republican people will demand in the elections, free institutions, free churches, free schools and all the rights and privileges of free worship and free education. [Applause.]

He is not a good citizen who does not remember the spirit and necessity of free institutions at the time of the elections. He is not wise who is taken in his own craftiness; and that craftiness which seeks to ingratiate itself into the friendship of an enemy in the last degree, the safety of republics is in the consistency of the consciences, upright citizen. He is faithful in all things—no less watchful in his public duties than in his private interests. I would not insist that all Roman Catholics should be prohibited by law from holding office—that no Roman Catholic should ever serve on the school committee. In a free country I can not do, though I may never support him at the elections, I could not believe that he could consistently serve the Roman Catholic church and our free institutions at the same time. He must either affirm or deny the right of the church to superintend both the state and all the institutions of the State. If he affirms, he may be a good Catholic, but he is then no friend of the republic or republican institutions, and is no proper person to have the control of your interests or mine. We want patriots to serve us. If he denies the right of the church to rule or control the State, he is not a good Romanist.

That deep and lasting agitation is required, all who carefully read Mr. Hamilton's address, must admit. Nothing else can withstand the Jesuits' influence in this country. Boston, Mass. ANTI JESUIT.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## PETER CURE, THE MEDIUM.

## Spirit Manifestations Among the Catholics.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

The interesting article in the JOURNAL of October 13th, headed "The Sports of Spirits," was a fair report of weird occurrences such as from time to time startle the public and are then quickly forgotten. As I have made acquaintance with Peter Cure and listened to his experiences I can vouch for his honest sincerity; but as the phenomena have had too many reliable witnesses to need only verification I have made no personal investigation. Indeed, the extreme weirdness has passed. What our aesthetic friends would call the "utterly utter" has become silent; and the unassuming wonder-seeker had better stay at home. Nevertheless what I learned during my interview with Peter may prove interesting to readers of the JOURNAL. Peter looks the hardworking prosperous farmer that he is; but he also looks and shows himself to be a man who has probably not read a book since he left school. His small bullet-shaped head is often associated with the shrewdness of a money-getter, but is never the home of a brain that permits an independent thought. Peter is an Irishman born in Chicago; and holds to his mother's faith, and submission to the priest, with the sincerity of an intellect that can rise no higher. But all the same he is a medium, and can furnish abundant power for physical manifestations by spirits who are very close to earth life. He has a daughter 15 years old who has greater power than her father, and without doubt would quickly develop into a materializing medium. The one point of direct interest to Spiritualists is that both father and daughter are mediums for phenomena produced in daylight; and apparently but little dependent upon conditions and surroundings. Since your article of October 13th was published the spirits have written many messages upon cards and pieces of paper, sometimes opening the window and throwing them into the room. I have seen some of these cards where the writing was scratched as with a nail. For others, pencil had been used, but the literary style was no special credit to the Spirit-world; in a word we have the customary exhibition of a medium and spirits upon the same mental level.

The fact that we have daylight mediums would be very interesting, were it not marred by the other fact that Catholic priests on both sides of the life-line, seem to be in control and masters of the situation. When the disturbances began the object of the spirit was to compel recognition; but as soon as that was accomplished, he called himself Peter's brother, and very unhappy because masses, had not been said for the repose of his soul. Peter drove off to see the priest and made the customary bargain for two masses' worth of salvation, when the spirit immediately set to work and put the house to rights. He made beds and actually swept the floors, says Peter, only requiring that he should have the room to himself whilst acting as a domestic ghost. Of course the parish priest declares him a good spirit, not to be offended by holy water and a curse; for he has already materialized the family dollars into the priest's pocketbook.

But all was not peace even after this sacrifice on Peter's part, for other spirits came. Messages of warning floated down, sometimes to the daughter's ear, and sometimes in writing on cards, prophesying accidents and dire disaster unless Peter will sell out his home and farm and move to Chicago. So the poor fellow acting under the advice of a friendly doctor came to Chicago to consult a well known and highly esteemed trance medium. He had hardly entered the room before the medium described a Catholic priest in churchly robes who was accompanying him, and gave him the names of relatives, all Catholics, who were evidently united to protect him against heretics. I happened to be present, and soon noticed that Peter was far more anxious to tell of his wonderful adventures than to receive advice or aid. It seemed that his father had recently appeared

as an etherialized spirit, to the family and several neighbors. The form was transparent, and seemed resting in Peter's words,—"On a bed of ashes through which you could see his wings." It was difficult to avoid laughing, but of course wings are as easily manufactured as coats and curls, if the spirit only knows how.

Poor Peter, I fear he is in a bad way. The Catholic influences around him would not allow him to receive any advice from the medium's guides or from myself. I presume we shall presently hear that the daughter is in a convent; and the world outside will have lost its chance to witness good "daylight" etherizations. Peter's own mediumship would most likely be even more gross and animal than that of the well known Eddy Brother's of Vermont, so we can cheerfully leave him to his church surroundings. Don't be too discouraged, Brother Bundy. Some day another Peter, another daughter and another ghost may yet appear under more favorable conditions. So note it be.

## Notes From London, England.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Have your readers any conception of a London Sunday, of its dreariness even in a most cultured home? Church at eleven, dinner at one, tea at five, supper at eight, and then comes a Sunday evening which beggars description. No music or song, no newspapers, and each occupant of the house yawns, nods behind fan or book until tea is served again at ten, and then one may go to bed. What must this day of rest (torture) be in London Chambers to an artist who has basked in the sunshine of Paris during ten years of Sundays? I was meditating upon the fact that to-morrow will be Sunday, and as it was the hour of twilight, indulging in a "spiritual fantasy" I call it.

As I was wishing to see once more Ada Foye, a city postman knocked at my door, and in the box was thrust the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and in it was an account of a séance given by this gifted medium. Who sent it to me in London? Some good Spiritualist, who felt I needed it, and who was ordered to do so by a spirit messenger.

In bygone days in Costa Rica, at Port Lirion, on the Atlantic coast, where I lived, I used to receive one of the Spiritualist papers and watch for its coming by vessel once a month. I noticed among the East Indian Malays, who were employed to aid in railway building, that there were women endowed with great spiritual gifts. The Queen of the Tribes would give manifestations, and the most remarkable ones, by imitating the mannerisms and voices of friends departed. The Indians in Guatemala and Mexico love the Jesuit Fathers who go there to instruct them in the Catholic religion, but cling to their spiritual customs. They hold séances and give proof of their belief, which no priest or altar in the Roman Catholic Church can break down. I have heard these good fathers say, the heathen, the idolaters, which the church did not permit to be even mentioned, for fear of the uneducated misunderstanding them.

I wonder if there are spiritual gatherings in London where I can get light.—London is so vast, and the English so indifferent. I am sure there are many strangers who ask this same question.

I have been a great traveller and at sea have had unmistakable visions, and will tell about them in a future letter. I have been sending floral messages for years, and illustrating the pages for *Vick's Monthly*, Rochester, New York; writing "Fashion Chat" for New York papers; but I want all who love me to know that there never was a religion broad enough for me. I am a Spiritualist, in the fullest, broadest sense—modern or ancient—call it what you will, but I am a Spiritualist.

Oct. 1st, 1888. ADA THORPE-LOFTUS.

## Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recall many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills, but they are far more effective than the huge, old-fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pilllets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

## CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.



A NEW and common sense method of treating disease. Education is the key of health. Knowledge prevents sickness and the law of "cure" can be applied by every one. Sickness comes from violation of natural law. Good dress, habits of life determine most cases of good or ill health.

The world stands in need of education more than medicines. The whole process of eliminating disease should lead us away from "Drugs and Poisons." The light of the nineteenth century dawns to point out a better method of securing sound health and destroying the functions of the stomach.

Magnetism is Nature's Prime Minister. Soft and gentle as sunshine, always stimulates a vital force; energizes the blood and causes renewed nerve fluid.

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"Sarsaparilla," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hops and Buchu," "Extract," "Hair Tonic," "Liver Pills," "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh. The are, like Warner's "Tippecanoe," the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days.

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So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

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The Law Department of Northwestern University.

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Not only gives instant ease to all who suffer Pain, but cures all Colds, Congestions and Inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Throat, Bowels, etc. Internally in water, fortifies the system against malaria, Chills and Fever, in malarious regions.







## A WOMAN.

O, dwarfed and wronged and staid with I  
Behold! thou art a woman still!  
And by that sacred name and dear,  
I bid thy better self appear.  
Still through thy foul disguise, I see  
The rudimental purity,  
That, spite of change and loss, makes good  
Thy birthright claim of womanhood;  
An inward loathing, deep, intense;  
A shame that is half innocence,  
Cast-off the grave clothes of thy sin!  
Rise from the dust thou hast in  
As Mary rose at Jesus' word, as the  
Redeemed and white before the Lord!  
Reclaim thy lost soul! In His name,  
Rise up and break thy bonds of shame.  
Art weak? He's strong. Art fearful? Hear  
The world's O'ercome! Be of cheer!  
What lip shall judge when He approves?  
Who dares to scorn the child he loves?  
—Whittier.

## A Haunted School House.

The haunted school house near Venango is proving a source of terror to the inhabitants. Strange stories are told, and the *Argus* reports the tale of a well-known resident, who saw a strange light as though it came out of the ground, which he could not account for until four times a long way off in fifty seconds in a cornfield. Friday, Sept. 14, Andrew Ferns had his grain thrashed. The job was within a short distance of the haunted school house. While the work was being completed the men heard a strange noise. Fearing cautiously around and looking up in the air the boys saw something that looked like a turkey buzzard. Some one said: "Look! it is coming down!" Hold on to the teams. It is a man without a head! It was clothed in white and as quick as a flash darted for the machine, passing through the concave and out upon the straw stack. The boys took fright and jumped off the stack and those below ran to their assistance. It looked as large as four common men. It took its course for the school house and when it came to the cross-roads it disappeared.—*Omaha Bee*.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes stepped into his butcher's the other morning and handing the proprietor his latest bill asked what was meant by serving him with such an antiquated form as the Dodo. "What do you mean?" asked the astonished meat vendor. "Why, look here," said Dr. Holmes, "you have charged me, Oct. 1, six pounds beef; Oct. 2, five pounds dodo." I have never received the bird.

Under the simplified drill of the German army the battalions will in future learn but three formations: the double column, the deep column (four companies following each other in company columns) and the broad column. The company column is the basis of all formations and movements in war.

Princess Eugenie of Sweden, who sacrificed her jewels to build a hospital for the relief of the coast, where poor cripples might be nursed and healed, is regarded as insane by her family.

## The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,  
There is a time no voice can teach,  
There is a chain no power can break,  
There is a sleep no sound can wake.  
Sooner or later that time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands every year go untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care. For the failing strength, the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

## Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Investigators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of the kinds of manifestations, the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, *The Spirits' Book*, by the same author, containing the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, \$1.60, each, postpaid.

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The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, \$1.00, postpaid. Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I, is entirely out of print. Vol. II is selling at \$1.20, postpaid.

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## The Voices.

The twelfth edition of *The Voices* by Warren Sumner Barlow has had a wonderful sale, and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to \$1.00 and is cheap at that. A new edition also of *Orthodoxy* has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, *If Then and When* is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

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## Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. N. B.—For catarrhal diseases peculiar to females this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 10c. by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.

The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investigators. A. P. Miller, journalist and poet in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the *Worthington*, Minn., *Advances* says:

The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters with a few words, so that very little is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question as to whether 'spirits' can return and communicate. We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price, \$1, postpaid.

Have You Catarrh?—There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

I like my wife to use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

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Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Cramer, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

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A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

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## A REVIEW

## Seybert Commissioners' Report

OR,  
WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE

BY  
A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.,

A MEMBER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BAR; AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD LAWYER," "COVERT AND PRISON," "DR. JOSEPH'S CALM VIEW FROM A LAWYER'S STANDPOINT," "A HAWK IN AN EAGLE'S NEST," ETC.

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A review of the "Seybert Commissioners' Report" is a strong book, and will be read; it will throw light on some disputed questions, while it cannot fail to bring out in bold relief the true issues as well as the untruths of the claims of the Seybert Commission. Its clearness of statement, its unimpeachable logic, its forceful and once original and forcible, its abundant wit and fine sarcasm, with here and there an exquisite touch of pathos, its vigorous mentality, all above all, its loyalty to the highest principles of truth and justice—all combine to make this work a valuable addition to the advanced student of the day.

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LXIV.—From the Writing of Languages unknown to the Psychist.

LXV.—From the Writing of Languages unknown to the Psychist.

LXVI.—From the Writing of Languages unknown to the Psychist.

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